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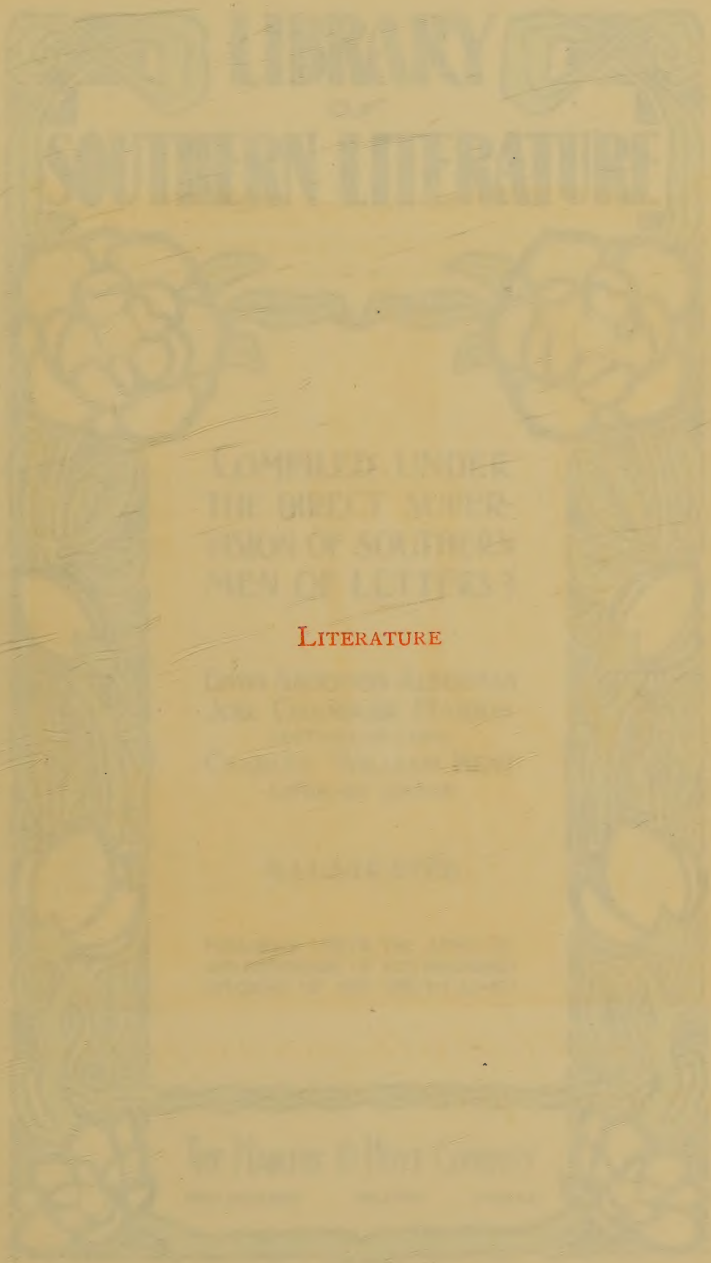
"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit" - Milton



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VOLUME IV

DIXON—GLASGOW

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THOMAS DIXON, JUNIOR

[1864—]

J. W. BAILEY

THOMAS DIXON, JUNIOR, was born in Cleveland County, North Carolina, January 11, 1864. His career suggests the significance of the time, for in his personality are the storm, the lightning and the swift changes of war. Born in the midst of the great civil struggle, he reached his most impressionable period in the stern hours of the Reconstruction, was a college student when the New South called for a new generation, and entered manhood during that wide readjustment, North and South, that has brought forth a nation. He was sensitive in the highest degree, endowed with rare genius for expression, passionately fond of the tragic and heroic, and drew from his environment the essence of the Old South both in its glory and its doom.

His father, yet active, although more than eighty years old, has been a Baptist minister all his life. He has confined his activity to rural churches within a small field, having been pastor of one church for more than fifty years. His bearing is that of a gentleman of the old school, yet in a time when those about him opposed education, he advocated it: when others were sending their sons to the plough, he sent his to college. And in the midst of provincial prejudices he breathed the spirit of progress and broad sympathy with an onward generation. And in a time and in a calling of poverty he accumulated a comfortable estate. Mr. Dixon's mother was no less unusual—a woman of intense spirit, brilliant mind and pronounced individuality. Such parents must be reckoned with in any estimate of Dixon's genius.

The author's boyhood was passed in Cleveland County among a sturdy people in the trying years that followed the war. He graduated from Wake Forest College, North Carolina, at the age of nineteen, having achieved greater distinction than any other of the thousands of students who have enrolled in that institution. Later he pursued his studies in history and politics in Johns Hopkins University. He was elected member of the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1884, was licensed to practice law in 1886, and in the same year married Miss Harriet Bussey of Montgomery, Alabama. In that year also he entered the ministry and became

pastor of a Baptist church in Goldsboro, North Carolina. He has filled other pastorates, in Raleigh (1887), in Boston (1888), and in New York (1889). There he remained ten years, the excitement of his ministry in that great city satisfying his restless spirit. At length, however, he severed his denominational relations and founded an independent church. This he soon abandoned—repudiating his ministerial title—and yet under fifty, now devotes his time to lecturing and to the production of books and plays.

Mr. Dixon's first novel was 'The Leopard's Spots' (1902), and seldom has an author's initial volume been so widely read, so violently criticised, and so little defended. The North abhorred it, the South did not praise it—but both read it. In the general storm, Mr. Dixon was quick to defend his own. The following extracts from a letter to the press explains his view-point:

"I have not sought to arouse race hatred or prejudice. For the negro I have the friendliest feelings and the profoundest pity. What I have attempted to show is that this Nation is now beginning to face an apparently insoluble problem.

"I claim the book is an authentic human document, and I know it is the most important moral deed of my life. There is not a bitter or malignant sentence in it. It may shock the prejudices of those who have idealized or worshipped the negro as canonized in "Uncle Tom." Is it not time they heard the whole truth? They have heard only one side for forty years.

"The only question for a critic to determine when discussing my moral right to publish such a book is this: Is the record of life given important and authentic? If eighteen millions of Southern people, who at present rule, believe what my book expresses, is it not well to know it? . . . If it is true, is it not of tremendous importance that the whole nation shall know it?"

Manifestly 'The Leopard's Spots' is a realistic and quasi-historical novel with an overshadowing purpose. The author made the nation to hear his and not a few to know. Within a year one hundred thousand copies were sold, and so great was the sensation produced that numerous editions were printed in the European tongues, and the author's fame became international. He was regarded as the exponent of a doctrine with regard to the races in the Southern States of the United States, a subject in which modern civilization has maintained a peculiarly extensive and curious interest.

Mr. Dixon's next work was a novel—'The One Woman'—designed to expose socialism in its light (or, as Mr. Dixon would say, in the true light and according to authentic facts). It is want-

ing in literary interest and value, and fell rather flat, after an enormous sale of the two hundred thousand copies.

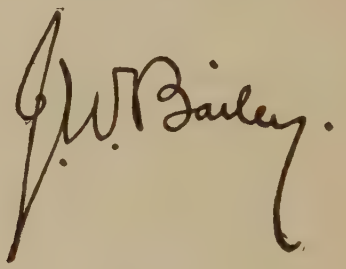
Within a remarkably brief period Mr. Dixon's third and fourth novels, entitled respectively 'The Clansman' and 'The Traitor,' appeared. The first treats of the Reconstruction period in the South, with especial reference to the part played by the Ku Klux Clan in restoring to the Southern people their rights: the second, in the nature of a sequel, narrates the decline of the Ku Klux. 'The Clansman' at once took rank as the author's best work: 'The Traitor' as his least meritorious.

'The Clansman' is historical. It is not without its manifest purpose, but that purpose is not obtrusive. With vigorous dramatic power Dixon portrays the cruel facts of Reconstruction history, and his characters live in his pages as they lived in that time that tried men's souls. Whether the true South would care to have its woes recited is not the question, but that 'The Clansman' does recite those woes is beyond dispute: and it cannot be but well that the truth is worthily told. Certainly 'The Clansman' has had no mean part in helping the Northern people to a better understanding of the South. With genuine insight its pages preserve the life of the Southerner of the old school and the son of the new time; the ante-bellum darkey and the ambitious negro of those latter days when emancipation and sudden citizenship and association with unscrupulous white politicians led to outrage after outrage. If he has failed at all in this work, Mr. Dixon's failure is in the portrayal of his women, but they serve him excellently in his chamber of horrors. He says that Chapter XII, Book II of 'The Clansman' is "the best chapter I ever wrote and every word cost me a tear." The failure of 'The Traitor' may indicate that Mr. Dixon has been in too great haste, or perhaps that he has exhausted his material and that his style has cloyed. For he has but one resource—the woes of the South in Reconstruction; and his style has but one note—the tragic.

Further of Mr. Dixon's style not much can be said. It is crude. One of his friendly critics, the late John Charles McNeill, says of him, "he paints with a broom." His realism is the realism of the open sore; his art the art of the billboard. His dramas are not developed, but scene after scene is thrust upon the stage, each with its direct and heart-rending—or hair-raising—impression. He claims only in his own behalf that the "record of life" that he has made is "important and authentic." 'The Leopard's Spots' reveals only half the truth, and this half at least is important and authentic. The other two volumes disclose only the fact that Mr. Dixon's triumphs

depend upon his skill in selecting the story rather than upon the art of its exposition.

Whether Mr. Dixon has produced literature or not, and whether the future will have use for his books, are questions not lightly to be answered. Our generation is reckoning with 'The Leopard's Spots' and 'The Clansman.' Few modern books have been so widely read or so extensively discussed. They have voiced the long-dumb South's protest, not in the noble restrained spirit we ascribe to the South, but in strident reproach and defiant challenge and naked disclosure. One may say it were better had the South gone on in silence, another that it is good the facts have been given living forms; but everyone must recognize the genius that understood the situation and commanded the ear of civilization. He has interpreted in his own passionate way the life about him. This is Mr. Dixon's distinction, and it is the only claim of himself and his works to fame.



AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY

From 'The Leopard's Spots.' Copyright by the Doubleday and Page Company. By permission of the publishers.

Nelse was informed by the agent of the Freedman's Bureau when summoned before that tribunal that he must pay a fee of one dollar for a marriage license and be married over again.

"What's dat? Dis yer war bust up me en Eve's marryin'?"

"Yes," said the agent. "You must be legally married."

Nelse chuckled on a brilliant scheme that flashed through his mind.

"Den I see you ergin 'bout dat," he said as he hastily took his leave.

He made his way homeward revolving his brilliant scheme.

"But won't I fetch dat nigger Eve down er peg er two! I gwine ter make her t'ink I won' marry her nohow. I make 'er ax my pardon fur all dem little disergreements. She got ter talk mighty putty now, sho nuf!" And he smiled over his coming triumph.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when he reached his cabin door on the lot back of Mrs. Gaston's home. Eve was busy mending some clothes for their little boy, now nearly five years old.

"Good evenin', Miss Eve!"

Eve looked up at him with a sudden flash of her eye.

"What de matter wid you, nigger?"

"Nuttin' tall. Des drapped in lak ter pass de time er day, en ax how's you en yer son stanin' dis hot wedder!" Nelse bowed and smiled.

"What ail you, you big black baboon?"

"Nuttin' tall, Ma'am, des callin' roun' ter see my frien's." Still smiling, Nelse walked in and sat down.

Eve put down her sewing, stood up before him, her arms akimbo, and gazed at him steadily till the whites of her eyes began to shine like two moons.

"You wants me ter whale you ober de head wid dat poker?"

"Not dis even', Ma'am."

"Den what ail you?"

"De Buro des inform me, dat es I'se er young han'some man en you'se er gittin' kinder ole en fat, dat we ain't married nohow! En dey gimme er paper fur er dollar dat allow me ter marry de young lady er my choice! Dat sho is a great Buro!"

"We ain't married?"

"Nob-um."

"Atter we stan' up dar befo' Marse John Durham en says des what all dem white folkes say?"

"Nob-um."

Eve slowly took her seat and gazed down the road thoughtfully.

"I t'ink I drap eroun' ter see you en gin you er chance wid de odder gals fo' I steps off," explained Nelse with a grin.

No answer.

"You 'member dat night I say sumfin' 'bout er gal I know once, en you riz en grab er poun' er wool outen my head fo' I kin move?"

No answer yet.

"Min' dat time you bust de biscuit bode ober my head, en lam me wid de fire-shovel, en hit me in de burr er de year wid er flatiron es I wuz makin' for de do'?"

"Yas, I min's dat sho!" said Eve with evident satisfaction.

"Doan you wish you nebber done dat?"

"You black debbil!"

"Dat's hit! I'se er bad nigger, Ma'am,—bad nigger fo' de war. En I'se gittin' wuss en wuss," Nelse chuckled.

She looked at him with gathering rage and contempt.

"En den fudder mo, Ma'am, I doan lak de way you talk ter me sometimes. Yo voice des kinder takes de skin off same's er file. I laks ter hear er 'oman's voice lak my Missy's, des es sof' es wool. Sometimes one word from her keep me warm all winter. De way you talk sometime make me cole in de summer time."

Nelse rose while Eve sat motionless.

"I des call, Ma'am, ter drap er little intment inter dem years er yoarn, dat'll percerlate froo you min', en when I calls ergin I hopes ter be welcome wid smiles."

Nelse bowed himself out the door in grandiloquent style.

All the afternoon he was laughing to himself over his triumph, and imagining the welcome when he returned that evening with his marriage license and the officer to perform the ceremony. At supper in the kitchen he was polite and formal in his manners to Eve. She eyed him in a contemptuous sort of way, and never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

It was about half past eight when Nelse arrived at home with the license duly issued and the officer of the bureau ready to perform the ceremony.

"Des wait er minute here at de corner, sah, twell I kinder breaks de news to 'em," said Nelse to the officer.

He approached the cabin door and knocked.

It was shut and fastened. He got no response.

He knocked loudly again.

Eve thrust her head out the window.

"Who's dat?"

"Hit's me, Ma'am, Mister Nelson Gaston, I'se call ter see you."

"Den you hump yo'se'f en git away from dat do, you rascal."

"De Lawd, honey, I'se des been er foolin' you ter day. I'se got dem licenses en de Buro man right out dar now ready ter marry us. You know yo ole man nebber gwine back on you—I des been er foolin'."

"Den you been er foolin' wid de wrong nigger!"

"Lawd, honey, doan keep de bridegroom er waitin'."

"Git er way from dat do!"

"G'long chile, en quit yer projeckin'." Nelse was using his softest and most persuasive tones now.

"G'way from dat do'!"

"Come on, Eve, de man waitin' out dar fur us!"

"Git away, I tells you, er I scald you wid er kittle er hot water!"

Nelse drew back slightly from the door.

"But, honey, whar yo ole man gwine ter sleep?"

"Dey's straw in de barn, en pine shatters in de dog house!" she shouted, slamming the window.

"Eve, honey!—"

"Doan you come honeyin' me, I'se er spec'able 'oman, I is. Ef you wants ter marry me you got ter come co'tin' me in de day time fust, en bring me candy, en ribbons en flowers and sich, en you got ter talk purtier'n you ebber talk in all yo born days. Lots er likely lookin' niggers come settin' up ter me while you gone in dat wah, en I keep studin' 'bout you, you big black rascal. Now you got ter hump yo'se'f ef you ebber see de inside er dis cabin ergin."

Crestfallen Nelse returned to the officer.

"Wal, sah, deys er kinder hitch in de preceedins."

"What's the matter?"

"She 'low I got ter come co'tin' her fust. En I spec I is."

The officer laughed and returned to his home. She made Nelse sleep in the barn for three weeks, court her an hour every day, and bring her five cents' worth of red stick candy and a bouquet of flowers as a peace offering at every visit. Finally she made him write her a note and ask her to take a ride with him. Nelse got Charlie to write it for him, and

made his own boy carry it to his mother. After three weeks of humility and attention to her wishes, she gave her consent, and they were duly married again.

A FALLEN SLAVEHOLDER'S MANSION

From 'The Clansman.' Copyright by The Doubleday and Page Company. By permission of the publishers.

PIEDMONT, South Carolina, which Elsie and Phil had selected for reasons best known to themselves as the place of retreat for their father, was a favourable summer resort of Charleston people before the war.

Ulster County, of which this village was the capital, bordered on the North Carolina line, lying alongside the ancient shire of York. It was settled by the Scotch folk, who came from the North of Ireland in the great migrations which gave America three hundred thousand people of Covenanter martyr blood, the largest and most important addition to our population, larger in numbers than either the Puritans of New England or the so-called Cavaliers of Virginia and Eastern Carolina; and far more important than either, in the growth of American nationality.

To a man they had hated Great Britain. Not a Tory was found among them. The cries of their martyred dead were still ringing in their souls when George III started on his career of oppression. The fiery words of Patrick Henry, their spokesman in the Valley of Virginia, had swept the aristocracy of the Old Dominion into rebellion against the King and on into triumphant Democracy. They had made North Carolina the first home of freedom in the New World, issued the first Declaration of Independence in Mecklenburg, and lifted the first banner of rebellion against the tyranny of the Crown.

They grew to the soil wherever they stopped, always home-lovers and home-builders, loyal to their own people, instinctive clan leaders and clan followers. A sturdy, honest, covenant-keeping, God-fearing, fighting people, above all things they hated sham and pretence. They never boasted of their families, though some of them might have quartered the royal arms of Scotland on their shields.

To these sturdy qualities had been added a strain of Huguenot tenderness and vivacity.

The culture of cotton as the sole industry had fixed African slavery as their economic system. With the heritage of the Old World had been blended forces inherent in the earth and air of the new Southland, something of the breath of its unbroken forests, the freedom of its untrod mountains, the temper of its sun, and the sweetness of its tropic perfumes.

When Mrs. Cameron received Elsie's letter, asking her to secure for them six good rooms at the "Palmetto" hotel, she laughed. The big rambling hostelry had been burned by roving negroes, pigs were wallowing in the sulphur springs, and along its walks, where lovers of olden days had strolled, the cows were browsing on the shrubbery.

But she laughed for a more important reason. They had asked for a six-room cottage if accommodations could not be had in the hotel.

She could put them in the Lenoir place. The cotton crop from their farm had been stolen from the gin—the cotton tax of $200 could not be paid, and a mortgage was about to be foreclosed on both their farm and home. She had been brooding over their troubles in despair. The Stonemans' coming was a godsend.

Mrs. Cameron was helping them set the house in order to receive the new tenants.

"I declare," said Mrs. Lenoir, gratefully. "It seems too good to be true. Just as I was about to give up—the first time in my life—here came those rich Yankees and with enough rent to pay the interest on the mortgages and our board at the hotel. I'll teach Margaret to paint, and she can give Marion lessons on the piano. The darkest hour's just before day. And last week I cried when they told me I must lose the farm."

"I was heart-sick over it for you."

"You know, the farm was my dowry with the dozen slaves papa gave us on our wedding-day. The negroes did as they pleased, yet we managed to live and were very happy."

Marion entered and placed a bouquet of roses on the table, touching them daintily until they stood each flower apart in careless splendour. Their perfume, the girl's wistful dreamy

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
SAN RAFAEL

blue eyes and shy elusive beauty, all seemed a part of the warm sweet air of the June morning. Mrs. Lenoir watched her lovingly.

"Mama, I'm going to put flowers in every room. I'm sure they haven't such lovely ones in Washington," said Marion, eagerly, as she skipped out.

The two women moved to the open window, through which came the drone of bees and the distant music of the river falls.

"Marion's greatest charm," whispered her mother, "is in her way of doing things easily and gently without a trace of effort. Watch her bend over to get that rose. Did you ever see anything like the grace and symmetry of her figure—she seems a living flower!"

"Jeannie, you're making an idol of her——"

"Why not? With all our troubles and poverty, I'm rich in her! She's fifteen years old, her head teeming with romance. You know, I was married at fifteen. There'll be a half-dozen boys to see her to-night in our new home—all of them head over heels in love with her."

"Oh, Jeannie, you must not be so silly! We should worship God only."

"Isn't she God's message to me, and to the world?"

"But if anything should happen to her—"

The young mother laughed. "I never think of it. Some things are fixed. Her happiness and beauty are to me the sign of God's presence."

"Well, I'm glad you're coming to live with us in the heart of town. This place is a cosey nest, just such a one as a poet-lover would build here in the edge of these deep woods, but it is too far out for you to be alone. Dr. Cameron has been worrying about you ever since he came home."

"I'm not afraid of the negroes. I don't know one of them who wouldn't go out of his way to do me a favour. Old Aleck is the only rascal I know among them, and he's too busy with politics now even to steal a chicken."

"And Gus, the young scamp we used to own; you haven't forgotten him? He is back here, a member of the company of negro troops, and parades before the house every day to show off his uniform. Dr. Cameron told him yesterday he'd

thrash him if he caught him hanging around the place again. He frightened Margaret nearly to death when she went to the barn to feed her horse."

"I've never known the meaning of fear. We used to roam the woods and fields together all hours of the day and night, my lover, Marion and I. This panic seems absurd to me."

"Well, I'll be glad to get you two children under my wing. I was afraid I'd find you in tears over moving from your nest."

"No, where Marion is, I'm at home, and I'll feel I've a mother when I get with you."

"Will you come to the hotel before they arrive?"

"No; I'll welcome and tell them how glad I am they have brought me good luck."

"I'm delighted, Jeannie. I wished you to do this, but I couldn't ask it. I can never do enough for this old man's daughter. We must make their stay happy. They say he's a terrible old Radical politician, but I suppose he's no meaner than the others. He's very ill, and she loves him devotedly. He is coming here to find health, and not to insult us. Besides, he was kind to me. He wrote a letter to the President. Nothing that I have will be too good for him or for his. It's very brave and sweet of you to stay and meet them."

"I'm doing it to please Marion. She suggested it last night, sitting out on the porch in the twilight. She slipped her arm around me and said:

" 'Mama, we must welcome them, and make them feel at home. He is very ill. They will be tired and homesick. Suppose it were you and I, and we were taking my papa to a strange place.' "

When the Stonemans arrived, the old man was too ill and nervous from the fatigue of the long journey to notice his surroundings or to be conscious of the restful beauty of the cottage into which they carried him. His room looked out over the valley of the river for miles, and the glimpse he got of its broad fertile acres only confirmed his ideas of the "slave-holding oligarchy" it was his life-purpose to crush. Over the mantel hung a steel engraving of Calhoun. He fell asleep with his deep, sunken eyes resting on it and a cynical smile playing about his grim mouth.

Margaret and Mrs. Cameron had met the Stonemans and their physician at the train, and had taken Elsie and her father in the old weather-beaten family carriage to the Lenoir cottage apologising for Ben's absence.

"He has gone to Nashville on some important legal business, and the doctor is ailing, but as the head of the clan Cameron he told me to welcome your father to the hospitality of the county, and beg him to let us know if he could be of help."

The old man, who sat in a stupor of exhaustion, made no response, and Elsie hastened to say:

"We appreciate your kindness more than I can tell you, Mrs. Cameron. I trust father will be better in a day or two, when he will thank you. The trip has been more than he could bear."

"I am expecting Ben home this week," the mother whispered. "I need not tell you that he will be delighted at your coming."

Elsie smiled and blushed.

"And I'll expect Captain Stoneman to see me very soon," said Margaret, softly. "You will not forget to tell him for me?"

"He's a very retiring young man," said Elsie, "and pretends to be busy about our baggage just now. I'm sure he will find the way."

Elsie fell in love at sight with Marion and her mother. Their easy, genial manners, the genuineness of their welcome, and the simple kindness with which they sought to make her feel at home put her heart into a warm glow.

Mrs. Lenoir explained the conveniences of the place and apologised for its defects, the results of the war.

"I am sorry about the window-curtains—we have used them all for dresses. Marion is a genius with a needle, and we took the last pair out of the parlour to make a dress for a birthday party. The year before, we used the ones in my room for a costume at a starvation party in a benefit for our rector—you know we're Episcopalians—strayed up here for our health from Charleston among these good Scotch Presbyterians."

"We will soon place curtains at the windows," said Elsie cheerfully.

"The carpets were sent to the soldiers for blankets during the war. It was all we could do for our poor boys, except to cut my hair and sell it. You see my hair hasn't grown out yet. I sent it to Richmond the last year of the war. I felt I must do something, when my neighbours were giving so much. You know Mrs. Cameron lost four boys."

"I prefer the floors bare," Elsie replied. "We will get a few rugs."

She looked at the girlish hair hanging in ringlets about Mrs. Lenoir's handsome face, smiled pathetically, and asked:

"Did you really make such sacrifices for your cause?"

"Yes, indeed. I was glad when the war was ended for some things. We certainly needed a few pins, needles, and buttons, to say nothing of a cup of coffee or tea."

"I trust you will never lack for anything again," said Elsie, kindly.

"You will bring us good luck," Mrs. Lenoir responded. "Your coming is so fortunate. The cotton tax Congress levied was so heavy this year, we were going to lose everything. Such a tax when we are all about to starve! Dr. Cameron says it was an act of stupid vengeance on the South, and that no other farmers in America have their crops taxed by the National Government. I am so glad your father has come. He is not hunting for an office. He can help us, maybe."

"I am sure he will," answered Elsie, thoughtfully. Marion ran up the steps, lightly, her hair dishevelled and face flushed.

"Now, mama, it's almost sundown; you get ready to go. I want her awhile to show her about my things."

She took Elsie shyly by the hand and led her into the lawn, while her mother paid a visit to each room, and made up the last bundle of odds and ends she meant to carry to the hotel.

"I hope you will love the place as we do," said the girl, simply.

"I think it very beautiful and restful," Elsie replied. "This wilderness of flowers looks like fairyland. You have roses running on the porch around the whole length of the house."

"Yes, papa was crazy over the trailing roses, and kept planting them until the house seems just a frame built to hold them, with a roof on it. But you can see the river through

the arches from three sides. Ben Cameron helped me set that big beauty on the south corner the day he ran away to the war—"

"The view is glorious!" Elsie exclaimed, looking in rapture over the river valley.

The village of Piedmont crowned an immense hill on the banks of the Broad River, just where it dashes over the last stone barrier in a series of beautiful falls and spreads out in peaceful glory through the plains toward Columbia and the distant sea. The muffled roar of these falls, rising softly through the trees on its wooded cliff, held the daily life of the people in the spell of distant music. In fair weather it soothed and charmed, and in storm and freshet rose to the deep solemn growl of thunder.

The river made a sharp bend as it emerged from the hills and flowed westward for six miles before it turned south again. Beyond this six-mile sweep of its broad channel loomed the three ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the first one dark, rich, distinct, clothed in eternal green, the last one melting in dim lines into the clouds and soft azure of the sky.

As the sun began to sink now behind these distant peaks, each cloud that hung about them burst into a blazing riot of colour. The silver mirror of the river caught their shadows, and the water glowed in sympathy.

As Elsie drank the beauty of the scene, the music of the falls ringing its soft accompaniment, her heart went out in a throb of love and pity for the land and its people.

"Can you blame us for loving such a spot?" said Marion. "It's far more beautiful from the cliff at Lover's Leap. I'll take you there some day. My father used to tell me that this world was Heaven, and that the spirits would all come back to live here when sin and shame and strife were gone."

"Are your father's poems published?" asked Elsie.

"Only in the papers. We have them clipped and pasted in a scrap-book. I'll show you the one about Ben Cameron some day. You met him in Washington, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Elsie, quietly.

"Then I know he made love to you."

"Why?"

"You're so pretty. He couldn't help it."

"Does he make love to every pretty girl?"

"Always. It's his religion. But he does it so beautifully you can't help believing it, until you compare notes with the other girls."

"Did he make love to you?"

"He broke my heart when he ran away. I cried a whole week. But I got over it. He seemed so big and grown when he came home this last time. I was afraid to let him kiss me."

"Did he dare to try?"

"No, and it hurt my feelings. You see, I'm not quite old enough to be serious with the big boys, and he looked so brave and handsome with that ugly scar on the edge of his forehead, and everybody was so proud of him. I was just dying to kiss him, and I thought it downright mean in him not to offer it."

"Would you have let him?"

"I expected him to try."

"He is very popular in Piedmont?"

"Every girl in town is in love with him."

"And he in love with all?"

"He pretends to be—but between us, he's a great flirt. He's gone to Nashville now on some pretended business. Goodness only knows where he got the money to go. I believe there's a girl there."

"Why?"

"Because he was so mysterious about his trip. I'll keep an eye on him at the hotel. You know Margaret, too, don't you?"

"Yes; we met her in Washington."

"Well, she's the slyest flirt in town—it runs in the blood—has a half-dozen beaux to see her every day. She plays the organ in the Presbyterian Sunday school, and the young minister is dead in love with her. They say they are engaged. I don't believe it. I think it's another one. But I must hurry, I've so much to show and tell you. Come here to the honeysuckle—"

Marion drew the vines apart from the top of the fence and revealed a mocking-bird on her nest.

"She's setting. Don't let anything hurt her. I'd push her off and show you her speckled eggs, but it's so late."

"Oh, I wouldn't hurt her for the world!" cried Elsie with delight.

"And right here," said Marion, bending gracefully over a tall bunch of grass, "is a pee-wee's nest, four darling little eggs; look out for that."

Elsie bent and saw the pretty nest perched on stems of grass, and, over it, the taller leaves drawn to a point.

"Isn't it cute!" she murmured.

"Yes, I've six of these and three mocking-bird nests. I'll show them to you. But the most particular one of all is the wren's nest in the fork of the cedar, close to the house."

She led Elsie to the tree, and about two feet from the ground, in the forks of the trunk, was a tiny hole from which peeped the eyes of a wren.

"Whatever you do, don't let anything hurt her. Her mate sings *'Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger!'* every morning in this cedar."

"And you think we will specially enjoy that?" asked Elsie, laughing.

"Now, really," cried Marion, taking Elsie's hand, "you know I couldn't think of such a mean joke. I forget you were from the North. You seem so sweet and homelike. He really does sing that way. You will hear him in the morning, bright and early, *'Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger!'* just as plain as I'm saying it."

"And did you learn to find all these birds' nest by yourself?"

"Papa taught me. I've got some jay-birds and some cat-birds so gentle they hop right down at my feet. Some people hate jay-birds. But I like them, they seem to be having such a fine time and enjoy life so. You don't mind jay-birds, do you?"

"I love every bird that flies."

"Except hawks and owls and buzzards—"

"Well, I've seen so few I can't say I've anything particular against them."

"Yes, they eat chickens—except the buzzards, and they're so ugly and filthy. Now, I've a chicken to show you—please

don't let Aunt Cindy—she's to be your cook—please don't let her kill him—he's crippled—has something the matter with his foot. He was born that way. Everybody wanted to kill him, but I wouldn't let them. I've had an awful time raising him, but he's all right now."

Marion lifted a box and showed her the lame pet, softly clucking his protest against the disturbance of his rest.

"I'll take good care of *him,* never fear," said Elsie, with a tremor in her voice.

"And I have a queer little black cat I wanted to show you, but he's gone off somewhere. I'd take him with me—only it's bad luck to move cats. He's awful wild—won't let anybody pet him but me. Mama says he's an imp of Satan—but I love him. He runs up a tree when anybody else tries to get him. But he climbs right up on my shoulder. I never loved any cat quite as well as this silly, half-wild one. You don't mind black cats, do you?"

"No, dear, I like cats."

"Then I know you'll be good to him."

"Is that all?" asked Elsie, with amused interest.

"No, I've the funniest yellow dog that comes here at night to pick up the scraps and things. He isn't my dog—just a little personal friend of mine—but I like him very much, and always give him something. He's very cute. I think he's a nigger dog."

"A nigger dog? What's that?"

"He belongs to some coloured people, who don't give him enough to eat. I love him because he's so faithful to his own folkes. He comes to see me at night and pretends to love me, but as soon as I feed him he trots back home. When he first came, I laughed till I cried at his antics over a carpet—we had a carpet then. He never saw one before, and barked at the colours and the figures in the pattern. Then he'd lie down and rub his back on it and growl. You won't let anybody hurt him?"

"No. Are there any others?"

"Yes, I 'most forgot. If Sam Ross comes—Sam's an idiot who lives at the poorhouse—if he comes, he'll expect a dinner—my, my, I'm afraid he'll cry when he finds we're not here! But you can send him to the hotel to me. Don't let

Aunt Cindy speak rough to him. Aunt Cindy's awfully good to me, but she can't bear Sam. She thinks he brings bad luck."

"How on earth did you meet him?"

"His father was rich. He was a good friend of my papa's. We came near losing our farm once, because a bank failed. Mr. Ross sent papa a signed check on his own bank, and told him to write the amount he needed on it, and pay him when he was able. Papa cried over it, and wouldn't use it, and wrote a poem on the back of the check—one of the sweetest of all, I think. In the war Mr. Ross lost his two younger sons, both killed at Gettysburg. His wife died heart-broken, and he only lived a year afterward. He sold his farm for Confederate money, and everything was lost. Sam was sent to the poorhouse. He found out somehow that we loved him and comes to see us. He's as harmless as a kitten, and works the garden beautifully."

"I'll remember," Elsie promised.

"And one thing more," she said hesitatingly. "Mama asked me to speak to you of this—that's why she slipped away. There's one little room we have locked. It was papa's study just as he left it, with his papers scattered on the desk, the books and pictures that he loved—you won't mind?"

Elsie slipped her arm about Marion, looked into the blue eyes, dim with tears, drew her close, and said:

"It shall be sacred, my child. You must come every day if possible, and help me."

"I will. I've so many beautiful places to show you in the woods—places he loved, and taught us to see and love. They won't let me go in the woods any more alone. But you have a big brother. That must be very sweet."

Mrs. Lenoir hurried to Elsie.

"Come, Marion, we must be going now."

"I am very sorry to see you leave the home you love so dearly, Mrs. Lenoir," said the Northern girl, taking her extended hand. "I hope you can soon find a way to have it back."

"Thank you," replied the mother, cheerily. "The longer you stay, the better for us. You don't know how happy I am over your coming. It has lifted a load from our hearts.

In the liberal rent you pay us you are our benefactors. We are very grateful and happy."

Elsie watched them walk across the lawn to the street, the daughter leaning on the mother's arm. She followed slowly and stopped behind one of the arbor-vitae bushes beside the gate. The full moon had risen as the twilight fell and flooded the scene with soft white light. A whippoorwill struck his first plaintive note, his weird song seeming to come from all directions and yet to be under her feet. She heard the rustle of dresses returning along the walk, and Marion and her mother stood at the gate. They looked long and tenderly at the house. Mrs. Lenoir uttered a broken sob, Marion slipped her arm around her, brushed the short curling hair back from her forehead, and softly said:

"Mama, dear, you know it's best. I don't mind. Everybody in town loves us. Every boy and girl in Piedmont worships you. We will be just as happy at the hotel."

In the pauses between the strange bird's cry, Elsie caught the sound of another sob, and then a soothing murmur as of a mother bending over a cradle, and they were gone.

THE REIGN OF THE KLAN

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In quick succession every county followed the example of Ulster, and the arms furnished the negroes by the state and National governments were in the hands of the Klan. The League began to collapse in a panic of terror.

A gale of chivalrous passion and high action, contagious and intoxicating, swept the white race. The moral, mental, and physical earthquake which followed the first assault on one of their daughters revealed the unity of the racial life of the people. Within the span of a week they had lived a century.

The spirit of the South, "like lightning, had at last leaped forth, half startled at itself, its feet upon the ashes and the rags," its hands tight-gripped on the throat of tyrant, thug, and thief.

It was the resistless movement of a race, not of any man or leader of men. The secret weapon with which they struck was the most terrible and efficient in human history—these pale hosts of white-and-scarlet horsemen! They struck shrouded in a mantle of darkness and terror. They struck where the power of resistance was weakest and the blow least suspected. Discovery or retaliation was impossible. Not a single disguise was ever penetrated. All was planned and ordered as by destiny. The accused was tried by secret tribunal, sentenced without a hearing, executed in the dead of night without warning, mercy, or appeal. The movements of the Klan were like clockwork, without a word, save the whistle of the Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver, and the hoof-beat of swift horses moving like figures in a dream, and vanishing in mists and shadows.

The old club-footed Puritan, in his mad scheme of vengeance and party power, had overlooked the Covenanter, the backbone of the South. This man had just begun to fight! His race had defied the Crown of Great Britain a hundred years from the caves and wilds of Scotland and Ireland, taught the English people how to slay a king and build a commonwealth, and, driven into exile into the wilderness of America, led our Revolution, peopled the hills of the South, and conquered the West.

As the young German patriots of 1812 had organized the great struggle for their liberties under the noses of the garrisons of Napoleon, so Ben Cameron had met the leaders of his race in Nashville, Tennessee, within the picket lines of thirty-five thousand hostile troops, and in the ruins of an old homestead discussed and adopted the ritual of the Invisible Empire.

Within a few months this Empire overspread a territory larger than modern Europe. In the approaching election it was reaching out its daring white hands to tear the fruits of victory from twenty million victorious conquerors.

The triumph at which they aimed was one of incredible grandeur. They had risen to snatch power out of defeat and death. Under their clan-leadership the Southern people had suddenly developed the courage of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the deathless faith of religious enthusiasts.

Society was fused in the white heat of one sublime thought and beat with the pulse of the single will of the Grand Wizard of the Klan at Memphis.

Women and children had eyes and saw not, ears and heard not. Over four hundred thousand disguises for men and horses were made by the women of the South, and not one secret ever passed their lips!

With magnificent audacity, infinite patience, and remorseless zeal, a conquered people were struggling to turn his own weapon against their conqueror, and beat his brains out with the bludgeon he had placed in the hands of their former slaves.

Behind the tragedy of Reconstruction stood the remarkable man whose iron will alone had driven these terrible measures through the chaos of passion, corruption, and bewilderment which followed the first assassination of an American President. As he leaned on his window in this village of the South and watched in speechless rage the struggle at that negro armory, he felt for the first time the foundations sinking beneath his feet. As he saw the black cowards surrender in terror, noted the indifference and cool defiance with which those white horsemen rode and shot, he knew that he had collided with the ultimate force which his whole scheme had overlooked.

He turned on his big club-foot from the window, clinched his fist, and muttered:

"But I'll hang that man for this deed if it's the last act of my life!"

The morning brought dismay to the negro, the carpet-bagger, and the scalawag of Ulster. A peculiar freak of weather in the early morning added to their terror. The sun rose clear and bright except for a slight fog that floated from the river valley, increasing the roar of the falls. About nine o'clock, a huge black shadow suddenly rushed over Piedmont from the west, and in a moment the town was shrouded in twilight. The cries of birds were hushed, and chickens went to roost as in a total eclipse of the sun. Knots of people gathered on the streets and gazed uneasily at the threatening skies. Hundreds of negroes began to sing and shout and pray, while sensible people feared a cyclone or cloud-burst. A furious

downpour of rain was swiftly followed by sunshine, and the negroes rose from their knees, shouting with joy to find the end of the world had after all been postponed.

But that the end of their brief reign in a white man's land had come, but few of them doubted. The events of the night were sufficiently eloquent. The movement of the clouds in sympathy was unnecessary.

Old Stoneman sent for Lynch, and found he had fled to Columbia. He sent for the only lawyer in town whom the Lieutenant-governor had told him could be trusted.

The lawyer was polite, but his refusal to undertake the prosecution of any alleged member of the Klan was emphatic.

"I'm a sinful man, sir," he said with a smile. "Besides I prefer to live, on general principles."

"I'll pay you well," urged the old man, "and if you secure the conviction of Ben Cameron, the man we believe to be the head of this Klan, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

The lawyer was whittling on a piece of pine meditatively.

"That's a big lot of money in these hard times. I'd like to own it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be good at the bank on the other side. I prefer the green fields of South Carolina to those of Eden. My harp isn't in tune."

Stoneman snorted in disgust:

"Will you ask the Mayor to call to see me at once?"

"We ain't got none," was the laconic answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard what happened to his Honour last night?"

"No."

"The Klan called to see him," went on the lawyer with a quizzical look, "at 3 A. M. Rather early for a visit of state. They gave him forty-nine lashes on his bare back, and persuaded him that the climate of Piedmont didn't agree with him. His Honour, Mayor Bizzel, left this morning with his negro wife and brood of mulatto children for his home, the slums of Cleveland, Ohio. We are deprived of his illustrious example, and he may not be a wiser man than when he came, but he's a much sadder one."

Stoneman dismissed the even-tempered member of the bar, and wired Lynch to return immediately to Piedmont. He de-

termined to conduct the prosecution of Ben Cameron in person. With the aid of the Lieutenant-governor he succeeded in finding a man who would dare to swear out a warrant against him.

As a preliminary skirmish he was charged with a violation of the statutory laws of the United States relating to Reconstruction and arraigned before a commissioner.

Against Elsie's agonising protest, old Stoneman appeared at the court-house to conduct the prosecution.

In the absence of the United States Marshal, the warrant had been placed in the hands of the sheriff, returnable at ten o'clock on the morning fixed for the trial. The new sheriff of Ulster was no less a personage than Uncle Aleck, who had resigned his seat in the House to accept the more profitable one of high sheriff of the county.

There was a long delay in beginning the trial. At 10:30, not a single witness summoned had appeared, nor had the prisoner seen fit to honour the court with his presence.

Old Stoneman sat fumbling his hands in nervous, sullen rage, while Phil looked on with amusement.

"Send for the sheriff," he growled to the commissioner.

In a moment Aleck appeared, bowing humbly and politely to every white man he passed. He bent half way to the floor before the commissioner and said:

"Marse Ben be here in er minute, sah. He's er eatin' his breakfus'. I run erlong erhead."

Stoneman's face was a thundercloud as he scrambled to his feet and glared at Aleck;

"*Marse* Ben? Did you say *Marse* Ben? Who's he?"

Aleck bowed low again.

"De young colonel, sah—Marse Ben Cameron."

"And you the sheriff of this county trotted along in front to make the way smooth for your prisoner?"

"Yessah!"

"Is that the way you escort prisoners before a court?"

"Dem kin' er prisoners—yessah."

"Why didn't you walk beside him?"

Aleck grinned from ear to ear and bowed very low:

"He say sumfin' to me, sah!"

"And what did he say?"

Aleck shook his head and laughed:

"I hates ter insinuate ter de cote, sah!"

"What did he say to you!" thundered Stoneman.

"He say—he say—ef I walk 'longside er him—he knock hell outen me, sah!"

"Indeed."

"Yessah, en I 'spec' he would," said Aleck, insinuatingly. "La, he's a gemman, sah, he is! He tell me he come right on. He be here sho'."

Stoneman whispered to Lynch, turned with a look of contempt to Aleck, and said:

"Mr. Sheriff, you interest me. Will you be kind enough to explain to this court what has happened to you lately to so miraculously change your manners?"

Aleck glanced around the room nervously.

"I seed sumfin'—a vision, sah!"

"A vision? Are you given to visions?"

"Nao-sah. Dis yere wus er sho' 'nuff vision! I wus er feelin' bad all day yistiddy. Soon in de mawnin', ez I wuz gwine 'long de road, I see a big black bird er settin' on de fence. He flop his wings, look right at me en say, 'Corpse! Corpse! Corpse!' "—Aleck's voice dropped to a whisper—"en las' night de Ku Kluxes come ter see me, sah!"

Stoneman lifted his beetling brows.

"That's interesting. We are searching for information on that subject."

"Yessah! Dey wuz Sperits, ridin' white hosses wid flowin' white robes, en big blood-red eyes! De hosses wuz twenty feet high, en some er de Sperits wus higher dan dis cote-house! Dey wuz all bal' headed, 'cept right on de top whar dere wuz er straight blaze er fire shot up in de air ten foot high!"

"What did they say to you?"

"Dey say dat ef I didn't design de sheriff's office, go back ter farmin' en behave myself, dey had er job waitin' fer me in hell, sah. En sho's you born dey wuz right from dar!"

"Of course!" sneered the old Commoner.

"Yessah! Hit's des lak I tell yer. One ob 'em makes me fetch 'im er drink er water. I carry two bucketsful ter 'im 'fo' I git done, en I swar ter God he drink it all right dar 'fo' my eyes! He say hit wuz pow'ful dry down below, sah! En den

I feel sumfin' bus' loose inside er me, en I disremember all dat come ter pass! I made er jump fer de ribber bank, en de next I knowed I wuz er pullin' fur de odder sho'. I'se er pow'ful good swimmer, sah, but I nebber git ercross er creek befo' ez quick es I got ober de ribber las' night."

"And you think of going back to farming?"

"I done begin plowin' dis mornin', marster!"

"*Don't* you call me marster!" yelled the old man. "Are you the sheriff of this county?"

Aleck laughed loudly.

"No-sah! Dat's er joke! I ain't nuttin' but er plain nigger—I wants peace, judge."

"Evidently we need a new sheriff."

"Dat's what I tell 'em, sah, dis mornin'—en I des flings mysef on de ignance er de cote!"

Phil laughed aloud, and his father's colourless eyes began to spit cold poison.

"About what time do you think your master, Colonel Cameron, will honour us with his presence?" he asked Aleck.

Again the sheriff bowed.

"He's er comin' right now, lak I tole yer—he's er gemman, sah."

Ben walked briskly into the room and confronted the commissioner.

Without apparently noticing his presence, Stoneman said:

"In the absence of witnesses we accept the discharge of this warrant pending developments."

Ben turned on his heel, pressed Phil's hand as he passed through the crowd, and disappeared.

The old Commoner drove to the telegraph office and sent a message of more than a thousand words to the White House, a copy of which the operator delivered to Ben Cameron within an hour.

President Grant next morning issued a proclamation declaring the nine Scotch-Irish hill counties of South Carolina in a state of insurrection, ordered an army corps of five thousand men to report there for duty, pending the further necessity of martial law and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

[18 —]

WILL T. HALE

IT is related that a score of years after the appearance of his best known poem Thomas Campbell was introduced to some one as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

"Confound 'The Pleasures of Hope'! Can't I write anything else?" he exclaimed.

Since the publication of "Fiddling His Way to Fame" in *The Arena* in the early nineties, Miss Dromgoole has been in a position to appreciate Campbell's protest. Her sketch struck a popular chord, and though she has done some better writing, she is still thought of first as the author of that bit of dialect. It was not, however, her earliest literary venture, for, besides winning a prize offered by the *Youth's Companion,* she had already become locally quite well known. It gave her a wider public, and created a larger demand for her work. Since then she has grown steadily in popularity until now she might well rest contented with her achievements in letters.

Of all who have won a degree of distinction, perhaps the personality of the *literati* appeals most to the curiosity of the public. Miss Dromgoole, then, as one of her biographers has said, is small of stature, fragile in appearance, intense in her nature, and of a high-strung nervous organism. She was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, of parents who soon after marriage moved to Tennessee from Brunswick County, Virginia, where the family stood high, numbering as it did among its members, ministers and statesmen. Since the death of her mother a few years ago she has not resided at her birthplace, though still through affection calling it "home," but when not traveling "refugees" (to use her own words), in her little cottage in the Cumberland foothills.

Mr. Howells has averred in effect that genius is hard work. While not endorsing the dictum in its entirety—holding in mind the indolent Campbell and Goldsmith among others—there is a vestige of truth in it. Dr. Talmage likewise said that if a person of mediocre ability only applied himself to the accomplishment of one thing with all his power, he would make a tremendous man. Observation bears him out in this. Our author possesses not genius alone, but in industry and application meets the demands of Howells

and Talmage. Within the past dozen or fifteen years she has published quite a number of books, has given frequent readings, holds a trying position on a daily newspaper, contributes occasionally to leading periodicals, and at this writing (1908) has two other volumes ready for publication. Her published works are: 'The Heart of Old Hickory, and Other Tennessee Stories'; 'The Moonshiner's Son'; 'The Valley Path'; 'Cinch, and Other Stories of Tennessee'; 'A Boy's Battle'; 'The Furrier's Dog and His Fellow'; 'The Adventures of a Fellow'; 'Best of Friends'; 'Rare Old Chums'; 'Hero Chums'; 'Harum-Scarum Joe'; and 'Down in Dixie'. Any attempt to refer critically to each of these books in a paper of this kind would necessarily be unsatisfactory, and it will not be made. We must be content to sum up the author's quality somewhat in a general way.

A staunch admirer of Miss Dromgoole's work, Mr. B. O. Flower, editor and author, says in a preface to one of her volumes that "there is a strong tendency to dwell too much on the gloomy side of life" in her writings, and that "this is due, I think, largely to the blow occasioned by the death of her mother and the terrible struggle which has marked her life, and which has been waged against adversity with much the same sense of loyalty to right as marked the Roundheads in their conflicts with King Charles I." While this may not seem unjust, it may not be wholly just. We are utterly without fixed, reliable canons of literary criticism. Criticism is really little more than an expression of individual taste. Then who shall point out for the universal reader defects that are not plainly palpable? If Miss Dromgoole violates any rule of art in this respect, it must be admitted that she errs along with such popular idols as Miss Mary Johnston, Dr. John Watson, and Mr. James Lane Allen. Those familiar with her writings must admit that she is not without the power of admirably blending pathos and humor; and this and other characteristics of her style give point to the dictum that runs to this effect; if a book pleases, seek to judge it no further—it is a good work and made by a good builder.

This is still an era of *diversified* writing, though in the business world generally there is a tendency to specialize; so we find our author engaged in writing stories and poems as well as what may be conveniently denominated *sketches*. One has but to study them to become convinced of her versatility. And since she has catered to the juveniles in some of her prose and verse, this is a good time to say that the execution of this work is more than creditable. She was wise in selecting such themes, for they will ensure a certain amount of recognition for years to come, whether or not her other efforts stand the test of time. In one of Anthony Hope's books there is

a quaint character who is constantly giving the little ones tips, his selfish though harmless object being to hold their memory after he passes hence. The writer who appeals to children is not without hope, if he desires a modicum of prestige after death: no matter who may forget, they, so long as they may live, will not. The grandfathers, though possessed of fair acumen in literary matters, revert with intense pleasure to the delight felt in reading Weems's biographies, though they be fearfully and wonderfully made; and the grandmothers, while familiar with "the most successful novel" of to-day, cannot quite understand why their old-time favorites are slighted by a younger generation.

Of Miss Dromgoole's short stories, perhaps the best is "The Heart of Old Hickory." Mr. Flower considers it "one of the finest short stories of the present generation—a masterpiece in its way." Another sketch which merits reading at any time—it is very popular as a Christmas recitation—is "Christmas Eve at the Corner Grocery." 'Rare Old Chums' is a little volume having to do with her own girlhood, sparkling with noble sentiments almost, or quite, epigrammatically expressed. Of her longer stories, without doubt the strongest is "The Moonshiner's Son."

Her poems are numerous, and of course of varying merit—for is not that to be said of all poets whose verses are not on a dead level? "The Doll's Funeral" is an especially appealing bit of juvenile verse. In negro dialect "Balaam" excels in humor, and "When Daddy Went Away" in pathos. Yet, after all is said, it is probable that the critical reader if not the unknown million will most appreciate her lyrics and sonnets. Though aware of the peremptory manner of the future in dealing with those we may believe immortal, it is predicted that a generous number of the things written by Miss Dromgoole will not willingly be allowed by the public to die.

Will D. Hale,

TO-NIGHT

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How would it seem to have her face
  In its old place to-night?
Her presence filling all the place
  With joy's old vanished light;
The childlike form, the woman's grace,
  How would it seem to-night?

How would it seem to have her back?
  She has been gone so long
On that unanswering, soundless track,
  Where neither sob nor song
Can reach, to plead life's lonely lack,
  Or plaint of human wrong.

If I could have her back to-night,
  If only just to plead
The task undone, the bitter fight,
  The plans that bear no deed,
The wrestling, rankling soul of might
  In stress of human need.

It seemed so very slight a thing,
  Alas, that she should go;
How could I know the years would bring
  Such bitter pain and woe,
That fragile, woman hands could cling
  About my heart strings so?

If time could follow that old trace
  Back through the silent years,
And she could take her same old place,
  Which memory endears,
I could not find her dear, dead face,
  Or see it, for my tears.

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS

Old Santa Claus brought heaps of things
To all the other folks;
I heard them Christmas morning say
They are cracking nuts and jokes;

And opening the packages,
And guessing what they were;
And if this one had came fum him,
And that one camed fum her.

But best of all he brought to me
A letter with a curl;
My papa in the prison wrote,
"God keep my little girl."

GOD OF THE DEEP

God of the deep, the fathomless,
On land or sea,
Whate'er the unborn year may bring,
Be Thou with me;
What untried paths my feet must tread,
What hidden ways of fear and dread,
Hold Thou Thy shadow o'er my head,
Where'er I be.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
Thy gracious sun
May shine not on the unknown way
My course must run;
If where I pass shall come no ray,
No star to gladden my dismay,
Still through my dark help me to say,
Thy will be done.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
While hope shall burn,
Teach me some graver lesson still
Of life to learn;

Teach me in fate's distressed alarm
Myself alone can do me harm,
And to the shelter of Thine arm,
To trusting, turn.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
Throughout Thy year,
I do not ask that I be spared
The bitter tear;
I do not ask Thee, Lord, for gain
Of happy friends or garnered grain;
But only in my hour of pain
To hear, to hear.

COULD WE FORGET

Could we forget the past that grief endears,
Shake off the mem'ry of each buried pain,
And start, as little children, forth again,
Hearts all unused to sorrow, eyes to tears,
The noise of sobbing alien to our ears,
With souls as fresh as roses after rain
And lips that happy laughter loves to drain,
Would we go back, undoing all the years?
Would we forego the sword that pierced our side?
The thorn that with our crown of roses blent
To drive us forth to find the way He went,
And, sobbing, seek the cross on which He died?
Ah, Christ, of Thine own anguish grant us yet
Life's healing gift of memory and regret.

LITTLE SONG

Go little song, go out, go on,
  And sing to the heart that hears;
Sing of the sun as the good years run,
  Hiding the heart's poor tears.

Go little song, go out, go on,
  Sing for the music's sake;
Carrying cheer to the hearts that hear,
  Though the singer's heart must break.

Go little song, go out, go on,
  Go like a ray in the gloom;
Who knows, who knows, you may live in a rose
  Some day, for the singer's tomb?

UNAFRAID

If that strange guest should call for thee,
Dear friend, to-night,
Gaunt form, and visage white,
How would it be,
If he should call for thee?

Wouldst thou, all fearless, answer "Here"?
Bid him come in,
And all unshrived of sin,
Unmoved by fear,
Wouldst thou still answer "Here"?

And after that if he should call for me,
I would rise up and say,
"He whom I love has gone this way,
Lead on, where'er it be,"
If he should call for me.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNS, HONEY

When the tide turns, Honey,
When the tide turns in,
Den dar's gwine ter be a change come sho',
An' you better watch de current
When de tide turns, chile,
An' be ready fur ter take it at de flow.

Fur times am scan'lous weery,
An' de fact am known ter all,
An' dar isn't any gittin' round it now;
An' de bes' dat you c'n do is
Dest ter stan' it lack a man,
An' maybe hol' tergether anyhow.

De big wave come a-sloshin',
An' you think you sho'ly drown,
An' you tell yo'se'f you hasn't any luck,
But instid o' settin' moanin',
Better watch de comin' wave,
An' duck, or it will ketch yer, Honey, duck.

When de skies am sof' an' sunny,
An' de sea is mighty ca'm,
An' de times is sort o' mendin', so you think,
But Lordy, Honey, Lordy,
Better watch de weather van,
Dat's de ve'y time de ship is gwine ter sink.

So 't ain't no use a-talkin',
An' it ain't no use ter growl,
Nor ter mope, an' weep, an' kick up such a row;
You better dest be raidy
Fur whatever comes along,
De onexpected's gwineter happen anyhow.

A LITTLE WHITE BOAT

A dear little boat went a-sailing once,
  Oh away, and away, so far;
And its sails were made of butterfly wings,
Of violet leaves, and beautiful things,
  And its prow was a silver star.

A little white boat, a frail little boat,
  And a pitiless, wide, wide sea;
Will the little star's light
Keep the long track bright,
  And bring her back safe to me?

A dear little boat, a frail little boat,
  And a wide, wide, echoless sea;
Oh, a violet's leaf is a tender thing,
And frail is a golden butterfly's wing,
  And the sea is so vast, ah me!

Ah me! for the little white boat, ah me!
  For the beautiful dreams that drown!
When she signalled "Help," did nobody hear?
On the vast, wide sea was nobody near
  When my Happiness boat went down?

AN OLIVE LEAF

A singer sent his song upon the winds' wing,
  To comfort one in pain;
And lo, the turn of tides brought back the song
  To his own heart again.
So full, and strong, and sweet, and clear,
It cheered his own soul many a year.

WHEN MY DOLLY DIED

When my dolly died, when my dolly died,
I sat on the step, and I cried, and I cried—
And I wouldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my doll was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head, and "Oh," said she,
"To think that the pretty has gone and died!"
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried—and I cried.

And all the dolls from all around
Came to see *my* doll put under the ground:
There was Lucy Lee, and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over, all dressed in black:
And Emmeline Hope, and Sarah Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried, and cried:
'Cause it hurt me so, when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbon and lace edged all around;
And made her a coffin in a box
Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks.
And we had some prayers, and a funeral too:
And our hymn was the "Two Little Girls in Blue."
But for me, I only cried, and cried:
'Cause I *couldn't* sing when my doll had died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And raised a stone, where we wrote quite plain:
"Here lies a dear doll, what-died-of-*pain*."
And then my brother he said "Amen;"
And we all went back to the house again.
But for me, I only cried and cried—
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

And then we had some jam and bread,—
I didn't eat—'cause my doll was dead;
But I tied some crepe on my doll-house door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
And I couldn't be happy, don't you see?
'Cause the funeral all belonged to me.
Then the others went home; and then—
I went out and dug up my doll again.

WINGS

Dear God, as through Thy strange, great world,
My naked soul must go,
I do not ask that naught of tears
That soul may know.

I do not ask that helpers wait
Along the danger road,
With ready arms, and willing hands,
To lift my load.

I do not pray "Save me from foes,
From weariness and tears,"
That wounds, and scars, and struggles fail
To find me through the years.

I only ask in time of need,
Of danger and surprise,
Of foes within, and foes without,
"Give me the wings to rise."

The little deeds of little souls,
That wound, and sear, and blight;
Give me, to soar above, beyond,
On wings of conscious Right.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD

When Love, like any human thing, lies dead,
Stone cold, and stark within the house of pain;
No matter how Love died, in battle slain,
Or smothered deep in kisses, poppy-red,
Best bar the door against Grief's mocking tread;
Best close the shutters 'gainst the slanting rain;
Bank up the fires, Love will not wake again,
To any call, or cry, or tears you shed.

For Love, that beareth long, and still is true,
If once the God's gift slip your careless hold,
The fires upon the heart's hearth burn too low,
No human breath can rouse the flame I know,
No human hand can warm that frigid cold,
Nor God's voice bid the dead come forth for you.

WHEN DADDY WENT AWAY

When Daddy went away,
It wuz winter time ter me,
Aldo the sun uz shinin'
Ez sassy ez could be,
En de mockin' bird been singin'
In de honeysuckle tree.

When Daddy went away,
Dar uz nuthin' lef' at all
But de fishin' poles a-hangin'
Up on de cabin wall,
En de minner-buckets waitin'
Dest whar dey stood las' fall.

When Daddy went away,
De birds furgot ter sing;
De yeller go'd-vine withered,
What he planted in de spring;
En de grape vine trails de low groun',
Furgettin' how ter cling.

When Daddy went away,
Dem what uster be mos' kin'
Seem ter fall away furgetful
O' dese little griefs o' mine;
En sorrow tuk de saddle,
Wid trouble on behin'.

When Daddy went away,
It uz sad as it could be,
A-tryin' ter strangle sighin'
En weepin', don't yer see,
Lest I spile my Daddy's heaven,
Wid sorrowin' fur me.

When Daddy went away,
De river caught de sigh,
En de winds uz all a-stirrin"
En a-whisperin' "Good-bye";
En de cedar trees a-moanin',
Des lack dey boun' ter cry.

En de banjo caught de key-note
Fum de river's lonesome moan,
En all de music in de worl'
Tuk de same ole weary tone;
When Daddy went ter Jesus,
En lef' me all alone.

BALAAM

Dis mule? Why, he name Balaam;
Huccome he got dat name?
Suh, ef dat name don' suit him
De Bible, hits ter blame.

'Cause I name him dest accordin'
Ter meh religus lights;
Name him fur de man 'uz sent
Ter cuss de Isullites.

Fur dis de stubb'nis' critter,
I reckin, in de lan';
En dat's huccome I name him
Des lack dat Bible man.

I bleeged ter go ter Norf-eas'
Dat mule mus' go Souf-wes';
En in de middle o' de creek,
He mus' lay down en res'.

Ef de road am sorter narrer,
En danger ob a fall,
Dat cussed mule gwine ram me
Smack up ag'inst de wall.

Ef I's in a 'ticklar hurry,
En want ter trabul quick,
Ye ain' gwine move dat critter
Ef yer lam him wid a brick.

En ef I's sorter w'ary,
En want ter trabel slow,
Ye'd 'low he hit a hawnet's nes',
De way dat ole mule go.

Ef I's gwine fur de doctor,
En meh chill'n all uz dyin',
He wouldn't stir a blessed stump,
Onless he had de min'.

Ef de worl' uz all a-burnin',
En hit uz jedgmint day,
Dat triflin' mule not lif' a huf
Ter git out Satan's way.

En so I name him Balaam,
A hopin' it might be
De good Lawd strack him daid some time
'N 'e's projeckin' wid me.

Naw, 'taint no mule name, maybe,
But I reckin' hit'll stan';
He ain' name fur de mule nohow,
But fur de udder man.

RAGS

From 'The Heart of Old Hickory.' Copyright by Dana Estes and Company. Used by kind permission of publishers.

His first recollection of anything was of the Bottom, the uninclosed acres just without the city limits, the Vagabondia of the capital, and the resort of numberless stray cattle, *en route* to Bonedom. It was the cattle first called into active play those peculiar characteristics which marked the early career of my hero, and gave evidence of other characteristics, equally unusual, lying dormant perhaps in the young heart of him, but lacking the circumstance or surrounding of fate necessary to their awakening.

In one room of a tumble-down old row of buildings that had once gloried in the name of "Mills," our Rags was born, among the rats and spiders and vermin, to say nothing of the human vermin breeding loathsome life among its loathsome surroundings. And indeed, what else was to be expected, since life takes its color from the color that it rests upon? Just as the spring in the Bottom, where man and beast quench alike their thirst, becomes a fever-breeding pool when the accumulated filth about it gets too much for even the blessed water. It was here that Rags was born. He owed his name to his clothes, and to the kindred souls of the Bottom, who had detected a fitness in the nick-name, which, by the bye, soon became the only name he possessed. If he had ever had another nobody took the trouble to remember it, while as for him he found the name good enough for all his purposes.

From the time he could use his legs well he was out among the cattle; fetching water in an old oyster cup that he had raked out from an ash heap, for such of the strays as were dying of thirst; or chasing the express trains across the Bottom, saluting with his one little rag of a petticoat the engineer on the tall trestle where the trains were constantly crossing and recrossing the Bottom; but giving his best attention always to the crippled cows and the old horses abandoned to the pitiless death of the Bottom. Any one who had chosen to study his character might have detected the humane instinct at a very early age. The instinct of justice, too, was rather strongly developed, also at an early age.

Did I say he was a negro? A mulatto with a clear olive complexion, kinky hair, and eyes that were small and black, and showed humor and pathos and fire all in sharp flash. He was reared in a queer school, and the lessons he learned had strange morals to them. It is no wonder they worked unusual results.

The first patient that came under Rags's ministration was an old cow which had been abandoned to the mercy of the Bottom, and which, in an attempt to return to its unworthy owner, perhaps, had been caught by a passing engine and tossed from the trestle, thereby getting its back broken. Rags faithfully plied the tin cup all the afternoon, only to see at evening the poor old beast breathe its last, leaving its bones to bleach upon the common graveyard of its kind, the Bottom.

The next morning Rags's old grandmother found the boy engaged in rather a promising attempt to fire the bridge, to wreck the car, that killed the cow, that roamed the wild, that Rags ruled.

When she had pulled him away from the trestle, and had dragged him home and thrashed him soundly, what she said was, "You fool you, don't you know they'll jail you fur life if they ketch you tryin' to burn that bridge?"

If they *caught* him. Rags had learned shrewdness if not virtue; henceforth he resolved not to abandon rascality, but to make sure that he was not overtaken in it.

His life from the time he could remember was a series of beatings and a season of neglect. Of his mother he retained no recollection whatever; he had at a very early stage of the life-game fallen to the mercy of his grandmother and her rod. When he was not being beaten he was roaming the Bottom, along with the other stray cattle—they of the soulless kind.

Once he remembered a party of very fine folk that had come out in carriages to look after the old horses that had been cast out by the owners they had served while service was in them. A great to-do had been made over the condition of the dumb things found there, and more than one heartless owner had been forced to carry home and care for the beast that had served him. But the little human stray that fate had abandoned to destruction—there was no humane society whose business it was to look after him. But when the cities

are so full, so crowded with these little vagabond-strays; what is to be done about it?

So Rags drifted along with the fresh cattle that wandered into his domain, until one morning in January, when he awoke from sleep without being beaten and dragged from his bed for a worthless do-nothing. He sat up among the bedclothes that made his pallet and wondered what had happened. It was broad daylight; the sun streamed in at the curtainless window; while over in the city the shrill, sharp sound of whistles proclaimed the noon. In all his life he had never had such a sleep. The wonder of it quite stupefied him. He soon remembered, however, that a reckoning would be required; the wonder was that the reckoning had not already been called for. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and looking about him. Over in the corner stood his grandmother's bed; the covers were drawn up close about a figure, long rigid, distinctly outlined under the faded covers. Sleep never yet gave a body that stiff, unreal pose—only the one sleep. The old grandmother had fallen upon that sleep.

After her death Rags found a shelter with a very old negress whom he called "Aunt Jane," a cripple, who lived over in the city, in a little den of a room off one of the chief thoroughfares, where progress was too busy to ferret out such small concerns. From the very first Rags was fond of the woman, possibly because she did not beat him.

And now it was that he really began to live. In an incredibly short time he became an expert sneak thief. The evil in him developed with indulgence. And so, too—alas, the wonder of it!—did the humane. He was a strange contradiction; in color he would have been called "a rare combination." He would risk his life to rescue a child from peril, and he would risk his liberty for the penny in the child's pink fingers. He was not cruel; he had no fight against the rich. He only wanted to keep Aunt Jane and himself in food, and rags sufficient to cover their nakedness. He was not grasping; on the contrary, when he had more than was absolutely necessary for their immediate needs, he would give a bite to a less fortunate comrade of the gutters. He did not do this with any idea of show either, which cannot be said of all who give to beggars; he gave because of the humane that was a

part of him; having given, he never gave the matter another thought.

He had a wonderful mind for deducing conclusions, as well as for refusing conclusions founded upon premises that were unsatisfactory to his ideas of justice. One morning, when Rags's years had gone as far as twelve, a great circus came to the city in which fate had decreed him citizenship. Rags made one of the hundreds who followed the great procession of cages showing the painted faces of monkeys, apes, and orang-outangs, moving majestically down the crowded street, halting now and then, as the law required, to give right of way to a passing street car.

Following the procession, pressing close to the cages, watching the wonderful pictured monkeys, an eager absorbed look upon his face, was a little boy. He could not have been more than six years of age, and had evidently escaped from his nurse and been crowded off the pavement into the almost equally crowded street. His rich, dainty clothes, his carefully curled, bright hair, no less than the delicate, patrician features, proclaimed him a child of the upper classes. Nobody noticed him; nobody but Rags, inching along by the chimpanzees' cage. Rags's keen eye had caught the glint of silver in the little animal-lover's hand. It was the child's money to get into the circus, and which, as an inducement to manliness perhaps, he had been allowed to carry.

"Brr-rr-rr-rr!" sneered Rags. "No use o' that. Kin crope under the tent, easier'n eat'n. That's how I do." And he inched nearer, his eyes never once removed from the small, half-clinched hand holding the bit of silver. The circus was for the moment forgotten; the painted monkeys grinned on, unobserved by Rags; the lion lashed its tawny sides in malicious anticipation of a broken bar or an inadvertent lifting of the cage door; the hump-backed camels in the rear of the procession plodded along under the persuasions of the boys in orange and purple and gay scarlet, mounted upon their unwilling backs. Rags was unconscious of it all—and of the car coming down the street in a crackle and flash of electricity.

The first thing he did see clearly was a little golden head go down under the strong, lightning-fed wheels. He gave a wild, unearthly shriek and dashed to the rescue. A hun-

dred throats took up the cry; a hundred feet hurried to help. But too late. A little motionless bundle of gay clothes and bright hair, with crimson spots upon the brightness, lay upon the track when the fiery wheels had passed. And near by lay Rags, his eyes seeing nothing, and the toes of one foot lying on the other side of the track.

It was months before he could hobble about again; but the very first trip he made was to limp down to the place where the accident had occurred, and, leaning against the iron fence of a yard that opened off the sidewalk, to go over the whole scene again. Had the boy escaped, he wondered; and what had become of the silver? He fancied it might be out there in the gray slush somewhere, together with his own poor toes. At the thought of them he grew faint and sick, leaning against the fence to prevent himself falling into the gutter.

While he stood thus a physician's buggy drew up to the sidewalk, and a man got out. He saw the very miserable-looking boy leaning upon a crutch and stopped.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No," said Rags, "I ain' sick." Then as the man was about to pass on he rallied his courage and said, "Where's the boy was hurt that day?"

"The boy?"

"The boy what the car runged over; where's he at?"

"Ah! The little boy that was run over the day of the circus you mean! He is dead. The car killed him. The company will have it to pay for."

"Dead!" The little brown face twitched nervously; the sight of it set the physician's memory twitching also.

"Now, I wonder," said he, "if you are not the boy who got hurt trying to save the little fellow. That was a brave act, my boy."

There was a mist in the vagabond's eyes.

"I couldn't, though," said he. "Them wheels was too quick for me. They—kotched—uv—him—." He drew his old sleeve across his face; he had been sick and was still weak and nervous; it was a new thing with Rags to cry.

"Never you mind," laying his hand upon the boy's head. "It was a brave, grand thing to do. It will stand for you with God some day; remember that, if you are ever in trouble.

You did your best; you tried to save a fellow being; you gave up one of your feet almost; crippled yourself for life in order to rescue another from death; and although you failed, you still did your best. That is all God cares to know; the deed stands with God for just what we mean it. He will count it for you some day, God will!"

The brown, tear-wet face looked into his with a strangely puzzled expression.

"God?" said Rags, "who's God?"

"Boy, where were you brought up—not to know the good God, who watches over you, over everybody, and loves us all, and cares for us?" He paused, looked down into the knowing little old face, and wondered what manner of trick the beggar was trying to put upon him.

Suddenly the dark face lighted. Rags had turned questioner. "An' you say God sees ever'thin'? He seen the car what runged over the little kid? God was a-watchin'? Could God 'a' stopped it?"

"Certainly."

The dark face took on the first vindictive expression it had ever worn. Rags had been asked to believe too much; the mystery of God's measures was too vast for the street child's comprehension; his conclusion was deduced only from the most humane of premises.

"Damn God," said he. "I wouldn't a let it runged over a cow, nor a dog, nor a rat, an' I ain't nothin', I ain't."

"You're a wicked, sinful boy, that's what you are, and you ought to be—"

"It's a lie," said Rags stoutly. "I ain't done nothin' half as mean as God done. Psher! Damn God, I say!"

"Papers? Papers? Want a paper, mister?"

The newsboy's insistent cry had to be silenced; when that was done the good man who had stopped to speak the "word in season" looked to see Rags limping down the street upon the feet maimed in humanity's cause, and quite too far away to recall. He was half tempted to get into his buggy and go after him; there was that about the boy that was strangely and strongly appealing. But he considered: "The city is full of vagabonds like him; a man cannot shoulder them all; after all nobody knows that he is really the boy he professes to be; the

papers said that boy was carried off by an old negress, a cripple, nobody could tell where." Rags passed on and out of his sight forever.

The matter ended there, so far as the man knew. But Rags hobbling down the street, gave expression to his thought with sudden vehemence.

"Somef'n's allus a-killin' o' somef'n,' said he. "Firs' it wuz a cow; then it wuz a boy; somef'n's wrong."

He had no idea wherein the wrong lay; he had never heard of Eden and the great First Cause; but he had witnessed two tragedies.

He was able to throw away his crutch after awhile, but was painfully lame, and he was never able to shut out the vision of a little golden head under a whirl of rushing, fiery wheels. Another thing that he remembered was that God could have prevented the catastrophe.

With the winter Aunt Jane grew so feeble that Rags was forced to add begging to his list of accomplishments. Day in, day out, his stub toes travelled up and down the sleety pavements in search of food, and a few pennies whereby to keep a spark of fire on the hearth before which the old negress sat in her rope-bottomed chair trying to keep warmth in her pain-racked limbs.

It was Christmas day and the shops were closed; even the fruit-venders were off duty in the forenoon, so that Rags found begging a profitless employment that morning. At noon he had not tasted food since the night before, nor had old Jane. He looked in at one o'clock to rake over the ashes and hand her a cup of water. She still sat before the hearth, her feet thrust in among the warm ashes. The old face looked strangely gray and weary. Rags felt that she was starving. She looked up to say, in that half-affectionate way that had made Rags a son to her, "Neb' min', son, I ain' so hongry now; mebby someun gwine gib you a nickle dis ebenin' anyhow."

Her faith sent him out again to try for it. At three o'clock he passed a house with glass doors opening down to the street, revealing a scene which, to Rags's hungry eyes, was the most royal revelling. Some children were having a Christmas dinner-party. The table was spread with the daintiest of luxuries —oranges, grapes, and the golden bananas; cakes that were

frosted like snow; candies of every kind and color. So much; so much that would never be eaten, and he asked for so little! What beggar doesn't know the feeling? Around the table a group of happy children toyed with the food for which Rags was starving; he watched them through the glass door like a hungry bear, yet not thinking of himself and his own great hunger. He was thinking how just one of those brown loaves heaped upon the side-table would put new life into the old woman at home. Had there been the slightest chance for stealing a loaf, Rags would have spent not a moment of time at the glass door more than was necessary to possess himself of the coveted feast.

He watched a white-aproned waiter carefully slice a loaf and slip a thin piece of ham between two of the narrow slices and serve to the overfed children, who nibbled a bite out of their sandwiches and threw them aside for the daintier knick-knacks. The sight of the wasted food almost drove him mad. Oh, to get behind that plate glass for one moment!—for one chance at the bread which the rich man's child had thrown away! He felt as though he could have killed somebody if that would have given him the food.

Then, without warning, without any sort of volition on his part, there came to him a recollection of the man who had told him about God. Why not try if there was any truth in what the man had said? Surely God would never find a more propitious time for exercising His power. He was ignorant alike of creeds and conditions; he was simply trying God *as* God, and all-powerful; disrobed of all things earthly and impossible.

"God," said he, "don't you see? Don't you know they've got it all, more than they kin eat? An' don't you know Aunt Jane is starvin'? I want some of it, God! I want it fur her, fur Aunt Jane. Give it to me. *He* said you kin give it to me, God. God! God! God! I say, give it to me, fur Aunt Jane."

As the crude petition ended the aproned waiter stepped to the side-door with a plate of scraps in his hand and whistled softly to a little terrier dog, that came frisking up to get them. The man had no sooner disappeared within the door than Rags seized upon the cast-out bits. The dog resented the intrusion upon his rights in a low growl that brought the waiter to the

door again. Rags made one dash for the precious heap before he disappeared around the corner. Safe out of sight he took an inventory of his possessions: half a slice of bread, a filbert, a lemon-rind, a banana with a spoiled spot on one end, and a half-eaten pickle. A pitiful mixture for which to risk his liberty, but his heart beat with jubilance that found expression in words as he hurried off home with his treasures:

"I got it, anyhow," he was mumbling. "You wouldn't git it fur a pore ole nigger as wuz starvin', but I got it, Mr. God; I stole it fum the dogs."

The maimed foot came down upon a bit of ice that must have brought him to the ground with a smart thump but for a hand that was put out to stay him—a strong, safe, woman's hand; the hand of a lady; white, soft, bejewelled. It rested for a moment upon Rags's tattered old sleeve; the velvet of her wrap brushed his cheek. In all his hard little life he had never felt anything like it. There was about her that presence of cleanliness which attaches to some women like a perfume.

"Are you hurt, little boy?" she asked.

At the voice's sweetness the dark eyes lifted to hers suddenly filled with tears. Like a far-off gleam of light it came to him, that after all, there might be a side of humanity with which he had never come in contact; a something responding to something within himself, deep down, unknown, unnamed, like the glorious possibilities slumbering unchallenged within his own benighted little soul.

The owner of the voice stood looking down a moment at the queer, silent little figure, the rags, with the tawny-brown skin showing through, the maimed foot, and the tears which the little beggar staunchly refused to let fall. She was young and beautiful; she belonged to God's great army of good women, whom the less philanthropic are pleased to denominate "cranks."

"What is your name, boy?" she asked, releasing the tattered sleeve.

"Rags."

The pathos of the reply, and the name's great fitness, appealed to her more than any beggar's plea he could have framed.

She thrust her hand into the pocket of her velvet wrap and took from it her purse.

"You are to buy yourself something to eat, and then you are to come to me—*there*. Anybody can show you the place."

She placed a half-dollar and a white visiting card in his hand, and passed on before Rags could fashion a reply; even had there been anything for him to say. His usually nimble tongue had no words for the great event that had come into his life, but the quick brain had opened to receive a thought—a thought which, like fire, carried all his fierce doubts before it.

"He heard me! He heard me!—God did."

It had come direct, swift, certain. And the knowledge of prayer answered thrilled him with a strange, sweet awe that was almost fearful in its intensity. The man had spoken truly; there *was* a God; He had given him food and help for Aunt Jane. Ah! He was a good God, though He let the little boy be killed; perhaps he should know why some day, when he came to know Him better. He would have many things to ask Him, many things to tell Him—this good God that kept them from starving. He had not thought to throw away the scraps he had taken from the dog nor stopped to buy the dinner of which he stood in such sore need. The knowledge of food possible had served to blunt the edge of hunger. He only wanted to get home with his wonderful news, to get a bite for Aunt Jane, and then by and by, when she could spare him, he would find the lady.

He pushed open the door and entered, calling the good news as he went. The old negress was sitting just as he had left her in the big chair before the fireless hearth. She neither moved nor spoke, but sat with her head leaned back against the chair, mouth open, and the sightless eyes staring, unseeing, away into that mystery where none might follow. Instantly he recognized that she was dead. He stood looking at her in awe, stricken, silenced, frightened; not at death, but at life, which he began to understand was something too deep and vast and terrible for him. It was the second time that death had met him thus, the third time they two had faced each other without warning or preparation. The persistency with which it seemed to trail and pursue him sent a kind of superstitious

thrill through him. What a tragedy in a nutshell his life had been!

He glanced from the changed, dead face to his full, clinched hands, and slowly his fingers opened. The silver rang upon the hearth bricks and disappeared quickly in the fireless white ashes, as though fleeing from the new presence in the room. The broken bits of food lay upon the floor at the dead woman's feet, and the lady's white visiting card fell, face up, forgotten, as with a wild cry Rags turned and fled—away from death, away into the ice-crusted, frozen street: away from life and its too mysterious meaning.

A wagon was coming down the street as he tried to cross, and in his haste he tripped and fell. He heard the driver's startled shout to the horses, but he did not know when the wagon passed over him.

The crowd that gathered was not altogether drawn by curiosity to see the little maimed body of a child among the slush and ice of the street. A lady in velvet was picking her way through the frozen mud, giving directions to the driver of the team.

"Carry him in there," she commanded, pointing to the door Rags had left wide open. "I saw him run out of there; I was following him. Then do some of you men run for the hospital wagon, quick—don't stand there staring, you may need it yourselves some day. Be easy with him, my man, there is life there yet."

Within the room to which they bore him, an old woman's dead face, lifted to the sooted ceiling with a kind of defiant triumph, met them. Half hidden by the white ash upon the hearth a piece of coldish gray silver seemed to be spying upon their movements; and at the feet of the dead a bit of white cardboard, bearing the marks of a child's soiled fingers, lay turned up to catch the winter sun streaming through the uncurtained window; the black letters seemed to catch a radiance of their own:

ISABEL GRAY
THE WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY
72 N. SUMMER

When Rags opened his eyes in the hospital they rested upon

a lady, richly dressed, standing at his bedside. She saw the recognition in the wide, wondering eyes, and stooping, spoke his name:

"Rags?"

"Yessum," said Rags, "yessum, I hears yer, Miss Lady."

"Boy," she began, startled, and afraid that the struggling life might slip before she could deliver her message to the wanderer—"boy, do you know who sent me to you?"

Under its cuts and bruises the dark face glowed.

"Yessum," said Rags, "Hit wuz God. Dat ar white man say God ud count it up for me, an' I reckin He done it."

She hadn't the least idea what he was talking about, but she understood that someone had dropped a seed. Slowly the beautiful head drooped forward, the lips moved softly, but with no sound that could reach beyond the ear of God—"Lord, if I might rescue one, but one, of Thy poor wandering race!"

REUBEN THOMAS DURRETT

[1824–]

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON*

REUBEN THOMAS DURRETT, son of William and Elizabeth (*née* Rawlings) Durrett, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, January 22, 1824. After receiving such educational advantages as the schools of his native county afforded, he went to Georgetown College, at Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1844 and remained there until 1846. He then went to Brown University, in Providence, Rhode Island, where he graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1849. The same year he entered the law department of the University of Louisville, where by superior application he combined the course of study for two years into one and was graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1850. In 1853 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Brown University for continued advancement of learning, and since then he has received from each of the three colleges he attended—Brown University, Georgetown College, and the University of Louisville—the degree of LL.D., which was the highest honor they could confer upon him.

Immediately after leaving the law school Mr. Durrett began the practice of law in Louisville, and was one of the most finished scholars of his age who ever appeared at the Louisville bar. His knowledge of languages, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German, and his rare gifts both as a speaker and a writer contributed largely to his success at the bar. After continuing at the practice for thirty years he was able to retire in 1880 upon the competency he had earned. A number of his speeches to juries and arguments to courts were deemed worthy of publication and appeared in the newspapers at the time they were made. His speech in defence of Heitz for the murder of Lobstein, published in the *Courier-Journal* of January 20, 1871, and his argument in behalf of that paper in defence of the libel suit of Hull, March 30, 1872, are specimens of learning, style, and eloquence which have seldom been surpassed in the Louisville Court House. His fame as an orator, however, will more permanently rest upon his orations prepared for public occasions. When he was graduated from the law school in

*This sketch was prepared by Colonel Johnston for his 'Memorial History of Louisville' and was revised by him personally for inclusion in the 'Library of Southern Literature.'

1850 he delivered the valedictory and it was so much admired that it was published and highly praised in the newspapers. His Fourth of July oration at the invitation of the City Council of Louisville in 1852, his address before the Mechanics' Institute of Louisville in 1856, his Centennial oration for Louisville in 1880, when the city was an hundred years old, and for Kentucky in 1892 when the Commonwealth had reached the same venerable age, and his address to the Alumni of Georgetown College in 1894, all of which were published at the dates of delivery, were so replete with learning and so beautifully written that they cannot fail to occupy a permanent place in our literature.

In his earlier years Mr. Durrett yielded to an imagination which demanded the expression of thoughts in verse, and had he not acquired distinction in other lines he might have been widely known as a poet. In poetry he was exceedingly versatile and passed from the humorous to the grave with marked facility. His serious mood, however, predominated, and his best productions may be considered in this vein. His "Night Scene at Drennon's Springs," in 1850, his "Thoughts Over the Grave of Rev. Thomas Smith," in 1852, and his "Old Year and New in the Coliseum at Rome," in 1856, each of which was published when written, are fine specimens of classic thought expressed in blank verse and entitle him to high rank among Southern poets.

It is as a prose writer, however, that Mr. Durrett will be most favorably and most enduringly known. As soon as he left college he began writing for the newspapers and periodicals, and has kept it up ever since. Most of his articles, however, appeared in print as editorials or over anonymous signatures, so that he got no credit for them except among a few intimate friends. From 1857 to 1859 he was the editor of the Louisville *Courier,* and his leaders, always distinguished for their broad range of knowledge and vigor of style, made him an enviable reputation as a journalist. After retiring from the bar in 1880 he devoted much of his leisure to historic studies, for which he always had an inclination. His articles in the *Southern Bivouac* for March, April and May in 1886, on the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-1799, may serve as specimens of his writings in this line. He corrected the errors which had prevailed for three-quarters of a century concerning these celebrated resolutions and placed the authors and the resolutions themselves in their true position in history. His numerous historic articles, principally published in the *Southern Bivouac* and the *Courier-Journal* since 1880, have been widely read and much admired for their original research and the new colors with which they invested important events and subjects. In the annual reports of the American Historical Asso-

ciation for 1891 and 1892, several pages are occupied with a list of his historical writings.

In 1884 a few of his associates of similar tastes joined Mr. Durrett in establishing an association in Louisville for coöperative effort in collecting and preserving and publishing historic matter relating to Kentucky. This association was named "The Filson Club," in honor of John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky; and Mr. Durrett, who was made its president, prepared and read the first paper before it. This paper was "The Life and Times of John Filson," and was published as a number of the series of club publications. It is a quarto of 132 pages, so full of original matter and so beautifully written that it at once gave the club a prominent standing among kindred associations. Mr. Durrett is also the author of No. 5 of the club publications, entitled "An Historic Sketch of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Kentucky"; of No. 7, entitled "The Centenary of Kentucky"; of No. 8, entitled "The Centenary of Louisville"; of No. 12, entitled "Bryant's Station"; and No. 23, entitled "The Earliest Visits of Foreigners to America, the first formed and first inhabited of the continents." The characteristic of Mr. Durrett's historical writings is original research, and he invests his new matter with such charms of style that it is always a pleasure to read what he has written.

In his literary studies, Mr. Durrett has always bought the books he needed, and in thus purchasing from year to year he has accumulated a large and valuable library. The volumes and pamphlets and papers and manuscripts upon his shelves number more than 50,000, and he is adding to them every day. His collection embraces the best work in almost every branch of human knowledge, but is particularly rich in history, and especially American history. He has the principal histories of every state as well as those of the United States at large and of the North American continent. In Kentucky histories and Kentucky books his collection surpasses those of all others combined. He has made it an object to secure every book about Kentucky or Kentuckians or that has been written by a Kentuckian or even printed in Kentucky. He has thus covered the whole field of Kentucky bibliography; and the other libraries of the world contain nothing to compare with his collection. He is so familiar with his books that he can promptly lay his hands on any one of his fifty thousand volumes without the aid of a catalogue; but, better than this, he is as familiar with the contents of his books as he is with their location upon the shelves.

In recognition of his various attainments, Mr. Durrett has been made a member of numerous historic, scientific, and learned societies in this country and in Europe. Unlike most men distinguished for

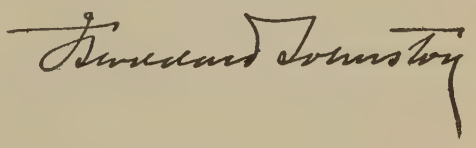
learning, he has a clear business head and sound judgment, which has weight among men of affairs. As president, vice-president, director, trustee, commissioner, etc., he is connected with various corporations in Louisville and is noted for giving as unremitting attention to those of a charitable as to those of a business character. He is a man of broad benevolence and contributes liberally to all the charities which he deems worthy.

In 1852 Mr. Durrett was married to Miss Elizabeth H. Bates, the only daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth (*née* Humphreys) Bates, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Durrett was a lady of rare intellectual attainments, and, like her husband, had literary tastes of a controlling nature. There were but few good books in the accessible range of literature which had not contributed to her knowledge, and Mr. Durrett owes much of his varied learning and culture to the companionship of his gifted wife. She bore him four children, three of whom preceded her to the grave. Of these Lily Bates Durrett, who died at the dawn of young womanhood, had written a series of letters from Europe and from Florida which were published in the *Courier-Journal* in the winter and spring of 1880, and which gave abundant proof that she had inherited her father's gifts as a writer. The only survivor of their children is Dr. William T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky.

The Durretts are of French origin, and the family traditions date back to Louis Duret, an eminent French physician and author, who flourished about the middle of the Sixteenth Century. He was the author of several learned books and especially of a commentary in Greek, Latin and French upon the works of Hippocrates, which was first published in Paris in 1588. It is a venerable folio bound in thick boards covered with vellum and now in possession of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Durrett has also other venerable volumes of which different members of the family were authors, and which are quaint specimens of the art of printing and binding in early times. Among these may be mentioned 'A Commentary on the Customs of the Dutch' by Jean Duret, a folio published at Lyons in 1584; 'A Treatise on the Causes and Effects of Tides'; by Claude Duret, an octavo published at Paris in 1600; 'A History of the Languages of the East', by Claude Duret, a quarto published at Cologne in 1613. After the Massacre of St. Bartholomew some of the Durets crossed the British Channel and settled in England. In 1644 Christopher Duret was prominently connected with the Baptists in London, and his name appears subscribed to the Articles of Faith put forth that year. In England the French pronunciation was dropped and the name pronounced Duret, as it was spelled, instead of Duray. In the course of time this English pronunciation was emphasized by doubling

the "r" and "t" which produced the name "Durrett" as we now have it. Early in the Eighteenth Century three brothers, John, Richard and Bartholomew Durrett, came from England to Spottsylvania County, Virginia, where they purchased lands and permanently settled. From these three Virginian ancestors all the Durretts in the United States have descended. Francis Durrett, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was with General George Rogers Clark in the Illinois campaign of 1788-89, but returned to Virginia instead of settling at once as others did in the new country. Early in the present century, however, he moved to Kentucky and settled upon land which he purchased in Henry County. Here William, the oldest son of Francis and the father of Mr. Durrett, became a wealthy farmer and erected upon his plantation the first brick house that was built in Henry County. That house stands to-day as sound as it was when erected, nearly a century ago.

Mr. Durrett, now an advancing octogenarian, is a well-preserved man of health and vigor, who at an advanced age crossed over from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century. He belongs to the school of old Virginia gentlemen now so rare among us, and his hospitable home is ever open to those who wish to see him. His collection of books and antiquities has made him a kind of show in Louisville, whither strangers as well as acquaintances resort with an assurance of seeing something worth seeing and learning something worth learning. He is never more delighted than when in his great library with one or more persons in search of information from rare books and manuscripts. In this way most literary persons at home and many from abroad have been placed under obligations to him, and his constant regret is that he has not been able to do more good to others with his books.



JOHN BRECKINRIDGE

From *Southern Bivouac*, May, 1886.

It must be conceded that John Breckinridge stands not as he should appear in the history of his country. Cut off in the prime of life, when his early-earned fame was beginning to fill the national ear, he left his good works to the keeping of successors who have scarcely used them well. Had he been allotted the wonted years of the great man of the world, there was no height in his country's ascent which he might not have attained and honored; but as it was he flashed across the political horizon, a meteor brilliant but ephemeral, to be admired for a moment and forgotten. After he had passed from the scenes of his usefulness and the blue grass of Cabell's Dale had formed the sod of years over his grave, Kentucky's most gifted artist, Matthew Harris Jouett, who had known him while living, painted his portrait and preserved, for all time, his appearance in life. By the permission of Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who also furnished the original letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, the Jouett portrait was copied for the writer by Rudolph Boccassini, an Italian artist. The leading events in the life of John Breckinridge are as follows:

Among the Covenanters of Ayrshire, who made the religious conflicts of Scotland famous in the Seventeenth Century, were the Breckinridges. Driven from their native plains to the highlands by the victorious arms of persecution, they finally crossed the North Channel and took refuge in Ireland. In 1728 Alexander Breckinridge emigrated to America, and after remaining for a short time in Pennsylvania, finally settled on his plantation in Augusta County, Virginia, near the present city of Staunton, where he became the progenitor of the family in this country. His son, Colonel Robert Breckinridge, who had married Lettice, the oldest daughter of Colonel John Preston, was residing upon this place when his son, John Breckinridge, the subject of this sketch, was born, the second day of December, 1760. The land of his birth, therefore, embraced that of his death, for

Augusta County, as it then extended in its vast occidental sweep to the Mississippi, not only comprehended all of Kentucky, but the greater part of the immense territory out of which Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, etc., have since been carved.

While but an infant his father moved to the county of Bottetourt, where he died in 1771. Here still in the midst of his native mountains, the Blue Ridge to the east and the Alleghanies to the west, his childhood and youth passed into manhood with the pinching wants and the appalling dangers of a frontier life never from his surroundings. The care of a widowed mother and a half dozen little brothers and sisters devolved upon his tender years and early developed that strong character and great intellect for which he was distinguished in after life.

His early education could have derived but little advantage from the pioneer schools of Bottetourt, where a seminary was not established until 1785; and whatever instruction he enjoyed was due rather to a provident mother and private assistants. His natural inclination, however, early directed his attention to books and throughout life his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. His education was completed at the College of William and Mary, where tradition affirms that his studious habits were twice disturbed by elections to the House of Burgesses from Bottetourt before he had become old enough to take his seat. A third election seated him in the House, then removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, which must have been in 1781, when he had reached the age of twenty-one, as his name first appears in the journal of the House of that year. He was again elected for the years 1783 and 1785, and it was something to have been a member of the Virginia Legislature and to have had part in the making of her laws during the last dark years of the war for independence and the first bright ones for peace. It was peculiarly opportune for Mr. Breckinridge to have been a member of that Legislature in the year 1781, when the first act was passed to cede to the General Government the Northwest Territory, out of which Kentucky's neighboring states, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, were afterwards formed; to have been a member of that body in 1783, when Transylvania University, Kentucky's first seat of learning, was established,

and to have sat with those who, in 1785, passed the first enabling act allowing Kentucky to separate from Virginia and become an independent state.

In 1785 he married Mary Hopkins, a daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell, and settled in Albemarle County for the practice of the law. He was now near the residence of Mr. Jefferson, with whom relations, social, professional, and political soon grew up of the most intimate and lasting kind. His practice extended over a broad range of country, and he rose to such eminence that in 1791, on the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, he was commissioned by President Washington, attorney for the district of Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. His professional duties compelled him to decline the position thus tendered him, but it was not long before Governor Lee again recognized his legal standing by retaining him in 1792 as counsel to assist the state attorney in prosecuting delinquent collectors of the revenues in the county of Augusta.

In February, 1792, he was elected to Congress for the district composed of Albemarle, Amherst, Fluvanna, Goochland, Louisa, Spottsylvania, Orange and Culpeper, but the professional engagements which compelled him to decline the district attorneyship for Kentucky also induced him to forego the opportunity for distinction and usefulness in the National Legislature. His thoughts were, no doubt, already fixed upon a field of action far to the west of his native mountains, where the rich valley of the beautiful Ohio, with its young life and splendid prospects, invited to fame and to fortune such intellects and characters as his.

In 1793 he bade farewell to the friends and scenes of his early years, and, with his wife and three tender children—Letitia, half a dozen years old, and Joseph and Mary yet younger—mounted on a pack-horse with provisions for the journey and such of his movables as could be thus transported, led the little caravan along blazed traces and winding ways, a distance of five hundred miles, to Lexington, the principal village then in Kentucky, containing about one thousand inhabitants. But the charm of the marvelous country around soon wooed him from the town. Six miles to the northward, on a branch of the

Fair Elkhorn,
Surrounded by groves of the milk-white thorn,
And papaw with long and silvery stem,
And dog-wood of beautiful diadem;
Green meadows with antlered deer yet dotted,
And lawns with flowers the loveliest spotted,

he secured two thousand five hundred acres of land in the primeval woods. The native trees that grew upon it indicated the rich soil from which they sprang, and showed that it had been selected by an experienced eye—an eye that sought a soil that would generously reward the labor of man. There, among the century-grown maples and hickories and hackberries and cherries and buckeyes, stood the towering blue ash and the giant black walnut and the huge black locust, never varying indexes of the richest of soils. Wherever there was break in the dense forest that let in the sunlight, the wild rye and the clover struggled for ascendancy, and the pea-vines rambled among canes that matted the earth, while the papaw flourished in the shadows of the great trees. The crumbling mounds, thrown up by human beings so far back in the inscrutable past as to have left neither name nor tradition, appeared here and there, suggesting that even at a time inconceivably remote such a land had not been overlooked by man. But fair as it seemed, it was not yet a home of safety, for the Indian, who had come after the mound-builder and kept it as his hunting ground, stole into its wilds when he dared for the life of those who had wrested it from him.

Here Mr. Breckinridge entered a two-story, double log house, very far in advance of the pioneer cabin, and gave to the place the name of Cabell's Dale. The family name of his wife furnished the first part of the compound word, and a valley that drained into the Elkhorn and afforded a delightful view from the front door along its gentle and extended decline supplied the second. In the corner of the lawn to the left of his house a law office was erected, and here, in after years, the great lawyer had his books and his papers, and received the clients for whom he conducted a large and lucrative practice that extended through most of the surrounding counties. The dwelling-house was swept

away by fire in 1850, and the original estate, reduced to one-tenth of its dimensions and owned by Colonel Joseph C. Breckinridge, of the army, has been converted into one vast and beautiful blue-grass pasture; but the law office yet remains, a quaint, one-story, weather-boarded structure, with the door and chimney at the front gable end, and a window in each of its sides, carrying us back to a time when learned counsellors, like the barons of old, dispensed the law on their plantations instead of in the centres of trade as in our day. In this venerable office assembled the students who sought Mr. Breckinridge's instruction in the law, and one of them, General Robert B. McAfee, has left the following account of this pioneer Kentucky Law School, in his autobiography, of which the writer has a manuscript copy:

> Mr. Breckinridge had at this time some eight or ten students under him, and among them Christopher Tompkins (afterwards Judge Tompkins, of Barren County), who had lived in his office several years, and occupied the place I had expected previous to my father's death; his son Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, about my own age, Mr. Marshall from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a fine looking young man, but extremely diffident, Mr. Fowler, from Pennsylvania, also Mr. William Stephenson, David Allen from Virginia, and myself, to whom was afterwards added John Brown of Tennessee, a nephew of Major Russell. . . . The students, under Mr. Breckinridge, were required to attend every other Saturday at his office for examination, and we established a debating society the other two Saturdays in each month; and soon after Mr. Breckinridge established a moot court on the days of our examinations so that our whole time was fully employed, and we were assiduously devoted to our studies, and great emulation existed.

Here, then, was a law school on the farm of Mr. Breckinridge, six miles from Lexington, and yet farther from any other important town, with students not only from Kentucky, but from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Tennessee. It had its line of studies marked out, its examinations, its moot court, and its debating society; and with the teaching of law thus conducted we need not wonder that many of the early lawyers of Kentucky were marked men in their profession.

In 1794, although Mr. Breckinridge had been in Kentucky but little more than a year, he had made such a reputation

that he was put forward by the Republicans as a candidate for the United States Senate. The election was to fill the place made vacant by John Edwards, who had fallen into the second class into which the Senators were divided under the Constitution, and went out at the end of four instead of six years. The Republicans, although largely in the majority in Kentucky, had become disgusted with the insolent conduct of their friend Genet and his French satellites in the West, and were not as well pleased as they had been with some of the French proceedings of the Democratic Club of which Mr. Breckinridge was president, and, above all, had been divested of much of their hostility to the administration of General Washington by the victory of General Wayne at Falling Timbers. They therefore, in the changed feelings of the moment, permitted the Federalists to send Humphrey Marshall to the Senate. Mr. Marshall was a pronounced Federalist, and himself attributed his election to "the good temper of this assembly to the General Government."

In 1795 Governor Shelby appointed him to the office of attorney-general of Kentucky, a position first filled by George Nicholas, and from this time until his death his services were principally devoted to the public. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature during the January and November sessions of 1798, and the November sessions of 1799 and 1800. On the fourth of November, 1799, he was elected Speaker of the House by vote of thirty-six to eleven over William Garrard, the member from Bourbon, and on the third of November, 1800, he was unanimously reëlected to the same important position. His career in the State Legislature connected his name with some of the wisest laws that have ever emanated from that body; and if he had done nothing but lead, as he did, in the abolishing of capital punishment for the long list of crimes for which it was previously inflicted, he would have done enough, as a legislator, to embalm his memory in the everlasting remembrance of humanity and civilization. It is shocking to think that, previous to the passage of the Kentucky act of February 10, 1798, persons were doomed to death in this State, as they have been in other states, by the same bloody code derived from England, for theft, robbery, burglary, manslaughter, maiming, arson, per-

jury, forgery, counterfeiting, horse-stealing, embezzling, larceny, and other crimes and misdemeanors too numerous to mention. The death penalty extended to no less than one hundred and sixty offenses, all of which were swept away by the enlightened benevolence of the act of 1798, and murder only, in the first degree, retained.

His connection with the celebrated resolutions of 1798 and 1799, while a member of the Kentucky Legislature, has already been noticed and need not be repeated here. The *fac simile* of the letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, which appeared in the beginning of this article, with the post-mark of Charlottesville and the frank of the author, should settle forever the long-disputed question as to whom that letter was written. There never should have been any doubt on this subject, and there never would have been among those conversant with Kentucky history except for the unfortunate blunder of Mr. Jefferson's executor in first giving that letter to the public as if addressed "to —— Nicholas." This mistake, once made by Mr. Randolph, however, soon passed into history, and even as late as 1885 McMaster marred the second volume of his history of the people of the United States by making George Nicholas seem to do what John Breckinridge really did. George Nicholas was not in Virginia in the fall of 1798, and was not a member of the Kentucky Legislature of 1798 or 1799. He could not therefore have been at the Monticello Conference when the resolutions of 1798 were originated, and could not have offered them in a legislative body of which he was not a member. With the name of John Breckinridge substituted the words "your father," in the 20th, 25th, 39th, 44th, and 52nd lines, this letter will read right, and it can not be otherwise read in accordance with the truth of history. Although Mr. Jefferson made several mistakes in this letter, he was too familiar with the local history of Kentucky and the status of his friends there to have committed the blunder of placing George Nicholas instead of John Breckinridge in the Legislature which adopted these resolutions. George Nicholas was a great and good man, of whose talents, learning, and character Kentuckians are justly proud, and his fame needs no borrowed honors of this kind. He and John Breckinridge were personal and

political friends, and if he were now living he would be among the first to correct these historic blunders as to his connection with the Kentucky resolutions. He was an open and able advocate of the principles set forth in these resolutions in speeches at Lexington and Bryant's Station in 1798, and in an address to the people published in 1799, and so expressed himself in his letter to a friend in Virginia, justifying the conduct of the citizens of Kentucky and correcting false statements which had been made in different states with regard to them, published at Lexington in 1798.

If further proof were necessary to establish the fact that this letter of Mr. Jefferson was written to a son of John Breckinridge instead of to a son of George Nicholas, it might be found in the letter of J. Cabell Breckinridge addressed to Mr. Jefferson and to which the letter of Mr. Jefferson was a direct answer. As this letter, with the answer of Mr. Jefferson, is conclusive of the disputed question, it is here given in full from the copy found among the papers of J. Cabell Breckinridge, and now in the possession of Honorable W. C. P. Breckinridge.

LETTER FROM J. CABELL BRECKINRIDGE TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

FRANKFORT, November 19, 1821.

Dear Sir:

If I had not experienced the effects of your candour and obliging indulgence on a former occasion, and on a subject connected with the memory of my father, I should feel an insuperable reluctance to trouble you with this letter. A very brief narrative will explain its object.

In the Richmond *Enquirer* of September 4, in an editorial stricture on certain articles that had appeared in the *National Intelligencer,* the writer, in support of his principles, refers to the authority of your name and opinion, and expresses himself in the following words:

"We protested against 'putting Mr. J. forth as chief of a *new party,*' and that the doctrine we held on the great question of supremacy in cases of collision between the governments was the doctrine of the old Republican party, of Mr. Madison's report of '98, and of the Kentucky resolutions penned by Mr. J. himself."

Well knowing that the resolutions here alluded to were introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky by my father, as his own produc-

tion, I was greatly astonished by the assertion of the editor. Convinced as I am that the mover of the resolutions would not have consented thus to appropriate the labors even of his illustrious friend, I did believe the assertion to be untrue.

To a man, the measure of whose fame and usefulness is full, an occurrence like the present may be regarded with indifference. But when you remember that the providence of God arrested at an early period the auspicious career of him whose loss I have cause so deeply to deplore, you will excuse, nay, approve the sensibility which I feel on every subject connected with his just renown. If I am not deceived in the temper of the times, the day is at hand when the struggle of '98 is to be renewed with decisive characteristics of consolidating intent, and these states are to maintain a second contest for the purity and extent of their ancient rights. At such a crisis, involving the safety and perpetuity of some of the most sacred principles of American freedom, the recollection of similar events, the corresponding sentiments and acts of departed patriots, will be revived with peculiar interest and powerful effect; and I can distinctly perceive the value of your written declaration to insure justice to the memory of one whom, living, you largely contributed to exalt.

Believing that I can not give a better evidence of the sincerity and respect of the present application than by omitting all formal and affected apologies for having made it, I hasten to assure you of my high consideration, and to offer you my sincerest wishes for your continued health and happiness.

J. Cabell Breckinridge.

Mr. Jefferson made a mistake as to the date of this letter in his answer. As the answer was dated December eleventh, of course the letter to which it was an answer could not have borne a subsequent date. Mr. Jefferson simply wrote December when he meant November. This mistake, however, was small in comparison to that of his claim to the unqualified authorship of the Kentucky resolutions. While his language would embrace the resolutions of 1799 as well as those of 1798, he expressly disclaims any hand in those of 1799 in his letter to Wilson C. Nicholas, of September 5, 1799. If Mr. Jefferson in his answer had stated that he and Wilson C. Nicholas and John Breckinridge had conferred about the Kentucky resolutions, that he had accordingly drawn a set and delivered them to John Breckinridge, under a pledge of

secrecy that his connection with them was not to be made public, but that John Breckinridge, before offering them to the Kentucky Legislature, had materially altered them, and made them practically his own, his answer thus shaped would have been more conformable to the facts and more generous and just.

John Breckinridge was a member of the convention which assembled at Frankfort on the twenty-second of July, 1799, and formed the second constitution of Kentucky. He was the leading member of this convention, and more than any other man imparted to the second constitution the Democratic character which it assumed in departing from the Federal spirit of the first. He was to the constitution of 1799 what George Nicholas had been to that of 1792, the designer and moulder of the form it assumed. This second constitution was better adapted to the genius of our people than the first, far more enduring, and met the wants of a growing population for half a century. Its successor, the third organic law, formed by the convention of 1849, has not yet endured so long, and probably will not, with the growing demands for a new one more congenial to the times.

On the twentieth of November, 1800, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the United States Senate, the vote for him in the Kentucky Legislature being sixty-eight against thirteen for John Adair. He took his seat at the opening of the Seventh Congress, December 7, 1801, and carried with him such a reputation that he at once took a leading part in the measures of the Republican party and the administration of Mr. Jefferson. After his kind heart had, on the last day of 1801, presented the petition of Isaac Zane, asking something for the lands taken by the Government, on the Miami, which the Wyandot Indians, who had made him a prisoner at the age of nine and reared to manhood, assigned him out of which to make a living, he gave notice on the fourth of January that he would on the following Wednesday, move for the order of the day that part of the President's message relating to the judiciary. Accordingly, on the sixth, he offered a resolution to repeal the act, passed at the last session, creating sixteen new United States Circuit Court judges. A long and able debate of a month's duration followed, in which Mr. Breckin-

ridge took a leading part, and showed himself the peer of the conspicuous Senators of his day. On the third of February the vote was taken, and the sixteen judges repealed out of office. Thus passed away the sixteen United States judges whom the Republicans charged the Federalists had unnecessarily seated for party purposes; and thus was established the precedent, that a United States circuit judge clothed with the ermine by the act of one Congress may be disrobed by the act of a subsequent Congress. The doctrine thus inaugurated had an illustration in Mr. Breckinridge's own State during the controversy between the old Kentucky Court of Appeals and the new, when the new court judges put into office by the act of 1824 were unseated by a repeal of the act in 1826.

Important as Mr. Breckinridge's action was on the judiciary question, it was overshadowed by his connection with the Louisiana Territory and the grand results which followed the acquisition of that vast domain. In the Louisiana acquisition, as on the judiciary question, he inaugurated the movement and advanced in the lead until the glorious work was accomplished. The message of President Jefferson, detailing what had been done toward acquiring Louisiana, was read in the Senate on the seventeenth day of October, 1803, and on the twenty-first, Mr. Breckinridge gave notice that he would, on the next day, ask leave to bring in a bill to enable the Executive to take possession of that country. His bill was accordingly introduced and read on the twenty-second, after a supplementary message from the President, and ordered to a second reading. On the twenty-fourth, it was read a second time, and referred to a committee consisting of himself, Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, and Abraham Baldwin, of Georgia. On the twenty-fifth, he reported it from the committee without amendment; and on the twenty-sixth, it was passed by a vote of twenty-six to six. Up to this point all was smooth enough, but when the bill went to the House and came back with amendments a protracted debate ensued, which did not end until the third of November, when the bill finally passed with the amendments by a vote of twenty-six to five.

In this animated discussion Mr. Breckinridge handled his adversaries with consummate skill and displayed his great powers of argument with signal effect. He argued the right

to acquire Louisiana in the treaty-making power of the United States, but forgot not to connect it also with that national necessity which demanded the mouth of the great Mississippi River as an outlet to the sea for the products of citizens domiciled upon its tributaries as well as the main stream itself. He had lived in the Mississippi Valley where Spanish intrigues had hopefully gathered around the wild schemes of the land companies of the Yazoo country, and the ephemeral State of Frankland and the permanent commonwealth of Kentucky, with the tempting bait of loaded ships and barges and keels freely gliding with the mighty current of the Gulf. He had talked with the wise and good of the West who, looking to the East, and seeing no way over mountain walls for the produce of the country, while countless navigable streams rolled waters capable of floating the commerce and armaments of the world to the Mississippi, and thence to the Gulf, wondered why they could not follow their own streams to the ocean, or why foreign fortifications and custom-houses should arrest their vessels at the mouth of a river of which they owned one of the shores and both banks of its principal tributaries. He had seen enough of the effects of Spanish, English, and French intrigues upon the people to satisfy him that his own State and indeed none of the Mississippi Valley could be deemed safe in the Union without the free navigation of this great river, and hence his masterly argument on the Louisiana question looked to the necessity of acquiring territory holding the mouth of the Mississippi as a ligament that was to bind the West to the East. And has not time shown that the great statesman was right in the importance he attached to the Mississippi River? Has not the subsequent development of the states in the Mississippi Valley, now containing so great a proportion of the population and wealth of the Nation, shown that Mr. Beckinridge was right eighty-three years ago in making the acquisition of Louisiana a national necessity before which all technical constitutional objections must give way? Not only the millions of people living in the Mississippi Valley will answer yes, but those who abide on the Atlantic and on the Pacific slopes, and those who dwell upon the lakes and upon the Gulf will not say no.

Independent of the nominal purchases from the Indians,

it was the first enlargement of the original domain of the United States; but the precedent once established, in time brought other additions scarcely less important. In 1819 the Floridas were purchased from Spain, and the same year a treaty with Great Britain confirmed what discovery, in 1792, and exploration, in 1805, and settlement, in 1811, had done for Oregon. In 1845 Texas united her destinies with ours, and the same year, supplemented by the occurrences of 1848 and 1853, we acquired a vast domain from Mexico by conquest, by treaty, and by purchase. The recent purchase of Alaska from Russia closed the acquisitions which had literally extended our dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. As the Louisiana purchase was the first step in this grand march of empire, and as John Breckinridge was first and foremost among those in the National Legislature to make lawful and hold fast what had been acquired without law, his name must be forever associated with the mighty expansion of our country.

He was prominent before the Republican caucus which met at Washington in February, 1804, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. As the popular administration of Mr. Jefferson had secured to him his own succession, and as he was from Virginia, prudence dictated that the second office should not be attempted to be filled from Kentucky. Hence, after twenty votes had been cast for Mr. Breckinridge, George Clinton, of New York, received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Had the life of Mr. Breckinridge been spared he might have succeeded Mr. Jefferson in 1808, or been postponed to no distant term for the highest of honors his countrymen were evidently thinking of conferring upon him.

On the seventh of August, 1805, President Jefferson made him Attorney-general of the United States, and withdrew his services from the Senate to the Cabinet. He was destined, however, to too short a term in his new office to add to the fame he had already acquired. In the autumn of the following year he was attacked by typhus fever, which continued long and grew in malignancy. On the fourteenth of December, 1806, his fine constitution yielded to the ravages of the disease, and his brief career was ended at Cabell's Dale, twelve days

after he had reached the age of forty-six. Here, in the shade of native trees, his remains were laid in a graveyard selected by himself, on elevated ground to the rear of the dwelling-house, overlooking the lovely valley in which the never-failing family spring poured out a generous stream of clear, cool water. When fifty-two years had passed after his interment, his widow, at the protracted age of ninety, closed her faultless career, and was buried in the same grave in accordance with her own request. Here they lay, united in death as they had been in life, until the third of September, 1884, when they were removed to the beautiful cemetery at Lexington. When the grave was opened down to the remains of Mr. Breckinridge, it was found that decay, during a period of seventy-eight years, had dealt kindly with the sacred trust. The dark cherry coffin, with its white silver handles, retained its form, but soon crumbled on exposure to the air. The skeleton was perfect, and the massive cranium indicated the ample forehead and prominent cheeks and elongated chin which had characterized his features and contour of face in life. Mrs. Breckinridge had been buried in an iron case, which although unopened on account of the impenetrable lorication which corrosion had formed, indicated by its weight that decomposition had spared the remains inclosed, as it had those of her sister, Mrs. Lewis, which lay in a similar casket by her side, and which, when opened, disclosed the body in such a perfect state of preservation that her features were recognizable by those present who had known her in life, though she had been buried longer than Mrs. Breckinridge. No becoming monument has yet risen over his new grave in the Lexington cemetery, but his remains repose in the Breckinridge lot, and that is a name more durable than monumental stone.

Although above the ordinary height, and standing full six feet, Mr. Breckinridge was not proportionately stout, but slender and muscular. His eyes were grey, his hair brown, and his features marked and manly. He was an exceptionally handsome man, with an intellectual face and commanding features. Courteous in his manners, gentle in his bearing, open, fearless, and true in all his intercourse with his fellow-men; a model husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, he was loved

in life and mourned in death as none but those possessing such characteristics could be. He was the father of nine children, all of whom have followed him to the grave, and some of whom, like himself, have left distinguished names long to remain in the memory of the living. His descendants of the second and third degree are among us, filling important stations in private life and public, and some of them bearing his great intellectual endowments no less conspicuously than they appeared in the ancestor. It is seldom that the great talents of the founder of a family have been so persistent in those who have sprung from him. The forensic powers which passed from John Breckinridge to Robert J. Breckinridge and from him to W. C. P. Breckinridge, have but few parallels in the history of the world's greatest orators. Not less striking, however, were these rare gifts in their descent through J. Cabell Breckinridge to John C. Breckinridge, and from him yet further on to the fourth generation in Clifton R. Breckinridge. The founder of a line of distinguished divines, jurists, physicians, and soldiers, as well as great statesmen and orators, his name must ever fill a commanding page of his country's history.

MARGUERITE E. EASTER

[1839—1894]

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

MRS. MARGUERITE E. EASTER was gifted with notable poetic instincts, and attained to striking felicities of expression. Her father was Daniel Miller, the fifth of that name. Her mother had been Mary A. Klein. Both were of Frederick County, Maryland. Their only daughter was born at Waterford, Loudon County, Virginia, on July 11, 1839. She was named Margaret Elizabeth Miller; throughout her later life, however, she uniformly spelled her name Marguerite. In 1849 her parents moved to Baltimore, Maryland. There she was married to James Washington Easter on February 5, 1859. From about 1880 to the end of her life she spent much of her time at a country place of her husband's near Front Royal, Warren County, Virginia. She died at Baltimore, Maryland, on October 28, 1894. Her husband, six sons and two daughters survived her. She is buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland. Apparently she began to write verse while very young, even before she was graduated from the Baltimore Western High School in 1855, at the age of sixteen.

She also wrote prose fiction in the form of short stories and novelettes. Of these one, "Ninebark on the Difficult," was printed in the *Baltimore Weekly Sun*. Two others, "Dorette, the Story of an Oleander" and "The Waters of Trevi," were published in the *Every Saturday*, a Baltimore weekly now long defunct. In one of its Christmas annuals appeared a fourth: "Waiting Will, the Christmas Story of Dunkadoo." No others are verifiable as published, nor the dates of any of these.

A year or two before her death she had in manuscript a number of romantic tales of varying length, none very long. A dozen or more had for setting Italy in mediæval, Renaissance or modern times. These were wholly imaginative, for she had never been out of the United States. Several others dealt with Colonial days and yet others with themes of Virginia since the war. Not one seems to have been published. A fragment of one of the Italian tales, 'The Marchesa's Saint Bruno,' exists in manuscript. The rest appear to be totally lost.

The earliest date which can be identified in connection with her

poetry is December, 1871, when "Clytie" appeared in the *Southern Magazine,* in which also "Antigone's Farewell to Hæmon" was printed in April, 1875.

Nine of her poems were published in various newspapers, of which one was the New York *Observer* and one the Baltimore *Sunday American.* The others cannot be identified. Two of the nine were written or printed in 1889. To the others no dates can be assigned.

In the *Every Saturday* at least fifty of her poems were published. Of those whose dates are verifiable four fall in 1877, nineteen in 1878, five in 1879, one in 1880, three in 1887, three in 1888, six in 1889, four in 1890 and two in 1891. It is not possible to ascertain whether these dates were those of composition, publication or of re-writing.

In 1891 she published her only book, 'Clytie and other Poems.' They numbered fifty altogether; two had appeared in the *Southern Magazine,* five in newspapers and twenty-eight in the *Every Saturday.* None of the remaining fifteen can be proved to have been previously printed. Many of the thirty-five which had already appeared were rewritten or renamed or both in her book. From about 1891 or 1892 to her death, she was a member of The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, before which she read a number of her poems. At least one of these is not among her manuscripts and if printed cannot be traced. At least one other poem in manuscript is in the possession of one of her friends.

Among her existing manuscripts, where variants of the same composition, often under several different names, appear in bewildering confusion, not fewer than one hundred and two poems are distinguishable. Of these only twenty poems are dated; two in 1891, five in 1892, twelve in 1893 and one even in 1894.

The thirty-six printed poems not included in her book, the fifty in her book, the one known to have been read and the one other, bring the total of her known poems up to one hundred and ninety. Inquiry among the families of her friends and a search through the programmes of The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, through the files of the Baltimore *Weekly Sun,* the Baltimore *Sunday American* and the *Every Saturday* between 1870 and 1891, would probably reveal the dates of more of her known poems and stories, and likewise other tales and poems, now lost.

Such a search has not been possible, nor is it to be regretted, as it is improbable that any of her separately printed compositions had more than a trace of literary value. For her published verses are mostly mere practice-work, scarcely better than trial-drafts of attempted poems. Except those which we reproduce, none in her book

blends thought, language and sound into an effective entirety. Elsewhere quotable bits are scarce. A few give some suggestion of that keen vision and deft choice of words she manifested later, as for instance:

" . . . grottoes raftered with rocks."
("Great Aquilo," page 34);
" . . . the atmosphere all blurred with asteroids
of snow."
("A March Day," page 93);
"The brambles bear white etchings on their bronzed
leaves."
("A Frosty Morn," page 91);
" . . . a peacock screams to Jove
For sunshine and the shadow of himself
Obscured too long from him; . . . ."
("Idylls of the Autumn, V," page 157).

Once or twice appears a trace of that telling simplicity of human feeling which informed her best work.

Only perhaps:

" . . . memories we deemed pent,
In castles of constraint . . . ."
("The Sepulchre of Love," page 146); and
" . . . I take
My shoes of grief and worry off outside
My solitude, and keep it like a temple."
("Idylls of the Autumn, VI," page 158).

Nowhere else does her published poetry convey any idea of her capabilities.

The crucial date of her emotional existence appears to have been December 24, 1888, when her son Bayard, then in his seventeenth year, was accidentally and fatally wounded while gunning. She was then forty-nine and twenty-nine years married, yet the shock of this bereavement seems to have wrought in her a spiritual and intellectual rejuvenescence. It apparently enhanced her soulfulness, clarified her mentality and crystallized her style.

Nothing she did earlier shows either the capacity to realize her feelings or the ability to utter them displayed in "My Laddie's Hounds" and "Most Days it Comforts Me."

The compulsion of her unsought proclivity toward composition was irresistible, but she was much hampered by mere ignorance of the niceties of diction and metrification, still more by unskilful handling even where her knowledge was adequate. She was well

aware of her shortcomings and struggled with them without affectation, self-deception or discouragement.

Her creative and constructive powers reached their fullest development during 1893. She was then fifty-four and already a grandmother. Yet in the processes of her mind and soul were many characteristics normally belonging to the very flowering period of adolescence. Especially was this true of the poignancy of her sensations, particularly her sensitiveness towards the spiritual effect of the moods of nature, of landscapes, views, outlooks and prospects, upon whose pictorial and emotional essentials her imagination seized with amazing unerrancy.

No more than a stranger would have conjectured the endowments of Socrates from his physiognomy, would any one casually meeting Mrs. Easter at this period have expected from her delicacy of feeling, subtlety of thought or poetic artistry.

She was not tall, was stockily built, had a thick neck, rather heavy features, an opaque complexion and dull eyes. She wore her blackish hair cut in a straight bang covering her forehead almost down to her eyebrows. Yet not merely her friends but all literarians and critics who met her admired her attainments and recognized in her a proficient adept. When she talked her transparent simplicity, never defaced by any approach to attitudinizing, pretence, or attempt to appear anything other than she was, revealed a downright girlishness of mind, soul and heart, positively awe-inspiring. These sibylline qualities remained and even intensified up to her death. The impression made by her personality was infinitely more convincing of her poetic powers than anything deducible from her printed poetry.

Something equivalent to the subjoined salient features must strike any one who makes a conscientious study of her literary productions: the all but unmitigated badness of most of her published compositions, prose or verse; the unmistakable aureole of poesy which irradiates the deformities and distortions of her worst fiascos; the genuineness of her uncontrollable inspiration; the handicap of those multifarious defects and limitations which she never completely overcame; and the startling nearness to perfection of her poetry at its best. Throughout her earlier work there is an irritating conjunction of apparent straining after exaltation and groping after expression, befogged in murky rhetoric, obscured by doubtful grammar and buried under a clumsy, lumbering attempt at rhythm. Yet through her crudest efforts at poetizing glows unequivocally certain the ingenuous sincerity of her sensations, the compelling reality of the vision she could not transmute into words and a genuine unforced inward stress of poetic emotion,

"Great Aquilo" in her book, for instance, is a welter of wraiths of embryonic ideas and jostling phrases, a jumble of questionable language and unbearably jolting metre. Yet no one can read it without feeling, then and always thereafter, an incarnate personality, a living physical presence in the North Wind.

Her metres are all iambic. During her last two years she practiced others with an instantaneous acquisition of complete control of any she tried. But she left no finished poem in any other movement.

She used the sonnet a great deal: sometimes a variant of the Shakespearian, with the odd lines of the quatrains unrhymed; occasionally approaching the Petrachan model; oftenest paralleling, probably not from studied imitation, but of her own crowding tumultuous pressure of fancy, the Miltonic form, without any pause ending the eighth line, but with a breathless rush from start to finish.

She never wrote a sonnet nearer the strict form than "A Tender Little Strain." Three more such are in her book; one, "A Summer Blow," here reproduced.

Her variant of the Shakespearian sonnet she wrote singly and used as a stanza-form. Fourteen stanzas of her "Idylls of the Autumn" are such sonnets, and so are "Dusk" and "Dawn."

There are five single Miltonic sonnets in her book and five here first printed. Also she used it as a stanza-form in "At Noon's Meridian" in her book and in the "Ode to Love." In all, four Petrachan, sixteen semi-Shakespearian, and twenty Miltonic sonnets.

From the floundering futility of her first efforts at verse she rose to such felicitous audacities as the last two lines of "Daybreak."

The poems are naturally classifiable as of three kinds; Nature-pictures, sentimental poems, and poems pervaded by imagery derived from classical sources, especially Greek.

These last are all failures. Yet, different in kind and vastly inferior in quality as the result was, one cannot but be reminded of Keats, by this revelling in figures drawn from the ancient world.

Of her sentimental poems "My Laddie's Hounds," "Most Days it Comforts Me," "Madrigal," "Unforgotten," and the "Ode to Love" are excellent specimens, the last perhaps her best.

The remainder of those here presented are all Nature pictures.

Only once did she interfuse the Nature picture with her characteristic sentiment: "Maple Leaves" is observationally flawless, and it would be difficult to find a poem more exquisitely expressive of a mother's pride in a daughter just passing from childhood to girlhood or of her anticipations of later seeing her blossom from girlhood into womanhood.

Her Nature poems were at their acme of excellence nothing

short of dazzling. Is not a permanent place among American, among English poets, due her who could so see and paint a storm as to be capable of writing:

"The maples turned one way
  Their white faced leaves and looked about to flee
Before its rage, the bushes all got gray
  And grisly, as they crept on hand and knee;
And the whipped clouds, of tears and speech bereft
Sullen and aimless, fled to right and left."?

Edward Lucas White

MARCH

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.' By permission.

Something of Spring is felt, not seen as yet;
  It is too soon for color in the hedge
Or garden-bed; but Morn, as if to get
  To work betimes, is earlier awake,
  And chirpy sparrows have begun to make
Their nests beneath my window's gabled ledge.

And, where the afternoon had formerly
  Subsided into unannouncèd night
Has come a pause, that presently will be
  The pensive, lingering twilight that we knew
  In remembered days ere Winter grew
Set in his ways, and welcome to our sight.

And with each day the bare, brown fields and woods
  Take on an added shade of shabbiness,
But somewhere under dead leaves the hoods
  Of violets are hid, and when the wind
  Shall have a leisure moment he will find
Through broken clouds, the clovers 'gin to press.

The frequent rain is not like autumn rain,
  But full of hopeful human symphonies,
Denoting it has found the roots of grain
  And grass alive and warm down in the ground,
  Where lily bulbs and crocus shoots abound,
And the fuzzy red tips of peonies.

Some several sulky noons with swirling snows;
  Some several sombre nights with blasts that rage
From early eve till morning dully glows;
  Then kinder winds, and mating birds, and bees
  That swarm, and buds on fruit and forest trees—
And Spring has writ her name on Nature's page.

A SUMMER BLOW

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

Hast seen the greenwood in a summer's blow?
  How the long limbs twist and dip and dangle
  And twirl themselves into a tangle,
Through which the startled birds dart to and fro,
  The while the ragged wind-clouds come and go;
  And the golden sun keeps shining, shining
  On the quivering leaves, their shapes defining
In flickering shadows on the ground below.

Hast heard the greenwood in a summer blow?
  'Tis like a tilt in tourney, like the clash
  Of women's voices, and the merry splash
Of swimmers in the surf; and doth bestow
  Upon the agitated air refrains
  That have in them—*the drip of former rains.*

NOON O' DAY

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

At intervals a movement stirs the trees;
It is the sighing of the sleeping breeze,
  Dreaming the hours away the boughs amid;
The sighing of the breeze that seldom wakes
Outright, but in its slumber often takes
  To murmuring. In leafy thickets hid,
With sweet content the birds keep twittering;
One blither than its mates, essays to sing
  Aloud, whereon the others 'gin to try
To drown the upstart's flight of minstrelsy.
Then silence, save the droning of a bee,
  With buzz of vagrant bug or harvest fly,
And suddenly from hedge and rick of hay
The cock's loud crow proclaiming Noon o' day.

MY LADDIE'S HOUNDS

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

  They are my laddie's hounds
That rin the wood at brak o' day.
What is it taks them hence? Can ony say
  Wha is it taks my laddie's hounds
    At brak o' day?

  They cleek aff thegither,
An' then fa' back, wi' room atween
For ane to walk; *sae often, I hae seen*
  The baith cleek aff thegither
    Wi' ane atween!

  And when toward the pines
Up yonder lane they loup alang,
I see ae bonnie laddie brent and strang
  I see ae laddie loup alang
    Toward the pines.

I follow them, in mind,
Ilk time; right weel I ken the way—
They thrid the wood, an' speel the staney brae,
An' skir the field; I follow them,
I ken the way.

They daddle at the creek,
Whaur down fra aff the reaching-logs
I stoup, wi' my dear laddie, an' the dogs,
An' drink o' springs that spait the creek
Maist to the logs.

He's but ae bairn, altho'
He hunts the mountain's lonely bree,
His doggies' ears abune their brows wi' glee
He ties; he's but ae bairn, altho'
He hunts the bree.

Fu' length they a' stretch out
Upon ae bink that green trees hap
In shade. He whusslits saft; the beagles nap
Wi' een half shut, ae stretchin' out
Whaur green trees hap.

And noo he fades awa'
Frae 'tween the twa—into the blue,
My sight gats blind; gude Lord, it isna true
That he has gane for aye, awa'—
Into the blue!

They are my laddie's hounds
That mak the hill at fa' o' day
Wi' dowie heads hung laigh; can ony say
Wha is it hunts my laddie's hounds
'Till fa' o' day?

MOST DAYS IT COMFORTS ME

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

Most days it comforts me (if there be aught
That can reconcile his enforced rest
To the protesting spirit in my breast)—
It comforts me, to feel my boy knew naught
Of love except in me; when first the thought
Came to my mind—vague and unexpressed,
I feared to put it into words, lest
I grew delirious with joy it brought.

For see! I am his only love alway.—
As yet, I do not fully comprehend
The mighty height to which this faith doth lend
Itself, but rise up to it, day by day.—
I pray it is no sin—I must be glad
To share alone with God, my little lad.

Most days it comforts me; for finally
He too, not looking back, with leap and bound
Perhaps had tried his strength and got beyond
My tender hold; but now, eternally
He has escaped this inconstancy
Who lieth here. Girl-fingers never found
The latch-string to his heart—his gun and hound
And home sufficed. Most days it comforts me.

For see! I am his only love alway.—
As yet I do not fully comprehend
The mighty height to which this faith doth lend
Itself, but rise up to it, day by day.—
I pray it is no sin—*I must be glad*
To share alone with God, my little lad.

THE WIND STORM

Not Hitherto Printed.

All through the night the south wind blew. When first
I marked the tumult, 'twas as if a crowd
From far away approached with voice that loud
And louder grew, and only paused to burst
Right at my gate, where for a while it nursed
Itself, reposing on the leaf-strewn sod
Complacently; till of a sudden, shod
With strength, it strode around and, manlike, cursed

That which it hurt. The maples turned one way
Their white-faced leaves and looked about to flee
Before its rage; the bushes all got gray
And grisly, as they crept on hand and knee;
And the whipped clouds, of tears and speech bereft,
Sullen and aimless, fled to right and left.

THE SHIMMERING DAWN

Not Hitherto Printed.

Obscuring clouds suffuse the heaven's main
And lie upon the mountain in a haze
Of purple vaporings. Last eve the blaze
Of sunset caught the remnant of the rain
And lo! the mist, that over-night has lain
Among the hollows, waiting for the gaze
Of the sun to kiss it into this new phase
Of loveliness, wherein you seek in vain

The river bottoms and the village plain!
Instead of which, the hills to heaven raise
Their heads, the trees an added stature gain,
And, tall as fabled kine, the cattle graze
With fetlocks deep in dew; while all the lawn
Becomes a green sea in the shimmering dawn.

THE STORM

Not Hitherto Printed.

Now the hulk of the old moon, in the deep
  Trough of a yeasty sky, quivered and cast
  Itself headlong, with trailing spars and mast,
Into a vaporous chasm, above whose steep
Black brim the cloud-born hippocamps did keep
  A gibing eye on earth. Beyond and past
  The pathway where Orion stared aghast
With club upraised between, was seen to leap

A shaggy form, whose shapeless shadow reared
  Upright against the sky:—it was the storm!
He shook his mane and darkness fell: he speared
The gloom with flame: he thundered, and the swarm
  Of hippocamps pawed forth in grewsome mirth
  And spouted rain-floods on the shrinking earth.

DAYBREAK

Not Hitherto Printed.

And first, a whip-poor-will with strident sound
  Bade farewell to the night, then a cock crew;
  Across the dusky fields the wet winds blew
The answering clarions back; and then a hound
Yapped off to wood-ward and evoked a round
  Of kindred clamors; meanwhile the haze grew
  Luminous with gold that sifted through
Its weft. And to the east lay loosely bound,

In folds of fog, a saffron streak that found
  Itself half grown at once and redly wrought
  At edge, as if some wounded faun had brought
His blood to feed its bloom; and all beyond
  From the white lids of clouds shone the blue eyes
  Of the awakening, happy morning skies.

THIS FOGGY JULY MORN

Not Hitherto Printed.

This July morning wears October's face;
Old Sol sulks in the low-hung, humid skies;
Boldly you meet his blinking, red-rimmed eyes.
The midmost trees sink muffled into space;
'Twixt you and them the nearer loom in place.
Silhouetted there in such a startling wise,
Nature, you'd think, intended to disguise
Herself in art's old rags. Scenting a chase

The fox-hounds, Laelaps-like, in stony grace,
Their haunches spread and lithe legs planted down,
Confront the sun with an abstracted frown,
And gravely plan them out a stolen race.
The earth looks strangely young, and you feel born
Anew with it, this foggy July morn.

A TENDER LITTLE STRAIN

Not Hitherto Printed.

The summer eve grows dusk. The sparrow wings
His way, with dips and darts across the sedge,
Unto his brooding mate in some near hedge
Chirping a simple ditty, which he flings
Out of a breast full of rememberings.
Oft has he sung the song. Oh! well the edge
Of the entangled thicket knows the pledge
Of faith the sparrow to his sweetheart sings.

It is a tender little strain, and falls
Full softly on a lover's ear. Sometimes
I fancy 'tis a name the sparrow calls.
But when again he rhymes and rhymes and rhymes
I sigh, for oh! the tender little strain
Repeats the poet's lilt of love and pain.

A SKY-SKETCH

Not Hitherto Printed.

On high a promontory broke into
  A hundred isles. I saw there a big sea
  Of scurrying billows sweeping suddenly
Across them, leaving a dark stretch of blue
Infinite and unoccupied, that grew
  From zenith to submerged horizon, free
  Of any shape of cloud. And presently,
Midway, a new moon glided into view,

And hung, horn down, upon the purpling sky,
  And a bold star ranged itself to the west
And watched the moon's face with a lover's eye.
And, in the evening's deepening dusk, the rest
  Of the stars hid, and then, below the bank,
  With the star's gaze still on her, the moon sank.

NOVEMBER

Not Hitherto Printed.

The mullein-candles, in dispraise
Of Nature's changeful mood, now blaze
With burnt-out wicks, the pasture ways.

From clearings that are forest-set,
The sumach's lifted bayonet
Confronts the wood, a gory threat.

The gaunt, gray bushes, huddling, gaze
With vacant stares, out of the haze
That, white as milk, the dusk displays.

While on the herbage, dewy-wet,
The moonbeams throw the glimmering fret
That frosted fields in winter get.

THE TWILIGHT'S HUSH

Not Hitherto Printed.

Above the chimney-pots the swallows fly,
Or spread their dusky, pointed wings; and hie
In circling swoops across the evening sky.

In sooty clouds they top the trees and brush
The gable's ledge, or with a whizzing rush
Plunge down to earth, and break the twilight's hush.

MADRIGAL

Not Hitherto Printed.

Love built a wall that was unseen
About his alleys of pleached green,
Where birds flew in and out between.

But when another fain would stand
Within Love's courts, he found the land
Barred by an adamantine band.

All true hearts know what this doth mean.
Love built a wall that was unseen.

ODE TO LOVE

Not Hitherto Printed.

Now any thought that worthy is, or fair
And every power that in my being dwells,
And whatsoe'er of tender passion swells
My heaving breast's confines, I pray, declare
My inmost thought. Verse, be alive! and wear
My lover's looks, so that my spirit tells
Unto your wooing page how deep Love's wells
Are dug in human hearts. Now fond words, bear
My testimony: subtle as the air
Is Love, and like the burning sun is he,
And faithful as the ocean's flow, and free
And fickle as the wind, and his despair
Is deep as hell, and his delight doth rise,
Like eagles' wings, up to the very skies!

What doth he bring, this Love? Now let me think:
Unto the foliage an added green;
Unto the sky a tint that was not seen
Before he came. Oh! dun safflower-pink
That lines the downs of dawn, you are a link
'Tween sight and soul. Love gives unto your mien
Suggestiveness, and grants to you a lien
Upon the hearts of men. Better to sink
Submerged in Love's deep well, and drowning, drink
His tears, than have all else and know him not
Who is enough alway. He who has got
Love for his own, doth dwell upon the brink
Of Paradise, aye oft doth enter in
And while on earth doth sweetest heaven win.

What is Love's chosen lore? Ah! well-a-day!
All tongues are his, and all the accents known
To lips, since lips had language, are his own.
And long as eyes repeat the hopes that stray
To them from dreaming hearts that own his sway,
And long as in the cadence of each tone
Persuasive evidence of him is shown;
And, while to breathe but the same air doth play
Havoc with the bosom's calm, shall any say
Which satisfies him best, since all these be
As siren's sighs; yet such intensity
In contact dwells, whose thrills and flushes pay
Him tribute, that perhaps its tremors teach
That touch is Love's divinest form of speech.

And what is Love most like? Most like a bird
That flings the song from its exultant throat
In thrills, ascending to the final note:
And like a bee whose savage sting has stirred
The lily's pollen till his limbs are gird
With golden greaves; and like a spar afloat
Washed here and there by tides: and like a boat

O'ertaken by the storm and by it spurred
Upon the coast before its crew has heard
The breakers roar. And bells that ring and ring:
And happy, purling brooks that sing and sing,
Are like the Love whose grieving is deferred.
And Love is like a red rose that has lain
Out in the beating, bleaching autumn rain.

And what can Love do? Love? Why he can do
All things that are impossible. Why he
Can run when halt, when he is blind can see,
Can hear when deaf; and Love, oh! he can woo
If Chaos come, and flood and fire pass through
Unto his goal. I tell you, there can be
But one thing that he fails to hold, ah me!
The hands of Death do wave him by, yet two—
He and the passing soul—together view
Eternity: therefore he conquers Death.
Reply, my verse, that he can take the breath
(If any ask again, what Love can do)
And, swift as thought and all secure from harms,
Can bear it straight up to its Maker's arms.

Alas! my verse, you cannot fitly round
Love's self; there is no measure to the way
He goes, and no decline unto his day;
For if in clouds he sinks below the bound
Of earth, he rises from its depths profound
Refulgent as the gods, lit with the ray
Of memory. Nay, dear Love, nay and nay,
You cannot die; what has been must be found
Somewhere; what is, remains; the certain wound
You give, doth by its scar keep well in mind
Yourself. Oh! for the poet's might to bind
Life's rhythmic flow, and earth's, and make them sound
Love's name! Oh! for his power to give birth
To a new word, to tell Love's perfect worth!

A FAREWELL

Not Hitherto Printed.

As in the wood oft, of a sudden, seems
To come a silence, though the branches there
Still smile in garish green and every air
Is safely lapped in soft Arcadian dreams;
Although the boughs with opalescent gleams
Are luminous, the scintillating trees
Are lonely; and, though musing, still the breeze
Feels not the joys with which its fancy teems:

So unto us to-day has come a hush
Filling the pauses up, and we begin
To sort the silences that brood within
Our hearts; and as the silence of the thrush
Appals the leaves, to miss, amid the rush
Of life about us, that which used to lure
Our listening ears; your accents, gracious, pure,
And tender as the winsome dawn's first flush.

Dear Friend, as birds, however far they fly,
Recall their blossom-bowers, will you not think
Sometimes of us and let our friendship link
Nearness and distance with a lasting tie,
A perfumed ribbon of a memory,
As sweet as are these petalled symbols strewn
About this mourning, beggared afternoon,
These blooms with which we say to you goodbye?

MAPLE LEAVES

Not Hitherto Printed.

On smooth-skinned, sappy boughs of darker brown
The woolly wads of buds are folded down,
Each swaddled in a rumpled, fuzzy gown.

The chilling breezes cannot get to them,
Thus closely cuddled to the mother stem,
Their feet wrapped in their red frock's ruffled hem.

Betimes their yellow tendrils looser curl,
Betimes their fan-shaped follicles unfurl;
They're growing stealthily, as grows a girl.

Waked by the blue-bird's chirp, some balmy day,
They'll burst the sheaths that bind them and display
Themselves, green-kirtled, to the eyes of May.

UNFORGOTTEN

Not Hitherto Printed.

Early one morn, my casement through,
A thrush into my chamber flew.
Without, the June wind softly blew.

Perched on the window-sill, he sang.
My bosom felt a tender pang.
Else, all the air with gladness rang.

He flitted out and flew away;
But in my room, come any day,
I hear that throstle sing that lay.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

[1855—]

SIDNEY ERNEST BRADSHAW

MR. EDWARDS writes: "My life has been a busy one but not eventful. In brief, as you will observe from the memoranda, I was thrown upon my own resources at fifteen and had to build on a common-school training by night work. My responsibilities have been many, but I don't regret that. In all issues and crises I have tried to face the sunrise, and to me still the most beautiful thing in the world of matter, or the world of mind, is the coming of light after hours of darkness." He first faced the East on April 23, 1855, in Macon, Georgia. His father was James Carson Edwards, whose poems and songs were well known before the Civil War; his mother was Elizabeth Griffing Hunt—and they were cousins. On both sides, the genealogical tree goes back to prominent families from England and Wales, members of which settled in New Jersey and on Long Island about 1650. Their names—Edwards, Stillwell, Hand, Griffing—appear frequently in Colonial history. Leaving school at fifteen, Harry went to work in a Government office in Washington, continued three years, and then resigned to return to Macon and keep books. By night work he managed to complete his studies and was given the degree of Bachelor of Laws by Mercer University in 1876. After a period of law practice and considerable experience in journalism—when he was connected with the *Macon Telegraph* in various capacities from reporter to editor and part owner—he began writing for the magazines in 1886. His first story, "Elder Brown's Backslide," was contributed to *Harper's Monthly,* and the second, "Two Runaways," to the *Century Magazine.* In the *Century* have also been published most of the sixty or seventy short stories since written. In addition, he is the author of two novels, 'Sons and Fathers,' and 'The Marbeau Cousins.' His genius has found expression not only in prose but in many songs and poems, notable among the former "Mammy's Little Boy," and among the latter, "Dixie" and "The Vulture and His Shadow." He resides at Holly Bluff, an extensive plantation near Macon, Georgia, and devotes himself to the writing of stories and political papers. Since 1900 he has been postmaster at Macon. Mr. Edwards is author of the epitaph on the monument at Richmond, Virginia, erected to the memory of the

President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, by Mrs. Davis and her daughter. In 1904, in the Chicago Convention, at the request of Mr. Roosevelt and in behalf of the South, he seconded that candidate's nomination to the Presidency.

His wife is Mary Roxie, daughter of Colonel Andrew J. Lane (Forty-ninth Georgia C. S. A.) and Frances Brooking, both of whom were Virginians removed to Georgia. *Xie,* the nom de plume over which Mr. Edwards has written much, is the last three letters of his wife's name.

As a writer of short stories Harry Stillwell Edwards ranks with the best. In this form undoubtedly lies his greatest power of expression, though it is abundantly shown in 'Sons and Fathers' and 'The Marbeau Cousins' that he possesses marked ability to develop and execute a long and involved plot, and in his many songs and verses that he can woo the muse of poetry with success. But the short story is his peculiar field. To it he has given most attention during his literary career, and it is here that he is best known. The work contained in the two volumes of his short stories so far published, 'Two Runaways' and 'His Defense,' includes some of the happiest that Mr. Edwards has done, and a careful reader will note a steady growth in skill of handling. Even the earliest stories evince a decided mastery of the essential principles that make for effectiveness in this form of composition, a form difficult and to be learned thoroughly only after much experience. Mr. Edwards is a born story-teller and grasped the main principles early; but the finish and perfection, as always, came only with the lapse of time. His characterizations are clear and incisive, not unduly elaborate, and those points are seized upon that represent the vitality of the personages introduced—like the lines in Whistler's drawings that embody in a few strokes the very life of the landscapes he sketches. Each story centers about a definite episode to which the minor incidents are contributory. Interest is sustained by the careful use of his material even to the conclusion, which is usually more or less abrupt, but at the same time marks completion. The *tout ensemble* produces the pervasive atmosphere that gives individuality. And so, having fulfilled in large measure such conditions, the stories seem to have established their right to be regarded as a permanent and significant part of our literature.

But the vital thing in dialect writing is not spelling. Successful dialect writing requires a great deal more than the Josh Billings trick of mis-spelling common words. There can be no standard of mispronunciation. A quick and attentive ear and the power to reproduce the sounds as heard in different localities and under different circumstances are indispensable. As is well-known, the speech

of the Virginia negro varies greatly according to the section of the State of which he is a native; the same is true of the negroes of South Carolina and of Georgia. Homer nods, and the dialect writer has to guard against a similar evil. Too much dialect not only weakens but makes a composition often forbidding to a reader who is not familiar with the characters as they live and move. In the case of the Southern negro the vital point is his indirect "approach" in any statement; and the majority of dialect writers, notably those of the North, are unsuccessful because of their failure to grasp this fact. It is close imitation of negro thought and mental habit that makes negro dialect sound natural. The negro's mind at work suggests the rabbit, and the rabbit is the negro's hero in nature. A personage in a story must of course speak in character, but there is a limit beyond which it is dangerous for an author to venture. Mr. Edwards, it seems to us, has measured this limit with a fine degree of precision, and the dialect of Isam, Aunt Silvy, Rat Brooks, and the rest, does not weary the reader, for many passages of clear, forcible, and elegant English are judiciously interspersed throughout. The dialect of country-folk, particularly mountaineers, is well mastered too; for example, when a witness gives his testimony, as in "His Defense," the reader is held in rapt attention to the end.

Mr. Edwards is a realist, but he is a realist who sees with a penetrating and sympathetic eye that takes in the animating springs in the lives of his characters. He knows the negro at first hand and has the power of inspiring him with confidence, so that the negro feels free in his presence. This is an advantage not to be overlooked, for of all races, probably, the negro of the South is most fond of "putting on" with the idea of making an "impression." For that reason the seeker after material is liable to be misled, unless he has opportunity to study the negro a long time and at close quarters under varying conditions. Such opportunity Mr. Edwards has had from youth up. He takes his material from the everyday world in which he has lived—plantation scenes, the neighborhood church and congregation (both white and black), experiences of the period following the Civil War, and, in general, life in and around Macon, his home. He is notably strong in court-scenes, and the skill with which he delineates judge, lawyers, witnesses, and jury, marks a keen observer who understands through and through the warp and woof of character lying below the outward expression.

Isam and Major Crawford Worthington—the two runaways! Brought up together as servant and master: Isam, black, small-eyed, shrewd, knows well the Major's whims and eccentricities, and the Major understands thoroughly how Isam's mind works. These two

always go together in the stories, and many are the wonderful adventures they experience. In "Two Runaways," the Major has the struggle with the deer while Isam is up the tree; in "The Woodhaven Goat," Isam has his turn with the agonized billy while the Major enjoys the performance from under the kitchen! Many other familiar figures appear in more than one story, and almost without exception they are living, breathing people whom it is a delight to know in the first place, and who afford a greater joy when we renew acquaintance and friendship with them afterwards. What better test of true inventive genius could there be?

'Sons and Fathers,' the longest story yet written by Mr. Edwards, was struck off at white heat in about three weeks. In 1896 the *Chicago Record,* one of the largest of the metropolitan dailies, inaugurated a contest for stories of mystery, and offered prizes aggregating $30,000. The contest was widely advertised and no less than 916 manuscripts were entered. Out of these 'Sons and Fathers' won the first prize of $10,000. The decision of official judges in such cases is not always that of the reading public, and the story, read by many simply because of the advertising, is likely to disappoint. Wrought out in haste, with no time for revision, a product of three weeks is sure to have some defects, and 'Sons and Fathers' is no exception. The defects, however, can not be definitely specified, for the plot is marked by complexity, deep mystery, excellent characterization, and suspense to the very close, while the style is clear, rapid, and at times strikingly imaginative. It is marvelous that a plot so involved could be developed and written out in less than a month. The main object of the plot—to inspire mystery—is unquestionably accomplished; every part of the structure lends itself to that end. From the point of view of literary workmanship, however, it is lacking in finish, especially if comparison be made with the short stories where the author's art is finest. But after all is said, 'Sons and Fathers' must be accepted as a remarkable creation of a mind to which the weaving and interweaving of intricate threads of action is easy and natural.

'The Marbeau Cousins,' Mr. Edwards's other novel, is a better piece of composition than 'Sons and Fathers.' With it he took more time and the improvement is felt on every page. The same general features are noted as in the first novel—complexity of plot, mind problems, mystery, surprises—but the style is much more studied and there is more finish. The chapters are usually short, though each makes a definite advance in the story, and some of them are models of word-painting. In the description of mental states the author excels: the phantasmagoria of fever, the effects of the opium habit, and the strange influence of music on a disordered mind

are devices used with telling results in more than one situation. The theory of inherited memory is elaborated and plays an important part in both novels. The leading characters are gallant, chivalric; the villains are always deep-dyed; and there is a great wrong to be righted. All is in a world of romance, and yet the sense of reality is never absent. There is a vague something that differentiates them from the common herd of novels, which, like a rare odor, must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

Of the more noticeable qualities of style in the stories and novels, it seems to us that pathos and humor are predominant. The pathos is not of the melodramatic, gushing type, but tender and pure, welling up from a deeply sympathetic heart. The touches here and there, in the family scenes of grief and suffering, in the court-room when a former master is defending a former slave, in visits to the cemetery where lie buried the dear ones of the years past and gone, in the relations of parents to children, in the efforts made by three little girls to procure a pardon for their convict-friend "Shadow"—in all these the genuine note of true pathos is struck. Humor, the natural complement of pathos, abounds freely, and dull indeed is he who does not find his sides shaking when he reads of Elder Brown's Backslide and Sister Todhunter's Heart. Everywhere the Edwards sense of the humorous is unerring.

Though best known as a writer of prose, Mr. Edwards has produced some excellent songs and poems. A musician himself, he has sought the lyric spirit and perpetuated it in verses worthy of any anthology. Where can be found a more striking poem than "The Vulture and His Shadow"? Take his work as a whole—short stories, novels, poems and songs, with occasional essays—and by whatever standard the judgment is made, Harry Stillwell Edwards must be classed as one of the most distinctively representative of Southern men of letters.

Sidney Ernest Bradshaw

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HIS DEFENSE

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"WHAT?"

Colonel Rutherford shot a swift glance from the brief he was examining at the odd figure before him, and resumed his occupation quickly, to hide the smile that was already lifting the heavy frown from his face. "Indicted for what?"

"For the cussin' of my mother-in-law; an' I want you ter be on hand at court ter make er speech for me when hit comes up."

"Did you cuss her?"

The lawyer fell easily into the vernacular of his visitor, but he was afraid to lift his eyes again higher than the tips of his own polished boots, resting upon the table in front of him, in the good old Georgia fashion.

"Did I?" The stranger shifted his hat to the other hand and wiped his brow with a cotton handkerchief. His voice was low and plaintive. "I sho'ly did cuss. I cussed 'er comin' an' goin', for'ards and back'ards, all erroun' an' straight through. Ain't no use ter deny hit. I done hit."

He was tall, and in old age would be gaunt. He was also sunburned, and stooped a little, as from hard labor and long walking in plowed ground or long riding behind slow mules. One need not have been a physiognomist to discover that, although yet young, the storms of life had raged about him. But the lawyer noticed that he was neat, and that his jeans suit was home-made, and his pathetic homespun shirt and sewed-on collar—the shirt and collar that never will sit right for any

country housewife, however devoted—were ornamented with a black cravat made of a ribbon and tied like a school-girl's sash.

The defendant leaned over the table as he finished speaking, resting his hands thereon, and thrusting forward his aquiline features, shame and excitement struggling for expression in his blue eyes.

"Did she cuss you first?"

The stranger looked surprised.

"No."

"Did she abuse you, strike you, insult you—did she ever chuck anything at you?"

"Why, no!—you see, hit was n't edzactly the words—"

"Then it seems to me, my friend, that you have no use for a lawyer. I never take any kind of a criminal case for less than one hundred dollars, and the court will hardly fine you that much if you plead guilty. By your own statement, you see, you are guilty, and I can't help you. Better go and plead guilty and file an exculpatory affidavit—"

"No, sir. That 'll do for some folks, but not for me. I never dodged in my life, and I ain't goin' ter dodge now. All you got ter do is ter make er speech. I want you ter tell them for me—"

"But what is the use, my friend? Can't you see—"

"Don't make no difference. You go. I'll be thar with your money."

" All right," was the laughing rejoinder; " but you are simply wasting time and money."

"That's my business. No man ever wasted his time or money when he was settin' himself right before his folks."

Lifting his head with an air the memory of which dwelt with the attorney for many a day, the novel client departed, leaving him still laughing. He opened his docket and wrote, in the absence of further information: "The man who cussed his mother-in-law, Crawford Court, $100."

Court opened in Crawford County as usual. The city lawyers followed the judge over from Macon in nondescript vehicles, their journey enlivened by many a gay jest and well-told tale, to say nothing of refreshments by the way. The autumn woods were glorious in the year's grand sunset. Like

masqueraders in some wild carnival, the gums and sumacs and hickories and persimmons and maples mingled their flaunting banners and lifted them against the blue and cloudless skies. Belated cotton-pickers stole the last of the fields' white lint, and sang in harmonies that echoed from the woodlands, seeming to voice the gladness of unseen revelers.

And Knoxville, waking from its dull dreams, took on life and color for the week. Horses tugged at the down-sweeping limbs or dozed contentedly beside the racks; and groups of country folks, white and black, discussed solemnly or with loud jest the ever-changing situation. The session of court, brief though it be, is fraught with meaning for many families, the chief points of friction being the issues between landlord and tenant, factor and farmer, loan associations and delinquent debtors. And there is always the criminal side of court, with its sable fringe of evil-doers.

The sheriff, in obedience to time-honored custom, had shouted from the front steps the names of all parties concerned in the case of the State *versus* Hiram Ard, and the State, through its urbane solicitor, the Honorable Jefferson Brown, had announced "Ready," when Colonel Rutherford felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, looking up, saw a half-familiar face earnestly bent toward his own.

"Hit's come," said the stranger, his blue eyes full of excitement; "an' thar's your hunderd."

"Beg your pardon," said the lawyer; "some mistake! I—don't think—I can exactly locate you."

"What? I'm the man they say that cussed his mother-in-law!"

"Why, of course, of course! One moment, your Honor, until I can consult my client."

The consultation was brief. The lawyer urged a plea of guilty. The client was determined to go to trial.

"Ready for the defense!" said Colonel Rutherford, in despair, waving his client to his seat with a gesture that seemed to disclaim responsibility for anything that might happen.

The usual preliminaries and formalities were soon disposed of, and the jury stricken, twelve good men and true, as their names will show; for to adjudge this case were assembled there

Dike Sisson, Bobby Lewis, Zeke Cothern, Tony Hutt, Hob Garrett, Jack Dermedy, Tommie Liptrot, Jack Doozenbery, Abe Ledzetter, Cran Herringdine, Bunk Durden, and Tim Newberry.

The State, upon this occasion, had but one witness. Mrs. Jessie Gonder was called to the stand. The lady was mild-looking and thin, and something in her bearing unconsciously referred one to a happier past. But the good impression—perhaps it is better to say the soft impression—vanished when she loosened her bonnet-strings and tongue, and with relentless, drooping mouth-corners—those dead smiles of bygone days—began to relate her grievance.

Well, Mrs. Gonder was one of those unfortunate women whom adversity sours and time cannot sweeten; and that is all there is of it. In sharp, crisp tones and bitter words she told of her experience with the defendant. The narrative covered years of bitterness, disappointment, wounded vanity, and hatred, and was remarkable for its excess of feeling. It was, from a professional standpoint, overdone. It was an outburst. Members of the admirable jury who had looked with surprise and animosity upon Hiram Ard began to regard him with something like sympathy; for, disguise it as she might, it was plain to all men that the overwhelming cause of her grievance was Hiram's conquest of her only daughter. Bobby Lewis leaned over and whispered to Bunk Durden, and both young men laughed until their neighboring jurors were visibly affected, and the court knocked gently with its gavel. When she came to the cause of war wherein this low-bred son-in-law had cursed around her—her, Jessy Gonder—had entered the house she occupied and had forcibly taken away a sewing-machine loaned by her own daughter, her voice trembled and she shook her clenched fist above the rail, her eyes, the while, fairly blazing in the shadow of her black bonnet. She sank back at last, exhausted.

While the witness was testifying the defendant looked straight ahead of him, settling slowly in his seat, until his matched hands, supported by his elbows that rested upon the chair, almost covered his face. From time to time a wave of color flushed his cheeks and brow. Then he seeemd to wander off to scenes the woman's words recalled, and he became ob-

livious to his surroundings. When at last his attorney touched him and called him to the witness-stand, he started violently, and with difficulty regained his composure.

"Tell the jury what you know of this case," said Rutherford; and then to the court: "This seems to be purely a family quarrel, your Honor, and I trust the defendant will be allowed to proceed without interruption of any kind. Go on, sir," he concluded, to the latter.

The defendant seated himself in the witness-stand, his arm on the rail, and said:

"Hit's er long story, my friends, an' if thar war n't nothin' in the case but er fine I would n't take your time. But thar 's er heap more, an' ef you'll all hear me out, I don't think any of you'll believe I'm much ter be blamed. So far as the cussin' is concerned, thar ain't no dispute erbout that. I done hit, an' I ought n't er done hit. No gentleman can cuss erroun' er woman, an' for the first time in my life I war n't er gentleman. I could er come here an' pleaded guilty an' quit, but that don't square er gentleman's record. I hired er lawyer ter take my case, an' did hit ter have him put me up here where I could get er chance ter face my people, an' say I was wrong, an' sorry for hit, an' willin 'ter take the consequences. That 's the kind of man Hiram Ard is."

All the shamefacedness was gone from the man. He had straightened up in his chair, and his blue eyes were beaming with earnestness. His declaration, simple and direct, had penetrated every corner of the room. In a moment he had caught the attention of the crowd, for all the world loves a manly man, and from that moment their attention never wavered.

"But," he continued, when the silence had become intense, "I ain't willin' for you ter think that Hiram Ard could cuss erroun' any woman offhand an' for er little matter.

"Some of you knowed me when I was er barefooted boy, with no frien' in the worl' 'ceptin' ma an' pa, an' not them long. This trouble started away back thar—when I was that kind er boy an' goin' ter school. I was 'mos' too big ter go ter school, an' she—I mean Cooney, Cooney Gonder—was 'mos' too young. Somehow I got ter sorter lookin' out for her on the road, gentlemen, an' totin' her books, an' holdin' her steady

crossin' the logs over Tobysofkee Creek an' the branches. An' at school, when the boys teased her an' pulled her hair an' hid her dinner-bucket, I sorter tuk up for her; an' the worst fight I ever had was erbout Cooney Gonder.

"Well, so it went on year in an' out. Then pa died, an' the ole home was sold for his debts. An' then ma died. All I had left, gentlemen, was erbout sixty acres on Tobysofkee an' thirty up in Coldneck deestric'; an' not er acre cleared. But I went ter work. I cut down trees an' made er clearin', an' I hired er mule an' planted er little crop. Cotton fetched er big price that year, an' I bought the mule outright. An' then er feller come erlong with er travelin' sawmill, an' I let him saw on halves ter get lumber ter build my house. Hit was just er two-room house, but hit war mine, an' I was the proudes'! I bought ernother mule on credit, an' the new lan' paid for hit too an' lef' me money besides. An' then I put on ernother room.

"Well, all this time I was tryin' ter keep comp'ny with Cooney, gentlemen—I say tryin', 'cause her folks did n't think much of me. My family war n't much, an' Cooney's was good blood an' er little stuck-up. An' Cooney—well, Cooney had done growed ter be the prettiest an' sweetest in all the Warrior deestric', as you know, an' they had done made her er teacher, for she was smart as she was pretty. An' she was good—too good for me. Ter this day I don't understan' hit. Cooney say hit was because I was honest an' er man all over; that was the excuse she gave for lovin' me. But I do know that when she said yes, two things happened: I kissed her, an' there was er riot in Cooney's family. Cooney's ma was the last ter come roun', an' I don't think she ever did quite come roun', for she war n't at the wedding; but, so help me God, I never bore her no ill will. Hit must have been hard ter give Cooney up.

"I will never forget the day, gentlemen, she come into that little home. Hit was like bein' born ag'in; I was that happy. I made the po'est crop I ever made in my life; but, bless you, the whole place changed. Little vines come up an' made er shade on the po'ch, an' flowers growed about the yard in places that look like they had been waitin' for flowers always. An' the little fixin's on the bureau and windows, an' white stuff

hangin' ter the mantelpieces—well, I never knowed what hit was ter live before.

"Then at last I went ter work. It was four mules then, an' me in debt for two, an' some rented land; but no man who had Cooney could honestly call himself in debt. I worked day in an' out, rain or shine, hot or cold, an' I struck hit right. Cooney was sewin' for two an' sewin' on little white things for another, and we were the happiest. One day I come home 'fo' dark ter find Cooney was gone ter her neighbor's. I slipped in on her, an' thar she was er-sewin' on er sewin'-machine, an' proud of the work as I was of the first land I ever laid off. Hit was hard ter pull her away. Well, I did n't say nothin'; I thought, an' I kept hit all ter myself. I went ter town that fall with my cotton, an' when I had done paid my draft at the warehouse I had seventy dollars left. What did I do with hit? What do you reckon I did with hit?"

The aquiline face took on a positively beautiful smile. The speaker leaned over the rail and talked confidentially to the jury.

"Well, here 's what I did, gentlemen. I went ter whar that one-arm old soldier stays what keeps sewin'-machines an' the tax-books, an' I planked down sixty of my pile for one of them. An' then I went home an' set the thing in the settin'-room while Cooney was gettin' supper; an' I let her eat, but I couldn't hardly swaller, I was so full of that machine."

He laughed aloud at this point, and several of the jury joined him. The court smiled and lifted a law-book in front of his face.

"When I took her in thar an' turned up the light, Cooney like ter fainted. 'My wife don't have ter sew on no borrowed machine no more,' says I, just so; an' she fell ter cryin' an' huggin' me; an' by an' by we got down ter work. I'll be doggoned if we did n't set up tell one er'clock playin' on that thing! She'd sew, an' then I'd sew, an' then I'd run the wheel underneath an' she'd run the upper works. We hemmed and hawed all the napkins over, an' the table-cloths; an' tucked all the pillow frills; an' Cooney made me er handkerchief out of something. Gentlemen, next ter gettin' Cooney, hit was the happiest night of my life!"

Hiram paused to take breath, and the tension on the audi-

ence being relieved, they moved, looked into one another's faces, and, smiling, exchanged comments. A breath of spring seemed to have invaded the autumn.

"Would n't believe he was guilty ef he swore hit," said a voice somewhere, and there was applause, which was promptly suppressed. Hiram did not hear the comment. He was lost in his dream.

Then the baby come. But before he come I saw Cooney begin ter change. She 'd sit an' droop, an' brighten up an' droop erg'in, lookin' away off; an' her step got slow. Then, one day, hit come ter me: she was homesick for her ma. Well, gentlemen, I reck'n 't was natchul at that time. She never had said nothin', but the way her ma had done an' the way she had talked about me was the grief of her life. She could n't see how she was goin' ter meet the new trouble erlone. I fixed hit for her. I took her out on the po'ch where she could break down without my seemin' ter know hit, an' I tole her as how hit did look like hit was a shame for her ma ter have ter live off at her sister's, an' her own chile keepin' house, with a comp'ny room; an' I believed I'd drive over an' tell her ter let bygones be bygones, an' come an' live with us; that I did n't set no store by the hard things she 'd said, an' we would do our best for her. Well, that got Cooney. She dropped her head down in my lap, an' I knowed I 'd done hit the nail on the head. Natchully I was happy erlong with her.

"Well, I went an' made my best talk, an' when I got done, gentlemen, what you reck'n Cooney's ma said—what do you reck'n? She said: 'How 's Cooney?' 'Po'ly,' says I. 'I thought so,' says she, 'er you would n't er come. I'll get my things an' go.' But Cooney was so happy when she did come, I caught the fever too, an' thought me an' the old lady would get on all right at last. But we did n't. Seemed like pretty soon ma begin ter look for things ter meddle in, an' she got er new name for me ev'y time I come erroun'. I did n't answer back, because she was Cooney's ma. I grit my teeth an' went on. But she 'd come out an' lean on the fence, even, when I was plowin', an' talk. 'Look like any fool,' she said one day, 'look like any fool would know better 'n ter lay off land with er twister. Why n't yer git er roun' p'inted shovel?' My lan' was new, gentlemen, an' full of roots; that's why.

"An' she 'd look at my hogs an' say: 'I allus did despise Berkshires. Never saw er sow that would n't eat pigs after er while. Why n't you cross 'em on the big Guinea?' An' then, the chickens. 'Thar's them Wyandottes! Never knew one ter raise er brood yet; an' one rooster takes more pasture than er mule.' An' I paid ten dollars for three, gentlemen. An' then, Cooney's mornin'-glories made her sick. An' she did n't like sewin'-machines; they made folks want more clothes than they ought ter have, an' made the wash too big. An' what she called 'jimcracks' was Cooney's pretties in the sittin'-room.

"But I stood it; she was Cooney's ma. Only, when the mockin'-bird's cage door was found opened an' he gone, I like to have turned my mind loose, for I had my suspicions, an' have yet. He was a little bird when I found him. I was clearin' my lan', an' one of these new niggers come erlong with er single-barrel gun, an' shot both the old birds right before my eyes with one load. I was that mad I took up er loose root an' frailed him tell he could n't walk straight, an' I bent the gun roun' er tree an' flung hit after him. Then I went ter the nest in the haw-bush, an' started out ter raise the four young ones. I could n't find er bug ter save me, though it looked easy for the old birds, so I took them home an' tried eggs an' potato. Well, one by one they died, until but one was left. When Cooney come he was grown, an' with the dash of white on his wings all singers have. But he never would sing. I think he was lonesome. The first night she come, I woke ter hear the little feller singin' away like his heart was too full ter hold hit all. I turned over ter wake Cooney, that she might hear him too, an' what do you reck'n? The moonlight had found er way in through the half-open blinds an' had fell across her face. Hit shone out there in the darkness like an angel's, an' that little lonesome bird had seen hit for the first time. Hit started the song in him just like hit had in me, an' God knows—" His voice quivered a moment and he looked away, a slight gesture supplying a conclusion.

"Then the baby come, an' when Cooney said, 'We'll name hit Jessy, after ma,' I said, 'Good enough, Cooney. Hit's natchul.'

"Looks like that ought ter have made it easier all erroun',

but hit did n't. Hit all got worse. An' ter keep the peace, I got not ter comin' inter the house tell the dinner-bell would ring. I 'd jus' set on the fence, pretendin' I was er-watchin' the stock feed. An' after dinner I'd go out erg'in an' set on the fence ter keep the peace. Not that I blamed Cooney's ma so much, for I did n't. Nobody ever said hit for her but me, an' I don't mind sayin' hit now: but she has had trouble ernough for four women; an' her boy died. He was er good boy, if thar ever was one. I remember the time we went ter school together; an' when he died of the fever, why, hit was then I sorter took his place an' looked out for Cooney all the time. Her boy died, an' I think er heap er 'lowance ought ter be made for er widow when her boy is buried, for I don't believe there is much else left for her in this world."

The stillness in the room was absolute when the witness paused a moment, and for some reason studied his fingers, his face bent down. All eyes were unconsciously turned then toward the prosecutrix. She had moved uncomfortably many times during this narrative, and now lowered her veil, as if she felt the focus of their attention. Afterward she did not look up again. Hiram, whose face had grown singularly tender, raised his eyes, somewhat wearily at last.

"I know what hit is to lose a child," he said gently, "for I lost Jessy. The fever came; she faded out, an'—well—we jus' put her ter sleep out under the two cedars I had left in the corner of the yard. Then hit was worse than ever, for I had Cooney ter comfort, my own load ter tote, an'—Cooney's ma was harder ter stan' than before. I studied an' studied, an' then I took Cooney out with me ter the field an' tole her what was on my mind. 'Let 's go up ter Coldneck,' says I, 'an' build us a little house jus' like the one we started with, an' plant mornin'-glories on the po'ch, an' begin over. Let's give ma this place for life, an' two mules, an' split up. An' let 's do hit quick, 'cause I can't hold out much longer.' You see, I was 'fraid er myself. Well, Cooney hugged me, an' I saw her heart was happy over the change.

"So we went. Her ma said we were fools, an' settled down ter run her end of the bargain. An' I'm boun' ter say she made good crops, an', with her nephew ter help her, got erlong well tell he married an' went ter his wife's folks.

"Hit looked like hit was goin' ter be easy, gentlemen, leavin' the little home; an' hit was tell Cooney got in the wagon an' looked back—not at the house, an' the flowers she had planted, an' the white curtains in her winders, but at the two little cedars where Jess was sleepin', an' the mockin'-bird balancin' an' singin' on the highest limb. Hit was easy tell then. Her heart jus' broke, an' she cried out ter herself: 'Ma! ma! I would n't er treated you that-er-way—I would n't er done hit!' " He pointed his finger at the prosecutrix. "She did n't know Cooney felt that-er-way, gentlemen; this is the first time. An' she did n't know that when I came back from Macon, next fall, an' brought er little marble slab with Jess's name on hit, an' put hit up under the cedars, I got one with her Tom's name on hit, too, an' went ter her ole home, an' cleared away the weeds, an' put hit over Tom's grave. He was er good boy—an' he was Cooney's brother.

"Well," continued the defendant, after a pause, "we did well. I cleared the land an' made er good crop. An' then our own little Tom come. That's what we named him. An' one day Cooney asked me ter go back an' get her sewin'-machine from her ma's. Hit was the first plantin' day we had had in April, an' I hated mightily ter lose er day; but Cooney never had asked me for many things, so I went. When I rode up, ma come out, an' restin' her hands on her sides, she said: 'I did give you credit for some sense! What you doin' here, an' hit the first cotton-plantin' day of the year? I'll be boun' you picked out this day ter come for that ar sewin'-machine.' I tole her I had; an' then she answered back: 'Nobody but er natchul-born fool would come for er sewin'-machine in that sort er wagon. You can't get hit. Thar would n't be er whole j'int in hit when you got back;' Well, seein' as how I had brought the thing from Macon once in the same wagon, hit did look unreasonable I could n't take hit further. But the road ter Coldneck was rougher, an' I could n't give her no hold on me, so back I went, twelve miles, an' er whole day sp'iled. But Cooney was sorry, I could see; an' she never did ask me for many things, so I borrowed Buck Drawhorn's spring-wagon, an' next day, bright an' early, I put out erg'in. When I got back ter the ole home, she was stan'in' jus' like I left her, with her hands on her sides. I did n't get time ter

put in 'fo' she called out: 'Nobody but er natchul-born fool would come here for er machine, an' clouds er-risin' in the rain quarter. Don't you know ef that machine gets wet hit won't be worth hits weight in ole iron? You can't get hit!' Well, gentlemen, seems ter me that with all our kiver mos' still in the house, she might er loant me some ter put on that machine; but she did n't; an' bein' 'fraid er myself, I wheeled roun' an' went back them twelve miles erg'in. Ernother day sp'iled, an' no machine. An' I won't do nobody er injustice, gentlemen. Hit did rain like all-fire, though whar hit come from I don't know tell now, an' I got wet ter the bones.

"But I was determ' then ter git that machine, if I did n't never plant er cotton-seed. Next day I rode up bright an' early, an' thar she was. I had n't got out the wagon 'fo' she opened: 'You can't git that machine! You go back an' tell Cooney I'm er-sewin' for Hester Bloodsworth, an' when I git done I'll let her know. An' don't you come back here no more tell I let you know!' Well, gentlemen, then I knowed I had n't been 'fraid of myself for nothin'. I started ter cussin'! I cussed all the way up the walk, an' up the steps, an' inter the room, an' while I was shoulderin' that ar machine, an' while I was er-totin' hit out, an' while I was er-loadin' hit in the wagon, an' while I was er-drivin' off. An' when I thought of them seventy-odd miles, an' the three days' plantin' I'd done lost, I stopped at the rise in the road an' cussed back erg'in. I did hit, an', as I said, hit was ongentlemanly, an' I'm sorry. The only excuse I've got, gentlemen, is I did hit in self-defense, for if I had n't cussed, so help me God, I 'd er busted wide open then an' thar!"

The sensation that followed this remarkable climax was not soon stilled; but when quiet was at length restored, everybody's attention was attracted to the prosecutrix. She had never lifted her face from the time the defendant had mentioned the dead boy. She was still sitting with her face concealed; lost in thought, and it is likely that she never knew the conclusion of the defendant's statement. She looked up at last, impressed by the silence, and seeing the court gazing toward her as he fingered his books, she arose wearily and unsteadily.

"Can I say a few words, judge?" Her voice was just audible at first. He nodded gravely. "Then I want to say

that—I have—probably been wrong—all the way through. I have had—many troubles—many disappointments. Cooney's husband has been a good husband to her, and has always treated me kindly. I don't believe he intended to curse me, and I think if you will let me take it all back—" She hesitated and faltered.

"Be seated, madam," said the court, with something like tenderness in his voice. "Gentlemen of the jury, this case is dismissed."

The defendant came down from the stand, and paused before the woman in black a moment. Then he bent over her, but the only words anyone caught were "Cooney" and "little Tom." He patted her shoulder with his rough, sunburnt hand. She hesitated a moment, and then, drawing down her veil, she took his arm and in silence left the court-room. There was a sudden burst of applause, followed by the sound of the judge's gavel. At the door, Colonel Rutherford, leaning over the rail which separated the bar from the audience, thrust something into Hiram Ard's hand. "The fee goes with the speech," he said, smiling. "Keep it for little Tom."

THE WOODHAVEN GOAT

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Major Worthington was smoking his pipe upon his broad back porch at Woodhaven, and dozing in the balmy air of a faultless morning in May. His stout form was, as usual, spread over two chairs and the balustrade, and contentment rested upon him. Well might he be content. His broad fields were already ribboned with the pale green of young cotton, and all hands agreed that the "stand" was perfect. Peace reigned at Woodhaven, after many days of disquiet, and for all he had been once a man of war, no man at heart loved peace more than did this eccentric old planter. He had tried many experiments; he had run away and marooned with Isam in slavery time, had fought a duel before the war, and had bravely worn the gray as commander of that renowned organization, the "Worthington Guards." When the unequal contest

was ended, he had employed two of his conquerors with guns and blue uniforms to oversee his place, and with such success that prosperity smiled upon him. All of which is now a part of the history of his country. To-day, the day of which the chronicler is called upon to write, no cloud dimmed the horizon of Crawford Worthington, late Major C. S. A., and still master of Woodhaven. But it was to be an eventful day. Isam was in the yard, under a broad elm, sitting on the well-swept ground and busy cleaning the Worthington case-knives on a soft brick—an immemorial custom. His little black eyes, set deep within his wrinkled, complicated face, reflected the light flashed up by the polished steel, and he hummed softly a line from the old song, "My Gal 's er High-born Lady."

Over in the orchard, at the far end of the broad back yard, an aged goat was browsing phlegmatically in the fence-corners, and near the triple rows of bee-hives that were terraced upon plank shelving close to the back yard a strutting turkey-gobbler drummed among his wives.

From time to time the goat ceased to chew, and looked curiously upon the proud fowl. Possibly he wondered how anything could be so small at one moment and so big at the next. Possibly he was wishing that this same swelling gift were his; for out in the grove there lived a gigantic ram, a bitter, uncompromising foe, and the conflicts always ended disastrously for the whiskered champion, mainly, however, because he had never been able to meet his antagonist under any recognized rules of the ring, his own inclination being to spar, and the other's to ride a tournament. Suddenly, as he gazed and reflected, every feather on the gobbler fell into place, the whole arrangement closing like Venetian blinds, and the fowl, dropping his head close to the ground, struck the back of it with first one and then the other foot. Then he hopped about six feet, and lifted both wings, again ducking and scratching his head. This he repeated rapidly, his wives joining in the gymnastics, and uttering sharp, crisp clucks. Presently the whole flock scattered in a panic, ran with lowered heads to the limit of the orchard, rose on wing, and sailed away into the cotton-field.

The goat looked on this performance with great interest, until the last gray form had settled and passed from sight.

He even uttered a queer little laugh that shook his whiskers. Evidently, however, the oddity of it all soon began to appeal to him, for he looked back inquisitively to the place from which his late associates had departed, his unwinking, glassy eyes full of amazement. There was no explanation in sight, nor was any suggested when he calmly went there and examined the locality more carefully. He did not even find one in the sky above, although he searched in that direction with equal deliberation.

It was while making this final survey that his attention was attracted by the low-hanging branches of a cherry-tree, deep green their verdure and seemingly succulent their leaves. He dismissed the turkey puzzle, and standing upon his hind legs, beckoned to the leaves with his long, flexible lip, a mute invitation that bore no results whatever. Jumping upon a lower hive, he rested his feet upon one above, and again strained his whole frame toward the aërial pasture. Then he mounted yet higher, and with his hind feet upon the topmost hive and body perpendicular, reached the coveted prize.

It was at this moment that Isam, suspending work, fixed his eyes upon the picture, and keeping them there, began to feel about for the knives. His low, earnest voice broke the stillness:

"Mas' Craffud! Mas' Craffud!"

"Well?" The major mumbled the response from mere force of habit, his eyes still closed.

"Dere 's gwine ter be trouble hyah, sho'ly. Ef dere 's any-t'ing 'twix' you an' de back do' up dere, better move hit—"

"What are you talking about, you black rascal? Get up from there!"

"Mas' Craffud!"

"Get up, I tell you, and open that gate! Don't you see Jerry coming with the plow?"

"Mas'—"

"Get up!" the major thundered, and reached for his stick.

Isam darted to the gate and opened it. Jerry was on the way to plow the orchard, and the way led through the yard. Any attempt to continue the interrupted warning would have been useless, for the major discovered at that moment that the mule had been geared wrong.

"Put that back-band hook down lower, sir!" he shouted to Jerry. Jerry was excited by the old man's temper, and a natural awkwardness was against him. "Lower yet! *Lower!* Now shorten those traces! The next link! The next! The *next!* I tell you—the *next!* Don't you see you are going the wrong way? *Shorten* the chain—*shorten! shorten!*" Down went the chairs, and out came the major in a towering passion. He jerked the traces right and left, Jerry changing places with him about the pensive mule. Isam uttered a low cry and began to edge away. The goat, reaching too high, had upset the hive on which he stood, and sliding backward down the terrace, had carried several more with him.

A moment the surprised animal stood waist-deep in bees; then suddenly an electric shock went over him. He shivered, bit at his flanks, his hind leg and hip; then he jumped ten feet, and, if Isam's account of the tragedy may be accepted, swore a great shrieking oath as he began to make a rapid tour of the orchard. Round and round the goat went, praying, cursing, and crying, the crouching negro in the yard watching him with straining eyes through the picket fence. The major's attention was arrested. He looked at the negro and then at the goat.

"What ails him, Isam?"

"Say yo' prayers, an' say 'em quick, Mas' Craffud, fer ef dat goat come dis-er-way ter git shet er es mis'ry, dere's gwine ter be trouble." He was edging away toward the kitchen as he spoke.

"Stop!" thundered the major. "What's all that stuff you are mumbling?"

"Pray fer him ter find er low place inter de cotton, Mas' Craffud. Listen at dat! Don' you hyah 'im callin' you, honey? 'Mas' Craft-t-t!' " And Isam gave an excellent imitation.

The major did not have time to finish a laugh. A few scattering bees from the wrecked hives struck into the little group, and the mule, being the largest enemy, first received their attacks. He responded by launching out with his heels as fast as he could pick them up and put them down, gradually turning in a circle and becoming involved with the plow and lines. Presently he made a rush for the gate, and finding it

closed, started on a wild career around the yard, gathering bees as he gathered momentum. Woodhaven for the time being had been converted into a two-ring circus. The goat, with his horns laid on his back, had the orchard, and the mule the back yard. As the mule came round, the excitement increased, for the plow was swinging out on the chain-traces, knocking over benches and tubs, skinning the shade-trees, and thundering against the weather-boards of the buildings. Cut off from the porch, and driven from tree to tree by the plow, the major grew desperate. The detached kitchen, built on brick pillars, was the nearest shelter. Seizing an opportunity, he rushed to it, dropped on his knees, and crawled under just in time to escape the plow, which swept away the last vestige of the steps. Jerry had dived over the outer fence, and was viewing the drama from a constantly increasing distance.

No one responded to the major's stentorian commands to open the gate. Most of them were delivered at a disadvantage, for his head was bobbing in and out as the flying plow and his efforts compelled; but they were loud and fierce enough to be heard half a mile. When he began to call Isam, in particular, a groan behind him drew his attention, and looking back, he saw the whites of a pair of eyes gleaming in the shadow. A mighty and elaborate imprecation begun at that moment was never concluded. The goat came over the orchard fence, with a foot of space between him and the palings—a comet from Capricornus, with ten thousand bees for a tail—and after one frantic round in search of relief, dodged the flying plow and went under the kitchen. It was this circumstance that interrupted the major's efforts to do justice to Isam's utter worthlessness.

When the goat went under the kitchen, the major retained his presence of mind, and Isam lost his. The former, knowing that bees, when angry, follow a moving object, fell upon his face, shielding it with his arms. Isam, on the other hand, rolled out from the dark corner into the yard, and was knocked over as often as he attempted to arise, which was as often as possible; for to the infuriated goat all things were now explained: Isam was the cause of the dire disaster in which he had become involved. Therefore he fairly leaped in the air, and delivered his blows with a savage energy which would have

proved fatal to anyone except an African. Isam got his enemy by the horns and tried in vain to hold him; but there were no rests or breathing-spells—the bees attended to that. The man and the goat rolled over, half rose and fell, and mingled their voices like warriors of old engaged in deadly combat; but Isam's was not a defiance. In his dark hiding-place, the major, lifting his face a few inches, looked out through tears with a sudden delight at the negro's predicament, sobbing and choking with his emotion. When he heard the cry, "Help, Mas' Craffud! Run hyah, Mas' Craffud!" he frantically beat the dry soil about him with his fist for some moments.

"Better for one to die than two; it's a long sight better," the major shouted when he caught his breath. The memory of the famous conflict with the deer in the swamp had returned to him. And then he added: "Stick to him, Isam, stick to him!"

"Run hyah, Mas' Craffud! Help me turn dis goat loose!"

There was a sound as of a man choking to death under the kitchen; and then between many sputterings and coughings came a hilarious shout:

"Don't cuss, Isam, don't cuss! If ever a man had a call to pray, you've got it now. Stick to him, Isam, stick to him! Whoa, goat! Whoa, goat! Who-ee!" The major fairly rolled over on his back, and kicked the kitchen floor above him until exhaustion overcame him.

The fight outside was not as long as the memorable one with the deer. Covered with bees, man and beast broke away and disappeared from the scene. The mule had crushed down a panel of the fence, and the goat passed through the gap like a flash of white sunlight. In the grove he met his hereditary enemy, ready for a tournament. He only shed a couple of quarts of bees on him and passed away, leaving the ram to start a circus of his own, which he immediately proceeded to do.

Helen, who had made several brave efforts to go to her uncle's rescue, only to be driven back indoors, finally found the air outside clear enough of bees to permit her to approach the kitchen. She kneeled there and looked under.

"Uncle—Uncle Crawford—where are you?"

She saw the old man still stretched out under there, sobbing like a child recovering from a fit of crying.

"Don't," he whispered, pushing a hand back toward her and keeping his face averted—"don't speak to me! I am just grazing apoplexy—"

"But where is Isam, uncle?"

The portly form writhed in a sudden convulsion.

"*Don't,* I tell you!" he thundered. "Tell me something sad—tell me bad news. Go away—go away!"

Helen obeyed the final command. After a while the major crawled out and came limping across the yard. Helen covered her face and turned away suddenly.

"Don't, my child, don't!" he pleaded. "If I laugh standing up, I'm gone. What? Can't find Isam! Why, I hear his voice—"

"I do, too, uncle, but we have searched high and low in vain for him."

"Nonsense; he can't be far away if we can hear him. Find him; he must be badly stung to say nothing of—" He stopped and pressed his sides, while he clenched his teeth.

But Helen could not find Isam. That plaintive, pleading voice seemed everywhere, and the owner nowhere. It was as though all of him had been lost but voice, and go where she might that seemed to recede.

The mystery was at last solved. A negro came into the yard for water. Presently he cried out in amazement. "Dah now! Laws-a-mussy! Hyah he, Miss Helen—hyah he down in de well!" And so it was. The desperate man had performed a very timely although very perilous feat. Maddened with pain, covered with bees, and fleeing from the face of the awful goat, he had leaped upon the well-curb, grasped the chain, and rattled down into the cool waters. He was triumphantly hauled up again; but he refused to leave his place of refuge until assured that the war was entirely over. A little vinegar and soda soon restored him to his usual size.

It was many weeks before the goat could be tolled back into the yard. He would approach within three hundred feet, point his whiskers at the house for five minutes, and then go sadly away. But Isam never could, afterward, pass him in safety without a club.

One day, however, the hungry animal came gingerly into

the yard and accepted some cabbage-leaves from the cook. Unfortunately, little Henry Clay had tied a string to a leg of one of those iridescent beetles commonly called June-bugs, and released him to hear the "zooning" noise of his wings, so pleasant to the ears of Southern children on a plantation. The beetle made one rush for liberty, reached the end of the thread, and curved past the goat's ear with the speed of a rifle-ball. Have goats memory? It is likely. This goat went through the fence, taking six palings with him, ran headlong into a horse-stall, and hid in a dark corner. He came no more to the house.

"I know des how dat goat feel," said Isam, in describing the incident to his Miss Helen: "fus' time de chile zoon dat bug erroun' me, I was half-way ter de well 'fo' I cotch mer bref. An' dat's er fac'."

THE VULTURE AND HIS SHADOW

All the day long we roam, we roam,
  My shadow fleet and I;
One searches all the land and sea,
  And one the trackless sky;
But when the taint of death ascends
  My airy flight to greet,
As friends around the festal board,
  We meet! we meet! we meet!

Ah! none can read the sign we read,
  No eye can fathom the gales,
No tongue can whisper our secret deed,
  For dead men tell no tales.
The spot on the plains is miles away;
  But our wings are broad and fleet—
The wave-tossed speck in the eye of day
  Is far—but we meet! we meet!

The voice of the battle is haste, oh, haste!
  And down the wind we speed;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep,
  And we search the rank sea weed.

The maiden listens the livelong day
For the fall of her lover's feet;
She wonders to see us speeding by—
She would die, if she saw us meet!

L'ENVOI.

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark on the land or sky,
When the double circles are all complete,
At the bedside of death we meet! we meet!

DIXIE

Song of the bird on the cedar,
Gleam of the foam on the shore,
Olive and column and fountain,
Babe on the marble floor;
Babe with the dark locks clinging,
And the glow of the South on his limbs,
Naked, low laughing and creeping;
Nurse with the quaint slave hymns.

White through portal and casement
The midday sun's warm flood;
O song of the bird in mid-air!
O babe with the bounding blood!
Thrown on the pave the purple,
The red and the amber grape;
Heaped up in regal splendor
The orange, the peach and the grape!

Child of the South, young Bacchus,
Stained with the purple wine;
O slave in the noonday nodding!
O bird with the song divine!
Far in the fields of cotton
The gaudy turban stoops;
Bends to the hours, and white lint
From balanced basket droops.

High in the quivering sunheat
The bird in his frenzied leap—
Melody, monody, sunshine—
Slave in the court asleep!

L'ENVOI.

Roll in the purpling juices,
Babe of the royal blood,
Bathe in the amber juices,
Laugh in the grape's red flood.
Ere the raven locks are shaven,
The red wine turns to gore.
The slave awakens to freedom,
The gay bird sings no more.
The cedar, the column, the fountain,
Into blackened ruins fall,
And the worn, white face of the mother
Through the long night haunteth all.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

[1839—]

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON was born at Vevay, Indiana, November 26, 1839. He is a direct descendant of Captain Richard Eggleston of Jamestown, Virginia, who came of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock. The sons and grandsons of Richard Eggleston settled in Powhatan and Amelia counties. In Amelia County, Virginia, was born Joseph Cary Eggleston, the father of George Cary Eggleston. After his graduation at William and Mary College, in 1829, Joseph Eggleston studied at the Winchester, Virginia, Law School, and a little later went West, settling at Vevay, Indiana. He married a daughter of George Craig, a Kentuckian, Indian agent for the Territory of Indiana, who had crossed the Ohio River in order to develop the fertile lands of southern Indiana. George Cary Eggleston was the second of three sons born to Joseph and Mary Craig Eggleston, the oldest being Edward and the youngest Joseph W., now of Richmond, Virginia.

In the little town of Vevay most of the boyhood of George Cary was spent. When he was seven years old his father died and the care of the three boys and one girl devolved upon their mother, a woman of remarkable strength of character and brilliancy of mind. His early education was obtained in such primitive types of schools as Edward Eggleston later made famous in his 'Hoosier Schoolmaster.' To one of his teachers, a Mrs. Dumont, both Edward and George Eggleston have paid high tribute as an exceptionally gifted and sympathetic woman. Evidently, however, neither of the boys owed very much to the pioneer schools of the neighborhood. Fortunately for them their father had collected a good library and, encouraged by their mother, they read widely in the standard books. Edward, indeed, had by his own diligent application acquired such proficiency in languages and mathematics that he prepared his younger brother George for college in an almost incredibly short time.

At the age of fifteen George Cary entered the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University at Greencastle, Indiana, where he spent something over a year. After leaving college he taught a country school near Madison, Indiana, at a place called Riker's Ridge, an interesting account of which, humorously detailing the struggles of the youthful schoolmaster, Mr. Eggleston has given in his life of

Edward Eggleston entitled 'The First of the Hoosiers.' Certain characters in this school also figure in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' The next year young Eggleston went on a visit to his father's relatives in Amelia County, Virginia, and so strongly did "the glamour of that easy-going, restful and exquisitely self-poised Virginian life" (to quote his own words) appeal to him that we find him for the next nine years a citizen of the Old Dominion. During 1857-1858 he continued his education at Richmond College, matriculating from Amelia County. In Richmond he also studied law, beginning the practice in 1861, only to be interrupted by the breaking out of the Civil War.

Enlisting in Company G, First Virginia Cavalry, young Eggleston served with distinction during the four years of war in the Army of Northern Virginia, as clerk to General J. E. B. Stuart, later as Sergeant-major in the Wilderness, at Petersburg, at Cold Harbor, and in the battles above Appomattox. In 1865 he returned to Vevay, Indiana, recovering the fragments of his father's fortune; after which he engaged in business at Cairo, Illinois, for a few years, where in 1868 he married Miss Marion Craggs. From Cairo he went to Memphis, Tennessee, thence into Mississippi, and finally to New York City in 1870, where his brother Edward Eggleston had recently joined the editorial staff of the New York *Independent.*

Since 1870 Mr. Eggleston has lived in New York, as editor, author, and contributor to magazines. The list of periodicals with which he was connected from 1870 to 1900 is a long and distinguished one, while since 1872 the list of his books has steadily grown into a small library of history, biography and fiction. He began his journalistic career on the Brooklyn *Union* under Theodore Tilton, serving first as reporter and afterwards as editorial writer. While Edward Eggleston was editor of *The Hearth and Home,* George Cary was managing editor, succeeding his brother a few years later as editor-in-chief. After this he became editor of *The Magazine of American Homes,* which position he resigned to become assistant to William Cullen Bryant on the *Evening Post.* Soon after Bryant's death he became literary adviser to Harper and Brothers, holding this position from 1881 to 1885. From 1884 to 1889 Mr. Eggleston was editor-in-chief of the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* and from 1889 to 1900 editorial writer on the New York *World.* During all these years he was from time to time a contributor to the great magazines, such as *The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, Appleton's, The Galaxy, The Century,* etc.

In 1900 Mr. Eggleston gave up his editorial work and has since devoted himself to writing two or three books a year. In addition

to original composition he has compiled a book of American war ballads, edited the American edition of Hayden's 'Dictionary of Dates,' Max O'Rell's 'John Bull, Junior,' and other volumes, proving himself an indefatigable worker of wide intellectual curiosity and vital sympathy. His varied experience as schoolmaster, lawyer, soldier, editor, and author, has given him a large fund upon which to draw. His early life could hardly have been spent in more romantic surroundings than in the beautiful Bluegrass region of Southern Indiana, among the Swiss immigrants about Vevay and the pioneer settlers from Virginia; and later among the ante-bellum traditions of Eastern Virginia which, as he remarks in his life of his brother, were "the complete realization of romance, the actual embodiment of poetry, a dream life of exquisite perfection." Four strenuous years of war, followed by five years of business activity in the West and South, helped to mellow and deepen the romantic experiences of youth and so to prepare the mature man for his long and brilliant editorial career in the metropolis. As a veteran writer of books, spending his summers in his cottage on Lake George and his winters in New York City, Mr. Eggleston has yet abundant material from which to add to his thirty or forty volumes a crowning volume of reminiscences as a valuable contribution to American literary history.

The works of George Cary Eggleston, consisting of more than thirty volumes, fall into three general divisions: (1) history and biography; (2) books for young people; (3) novels.

In the first class those of special importance are such works as 'A Rebel's Recollections,' an entertaining record of the author's experiences as a Confederate soldier and one of his most popular books; 'Southern Soldier Stories,' a small volume of war reminiscences dedicated to "Joe" (Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, of Richmond, Virginia); 'Our First Century,' a sketch of American Colonial life; 'Life in the Eighteenth Century'; and 'The First of the Hoosiers,' a life of Edward Eggleston and incidentally of the author himself in his early intimate association with his brother during their "Hoosier" schooldays. Indeed, this book may be regarded as the psychological biography of George Cary Eggleston, as he himself remarks in a letter to the present writer. 'The First of the Hoosiers' is, therefore, a vitally significant work not only for the light which it throws on pioneer life in Indiana but also for the insight which it gives into the formative influences upon two prominent American writers.

To the second general division, consisting in the main of juvenile books, belong such volumes as 'How to Educate Yourself' and 'How to Make a Living,' made up of practical suggestions of self-

help drawn from the author's experience and reading; stories from American and general history, as 'American Immortals' and 'Strange Stories from History'; and a number of stories of adventure, thrillingly interesting to boys, such as 'Camp Venture,' a spirited narrative of a winter encampment in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia. Among these stories of adventure in the mountains, or in the wilderness of the new West, or on the great rivers of the Southwest, there is a good deal of valuable pioneer history presented in diluted form. 'Long Knives,' for instance, is a story of the achievements of George Rogers Clarke and his hardy pioneers in their romantic winning of the West, accounts of which George Cary Eggleston had heard time and again in his Indiana home. Boyish explorations of the great rivers, in which ready invention and decisive action count for so much, are entertainingly told in 'Running the River,' 'The Last of the Flatboats,' and 'The Wreck of the Redbird.' These books are instinct with a knowledge of youth and with keen sympathy for boyish enthusiasms.

The third and, of late years, steadily increasing species of writing to which Mr. Eggleston is devoting himself is the romantic novel depicting life in Virginia just prior to the Civil War. This is the period when the old order had reached its climax of mellowness and charm. To it, moreover, the rumblings of the threatening storm lent a sort of tragic interest, as we now look back upon that troubled passing of the South from dreamful security to the painful experiences of readjustment. Among these novels of Southern life probably the most typical are 'Dorothy South' (1902), 'A Daughter of the South' (1905), and 'Love is the Sum of it All' (1907). Most of these stories are personal in so far as they reflect the author's observations during his eight or nine years of residence in Virginia, or as the heroine in each of them is, in part, a portrayal of his own wife. Dorothy South, in particular, the heroine of the book of that name, is Mrs. Eggleston, "whose personality, in its several phases," to quote her husband's dedication of 'The Master of Warlock,' "it has been my loving endeavor to portray in all the stories I have written." As the glamour of this old Southern life grows more distinct by contrast with modern conditions, the material for romance becomes richer; and of this material, illumined by reminiscence, Mr. Eggleston is making diligent use in his later books.

From the above classification and comment it will appear that the writing of George Cary Eggleston is not scholastic, but popular. He has taken, on the one hand, the facts of history and vitalized them by associating them with concrete domestic scenes or with striking personalities; and, on the other, the facts and fancies of tradition and woven them into romances. He is, therefore, in the

best sense a popularizer and his appeal is more directly to the young. Throughout his writings there is a strong autobiographical element: experience and observation color and make real an unusually wide range of reading.

The man whom these books reveal possesses a strong human personality. Sympathetic interest in all conditions of life shines in their pages. The spirit of the writer is democratic and national in spite of his fondness for depicting sectional traits. Thoroughly conversant with the Cavalier traditions of the older South and loving them, he makes his heroes—who no doubt embody his own youthful ideals—broad-minded Americans, resourceful and alert, eager to adjust out-worn aristocratic traditions to modern thought and action. The development of the West he regards as but an extension of the East and South into fresher fields through which run the same national threads. He is genuinely sympathetic without being partisan. This attitude of mind and spirit is, indeed, to be expected of a writer of wide intellectual curiosity who has from his boyhood been a great reader, and who, during a journalistic experience of thirty years in the most stirring times of our national life, was a discriminating student of men and affairs.

It remains to attempt a brief estimate of George Cary Eggleston purely as a literary man. His material, as we have seen, is essentially Southern, and his most significant contribution to literature, reminiscences in the forms of biography and romance. As a writer of personal history Mr. Eggleston is at his best. He is a good story-teller, for he has genial humor, a keen eye for incident, and a correct sense of proportion. A series of illuminating anecdotes strung along on a biographic thread—this is his method of character-presentation, a highly successful one for exciting and maintaining a lively interest. For long, involved plot-making he has no special gift. His novels are simple love-stories which march straight along with just a modicum of obstacle here and there to block temporarily the course of true love and a mystery or two to complicate manifest destiny. But the practiced reader knows full well that the Land of Heart's Desire is in sight all the time and he has no fear of bad endings. Indeed, the lover and the lady themselves do not appear to be profoundly skeptical on that matter.

Fine examples of the old country gentry we find in all the books; but nowhere does the author succeed better than in his delineation of the old-time darkey. His presentment of the negro character and of the old-fashioned Southerner, man or woman, is thoroughly convincing. With the young man or woman he is less successful. What most impresses one about the novels of George Cary Eggleston is not the story certainly, nor, indeed, the

characters—for these are often shadowy—but the atmosphere, the purple haze of romance, which invests the life of a vanished time. He knows his setting, and being an idealist, and therefore a lover of youth, he reproduces in his books his earlier impressions of scenes which mightily fascinated him. The setting in most of these novels is about the same and may be found in and about Amelia County, Virginia, or in some other spot visited by the author as a soldier, and so is simply an idealized transcript of an old plantation neighborhood. Mr. Eggleston's own point of view, one may assume, is in each case that reflected in the conversations of his hero, democratic and national. It may not be amiss, therefore, to conclude that a slight didactic thread runs through the stories, for their author is, in one way or another, a preacher of liberalism and he would have the South in the forefront of the several kinds of progress.

Having to do with the romance of adventure or of love, most of the works of George Cary Eggleston lend themselves to a somewhat highly colored style. In the veins of the author flows Southern and Western blood; this, together with an experience of thirty years in newspaper writing, has resulted in a journalistic style, easy, rapid, graphic, picturesque. In history and biography such a style may not always make for accuracy, but it does make for vividness, and in character-sketching it often reveals as by a flash-light process. In 'A Rebel's Recollections,' for instance, the sketch of General J. E. B. Stuart is one of the best bits of impressionism to be found in our literature. Men of action appeal to Eggleston, from the Western pioneer to the dashing cavalryman, and he succeeds in making them very real, especially to young readers. He who writes several books a year cannot be expected to show the sense of values and the poise of a great literary artist, much less to use the magic word; besides, the subject-matter of Mr. Eggleston's writings—pioneer life, soldier life, plantation life—is so subject to the fluctuations of the personal equation as to make anything like the calmness of judicial detachment impossible. And, indeed, such detachment would be fatal to wide popular interest, and George Cary Eggleston is a writer of popular books. He is a popularizer of Southern traditions, colonial and late ante-bellum; and while deductions will naturally have to be made from certain exaggerations due to the enthusiasms of a romantic temperament if one would get at the cold facts of history, it nevertheless remains true that George Cary Eggleston has made a valuable contribution to American literature. He has done, though perhaps in a less distinctive way, for the South what his brother, Edward Eggleston, has done for the West. He has less of the real historic spirit than his brother

Edward, is less scientific than the author of the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster' in the study of origins, but he has more imagination and greater warmth of sympathy. Moreover, the fact that George Cary Eggleston has for years lived out of the South in daily business and literary association with men and movements of our greatest American city has enabled him to treat the scenes of his youth in a broadly national spirit. He is without partisanship: his Southern sympathies live, but they have been mellowed and nationalized by the varied experiences of middle and later life. One cannot, therefore, be far wrong in concluding that certain of his works will be of abiding interest—particularly his reminiscences and more personal romances, such as 'A Rebel's Recollections' and 'Dorothy South'—as reflecting the life and thought of a critical period in an important section of our country as experienced and observed by a man who has been both on the inside and on the outside.

J. C. Metcalf.

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THE CHEVALIER OF THE LOST CAUSE

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In the great dining-hall of The Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

YOURS TO COUNT ON,
J. E. B. STUART

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was "yours to count on" always: your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy, "to count on," in any case. A franker, more transparent nature it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.

I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General Johnston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill, about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from

support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time, and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent school-master.

My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having traveled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping-place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty look-out, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambuscades; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some

cavalry but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily belligerent, perhaps, as ours were; wherefore they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us as nearly as possible surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a hare-brained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps, before taking us back to camp.

But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little grove, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, "Backwards—march! steady, men—keep your faces to the enemy!" and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into

a gallop. Taking us out into the main road he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

"Attention!" he cried. "Now I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones, too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going toward the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! don't break ranks!"

And as the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear hissed over our heads.

"There," he resumed. "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

We spent the next day or two literally within the Federal lines. We were shelled, skirmished with, charged, and surrounded scores of times, until we learned to hold in high regard our colonel's masterly skill in getting into and out of perilous positions. He seemed to blunder into them in sheer recklessness, but in getting out he showed us the quality of his genius; and before we reached Manassas, we had learned, among other things, to entertain a feeling closely akin to worship for our brilliant and daring leader. We had begun to understand, too, how much force he meant to give to his favorite dictum that the cavalry is the eye of the army.

His restless activity was one, at least, of the qualities which enabled him to win the reputation he achieved so rapidly. He could never be still. He was rarely ever in camp at all, and he never showed a sign of fatigue. He led almost everything. Even after he became a general officer, with well-nigh an army of horsemen under his command, I frequently followed him as my leader in a little party of half a dozen troopers, who might as well have gone with a sergeant on the duty assigned them; and once I was his only follower on a scouting expedition, of which he, a brigadier-general at the time, was the commander. I had been detailed to do some clerical work at his headquarters, and, having finished the task assigned me, was

waiting in the piazza of the house he occupied, for somebody to give me further orders, when Stuart came out.

"Is that your horse?" he asked, going up to the animal and examining him minutely.

I replied that he was and upon being questioned further informed him that I did not wish to sell my steed. Turning to me suddenly, he said—

"Let's slip off on a scout, then; I'll ride your horse and you can ride mine. I want to try your beast's paces"; and mounting, we galloped away. Where or how far he intended to go I did not know. He was enamored of my horse, and rode, I suppose, for the pleasure of riding an animal which pleased him. We passed outside our picket line, and then, keeping in the woods, rode within that of the Union Army. Wandering about in a purposeless way, we got a near view of some of the Federal camps, and finally finding ourselves objects of attention on the part of some well-mounted cavalry in blue uniforms, we rode rapidly down a road toward our own lines, our pursuers riding quite as rapidly immediately behind us.

"General," I cried presently, "there is a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?"

"Oh, no. They won't expect us from this direction, and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are."

Three minutes later we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket, and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them.

"Did you ever time this horse for a half-mile?" was all he had to say.

Expeditions of this singular sort were by no means uncommon occurrences with him. I am told by a friend who served on his staff, that he would frequently take one of his aides and ride away otherwise unattended into the enemy's lines; and oddly enough this was one of his ways of making friends with any officer to whom his rough, boyish ways had given offense. He would take the officer with him, and when they

were alone would throw his arms around his companion, and say—

"My dear fellow, you mustn't be angry with me—you know I love you."

His boyishness was always apparent, and the affectionate nature of the man was hardly less so, even in public. He was especially fond of children, and I remember seeing him in the crowded waiting-room of the railroad station at Gordonsville with a babe on each arm; a great, bearded warrior, with his plumed hat, and with golden spurs clanking at his heels, engaged in a mad frolic with all the little people in the room, charging them right and left with the pair of babies which he had captured from their unknown mothers.

It was on the day of my ride with him that I heard him express his views of the war and his singular aspiration for himself. It was almost immediately after General McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, and while we were rather eagerly expecting him to attack our strongly fortified position at Centreville. Stuart was talking with some members of his staff, with whom he had been wrestling a minute before. He said something about what they could do by way of amusement when they should go into winter-quarters.

"That is to say," he continued, "if George B. McClellan ever allows us to go into winter-quarters at all."

"Why, general? Do you think he will advance before spring?" asked one of his officers.

"Not against Centreville," replied the general. "He has too much sense for that, and I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond, too. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him presently on his way up the James River."

In this prediction, as the reader knows, he was right. The conversation then passed to the question of results.

"I regard it as a foregone conclusion," said Stuart, "that we shall ultimately whip the Yankees. We are bound to believe that, anyhow; but the war is going to be a long and terrible one, first. We've only just begun it, and very few of us will see the end. *All I ask of fate is that I may be killed leading a cavalry charge.*"

The remark was not a boastful or seemingly insincere one. It was made quietly, cheerfully, almost eagerly, and it im-

pressed me at the time with the feeling that the man's idea of happiness was what the French call glory, and that in his eyes there was no glory like that of dying in one of the tremendous onsets which he knew so well how to make. His wish was granted, as we know. He received his death-wound at the head of his troopers.

With those about him he was as affectionate as a woman, and his little boyish ways are remembered lovingly by those of his military household whom I have met since the war came to an end. On one occasion, just after a battle, he handed his coat to a member of his staff, saying—

"Try that on, captain, and see how it fits you."

The garment fitted reasonably well, and the general continued—

"Pull off two of the stars, and wear the coat to the war department, and tell the people there to make you a major."

The officer did as his chief bade him. Removing two of the three stars he made a major's uniform, and the captain was promptly promoted in compliance with Stuart's request.

General Stuart was, without doubt, capable of handling an infantry command successfully, as he demonstrated at Chancellorsville, where he took Stonewall Jackson's place and led an army corps in a very severe engagement; but his special fitness was for cavalry service. His tastes were those of a horseman. Perpetual activity was a necessity of his existence, and he enjoyed nothing so much as danger. Audacity, his greatest virtue as a cavalry commander, would have been his besetting sin in any other position. Inasmuch as it is the business of the cavalry to live as constantly as possible within gunshot of the enemy, his recklessness stood him in excellent stead as a general of horse, but it is at least questionable whether his want of caution would not have led to disaster if his command had been of a less mobile sort. His critics say he was vain, and he was so, as a boy is. He liked to win the applause of his friends, and he liked still better to astonish the enemy, glorying in the thought that his foeman must admire his "impudence," as he called it, while they dreaded its manifestation. He was continually doing things of an extravagantly audacious sort, with no other purpose, seemingly, than that of making people stretch their eyes in wonder. He en-

joyed the admiration of the enemy far more, I think, than he did that of his friends. This fact was evident in the care he took to make himself a conspicuous personage in every time of danger. He would ride at some distance from his men in a skirmish, and in every possible way attract a dangerous attention to himself. His slouch hat and long plume marked him in every battle, and made him a target for the riflemen to shoot at. In all this there was some vanity, if we choose to call it so, but it was an excellent sort of vanity for a cavalry chief to cultivate. I cannot learn that he ever boasted of any achievement, or that his vanity was ever satisfied with the things already done. His audacity was due, I think, to his sense of humor, not less than to his love of applause. He would laugh uproariously over the astonishment he imagined the Federal officers must feel after one of his peculiarly daring or sublimely impudent performances. When, after capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a dispatch to General Meigs, then quartermaster-general of the United States Army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality, and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future, he enjoyed the joke quite as heartily as he did the success which made it possible.

The boyishness to which I have referred ran through every part of his character and every act of his life. His impetuosity in action, his love of military glory and of the military life, his occasional waywardness with his friends and his generous affection for them—all these were the traits of a great boy, full, to running over, of impulsive animal life. His audacity, too, which impressed strangers as the most marked feature of his character, was closely akin to that disposition which Dickens assures us is common to all boy-kind, to feel an insane delight in anything which specially imperils their necks. But the peculiarity showed itself most strongly in his love of uproarious fun. Almost at the beginning of the war he managed to surround himself with a number of persons whose principal qualification for membership of his military household was their ability to make fun. One of these was a noted banjo-player and ex-negro minstrel. He played the banjo and sang comic songs to perfection, and *therefore* Stuart

wanted him. I have known him to ride with his banjo, playing and singing, even on a march which might be changed at any moment into a battle; and Stuart's laughter on such occasions was sure to be heard as an accompaniment as far as the minstrel's voice could reach. He had another queer character about him, whose chief recommendation was his grotesque fierceness of appearance. This was Corporal Hagan, a very giant in frame, with an abnormal tendency to develop hair. His face was heavily bearded almost to his eyes, and his voice was as hoarse as distant thunder, which indeed it closely resembled. Stuart, seeing him in the ranks, fell in love with his peculiarities of person at once, and had him detailed for duty at headquarters, where he made him a corporal, and gave him charge of the stables. Hagan, whose greatness was bodily only, was much elated by the attention shown him, and his person seemed to swell and his voice to grow deeper than ever under the influence of the newly acquired dignity of chevrons. All this was amusing, of course, and Stuart's delight was unbounded. The man remained with him till the time of his death, though not always as a corporal. In a mad freak of fun one day, the chief recommended his corporal for promotion, to see, he said, if the giant was capable of further swelling, and so the corporal became a lieutenant upon the staff.

With all his other boyish traits, Stuart had an almost childlike simplicity of character, and the combination of sturdy manhood and juvenile frankness and womanly tenderness of feeling made him a study to those who knew him best. His religious feeling was of that unquestioning, serene sort which rarely exists apart from the inexperience and purity of women or children.

While I was serving in South Carolina, I met one evening the general commanding the military district, and he, upon learning that I had served with Stuart, spent the entire evening talking of his friend, for they two had been together in the old army before the war. He told me many anecdotes of the cavalier, nearly all of which turned in some way upon the generous boyishness of his character in some one or other of its phases. He said, among other things, that at one time in winter-quarters on the plains of the West, I think, he, Stuart, and another officer (one of those still living who commanded

the Army of the Potomac during the war) slept together in one bed, for several months. Stuart and his brother lieutenant, the general said, had a quarrel every night about some trifling thing or other, just as boys will, but when he had made all the petulant speeches he could, Stuart would lie still a while, and then, passing his arm around the neck of his comrade, would draw his head to his own breast and say some affectionate thing which healed all soreness of feeling and effectually restored the peace. During the evening's conversation this general formulated his opinion of Stuart's military character in very striking phrase.

"He is," he said, "the greatest cavalry officer that ever lived. He has all the dash, daring, and audacity of Murat, and a great deal more sense." It was his opinion, however, that there were men in both armies who would come to be known as greater cavalry men than Stuart, for the reason that Stuart used his men strictly as cavalry, while others would make dragoons of them. He believed that the nature of our country was much better adapted to dragoon than to cavalry service, and hence, while he thought Stuart the best of cavalry officers, he doubted his ability to stand against such men as General Sheridan, whose conception of the proper place of the horse in our war was a more correct one, he thought, than Stuart's. "To the popular mind," he went on to say, "every soldier who rides a horse is a cavalry man, and so Stuart will be measured by an incorrect standard. He will be classed with General Sheridan and measured by his success or the want of it. General Sheridan is without doubt the greatest of dragoon commanders, as Stuart is the greatest of cavalry men; but in this country dragoons are worth a good deal more than cavalry, and so General Sheridan will probably win the greater reputation. He will deserve it, too, because behind it is the sound judgment which tells him what use to make of his horsemen."

It is worthy of remark that all this was said before General Sheridan had made his reputation as an officer, and I remember that at the time his name was almost new to me.

From my personal experience and observation of General Stuart, as well as from the testimony of others, I am disposed to think that he attributed to every other man qualities and tastes like his own. Insensible to fatigue himself, he seemed

never to understand how a well man could want rest; and as for hardship, there was nothing, in his view, which a man ought to enjoy quite so heartily, except danger. For a period of ten days, beginning before and ending after the first battle of Bull Run, we were not allowed once to take our saddles off. Night and day we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, catching naps when there happened for the moment to be nothing else to do, standing by our horses while they ate from our hands, so that we might slip their bridles on again in an instant in the event of a surprise, and eating such things as chance threw in our way, there being no rations anywhere within reach. After the battle, we were kept scouting almost continually for two days. We then marched to Fairfax Court House, and my company was again sent out in detachments on scouting expeditions in the neighborhood of Vienna and Falls Church. We returned to camp at sunset and were immediately ordered on picket. In the regular course of events we should have been relieved the next morning, but no relief came, and we were wholly without food. Another twenty-four hours passed, and still nobody came to take our place on the picket line. Stuart passed some of our men, however, and one of them asked him if he knew we had been on duty ten days, and on picket thirty-six hours without food.

"Oh, nonsense!" he replied. "You don't look starved. There's a cornfield over there, jump the fence and get a good breakfast. You don't want to go back to camp, I know; it's stupid there, and all the fun is out here. I never go to camp if I can help it. Besides, I've kept your company on duty all this time as a compliment. You boys have acquitted yourselves too well to be neglected now, and I mean to give you a chance."

We thought this a jest at the time, but we learned afterwards that Stuart's idea of a supreme compliment to a company was its assignment to extra hazardous or extra fatiguing duty. If he observed specially good conduct on the part of a company, squad or individual, he was sure to reward it by an immediate order to accompany him upon some unnecessarily perilous expedition.

His men believed in him heartily, and it was a common saying among them that "Jeb never says 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys.'" We felt sure, too, that there was little pros-

pect of excitement on any expedition of which he was not leader. If the scouting was to be merely a matter of form, promising nothing in the way of adventure, he would let us go by ourselves; but if there were prospects of "a fight or a race," as he expressed it, we were sure to see his long plume at the head of the column before we had passed outside our own line of pickets. While we lay in advance of Fairfax Court House, after Bull Run, Stuart spent more than a month around the extreme outposts on Mason's and Munson's hills without once coming to the camp of his command. When he wanted a greater force than he could safely detail from the companies on picket for the day, he would send after it, and with details of this kind he lived nearly all the time between the picket lines of the two armies. The outposts were very far in advance of the place at which we should have met and fought the enemy if an advance had been made, and so there was literally no use whatever in his perpetual scouting, which was kept up merely because the man could not rest. But aside from the fact that the cavalry was made up almost exclusively of the young men whose tastes and habits specially fitted them to enjoy this sort of service, Stuart's was one of those magnetic natures which always impress their own likeness upon others, and so it came to be thought a piece of good luck to be detailed for duty under his personal leadership. The men liked him and his ways, one of which was the pleasant habit he had of remembering our names and faces. I heard him say once that he knew by name not only every man in his old regiment, but everyone also in the first brigade, and as I never knew him to hesitate for a name, I am disposed to believe that he did not exaggerate his ability to remember men. This and other like things served to make the men love him personally, and there can be no doubt that his skill in winning the affection of his troopers was one of the elements of his success. Certainly no other man could have got so much hard service out of men of their sort, without breeding discontent among them.

A LITTLE REBEL

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It was an odd kind of a situation. It was in 1862, and we were on the coast of South Carolina defending the railroad line between Charleston and Savannah.

We had no infantry supports, and artillery is supposed to be helpless without such supports. But as there was nothing on the other side, excepting those pestilent sharpshooters in the Hayward mansion, we did not need support.

It was our business to shell that mansion, burn it, and drive the sharpshooters out. I may say, parenthetically, that we didn't like the business. Mr. Hayward, who was familiarly known as "Tiger Bill," had been the friend of our battery ever since we had succeeded in putting out a fire that had burnt some thousands of panels of fence for him. It is true that his friendship for us was in the main a reflex of his enmity to the Charleston Light Dragoons and the Routledge Mounted Riflemen. He favored us mainly to spite them. Nevertheless he favored us. He sent a wagon every morning to our camp loaded with vegetables, fruits, suckling pigs, and whatever else his dozen plantations might afford.

Naturally, we did not like the job of burning one of his country houses. But as business is business, so in war orders are orders.

Half a dozen shells did the work. Flames burst from the house in every direction, and the enemy's sharpshooters who had been using it as a vantage ground rapidly retreated across the cotton fields to the woodlands beyond under fire of our guns.

Our captain, a great bearded warrior, six feet four inches high, and as rough as men are made in appearance, was suddenly seized with a tender thought. Turning to me, he said: "There may be some poor devil wounded in that house and likely to be roasted. Let's ride over there and see."

We put spurs to our horses, dashed through the sharpshooters' fire, and a few minutes later began exploring the lower quarters of the house, the fire being above. We found

nothing till we came to the cellar. There we discovered a little girl, anywhere from two to three years old—I'm not a good judge of little girls' ages—sitting in a little rocking-chair, and singing "Dixie."

The captain grabbed her suddenly and ran to the open air with her, for the volumes of smoke were rapidly penetrating to the cellar. When he got her out, he said: "Who are you?"

She replied, in a piping little voice, "I'm *Lulalie.*"

Whether this meant that her name was Lula Lee, or Eulalie, or what, we could not make out.

"Where is your mama?" asked the captain.

"She's dead—she died when I was born."

"Where is your papa?"

"I don't know. Those ugly other people took him away. When he saw 'em coming, he took me to the cellar, and told me to stay there so the shells wouldn't hit me."

"Where's your maumey?" (Maumey meaning in South Carolina "negro nurse.")

"I don't know," she answered. "Those ugly other people took all the colored folks away."

Just then the battery advanced with its colors flying. Looking up, the little girl recognized the Confederate battle banner and said: "That's *my kind of a flag.* I don't like that ugly other striped thing."

Manifestly the child was without protectors. We adopted her in the name of the battery.

When we returned to the camp several serious questions arose. Jack Hawkins, one of the ex-circus clowns of the battery, suggested that first of all we must secure a chaperone for her. When asked what he meant by that, he said with lordly superiority: "Well, you see, chaperone is French for nurse. We want a nurse for this little child."

"Nonsense," said Denton, the other ex-circus clown, "you don't know any more about the proprieties than you do about French. Chaperone means somebody to look after a church, and this little girl isn't even a chapel. We'll look after her, and we don't want no nurse to help."

The captain, with his long beard, was holding the little child in his arms all this time, and she suddenly turned around to him and seizing his beard said: "I like your big whiskers.

They are like my papa's. You don't bite, because you've got hair on your face?"

"No, dear," he replied, "I don't bite such as you."

But he was very much given to biting, all the same—as the enemy had more than once found out.

"First of all," said Denton, who was nothing if not practical, "the little girl's got to have some clothes."

Denton was a tailor, as well as a clown, and naturally his thoughts were the first to run in that groove.

"I ain't much used to making girls' clothes, but a tailor's a tailor, and if anybody'll provide me the materials, I'll undertake to fix up some gowns for her."

Tom Booker, who was much given to riding around the country, said at once: "I know where the mortal remains of an old store repose, up at Gillisonville, about nine miles away. If I had any money—"

Every man thrust his hand into his pocket, and each drew out what he had. The sum total was more than adequate. When Tom returned a few hours later there were no "mortal remains" of that store left. He brought back with him thirty-seven yards of highly colored calico, of different patterns, one red blanket, a box full of galloon trimming, something that he called "gimp," two bolts of domestic, three cans of tomatoes, and two bottles of chow-chow, besides a dozen quarter cases of sardines and two kegs of cove oysters.

He dumped the merchandise on the ground with the remark: "There, I've closed that store."

Denton made some invidious remarks reflecting upon Tom's taste in the selection of calicoes, etc., adding the suggestion that there was galloon enough and "gimp" enough in the invoice "to upholster all the women in Charleston for the next six months"—if they liked that kind of thing.

Nevertheless, he set to work with a will. Within a day or two the little lady was provided with gowns and night-gowns, and underclothes sufficient in quantity, at least, though perhaps not made strictly in accordance with the latest fashions in gear of that kind. Indeed, Denton had succeeded in making her look very much hindsidebefore. The little girl's gowns all buttoned down the front. But the little girl was pleased with what she called the "gownies" and sometimes the "prit-

ties." Their barbaric colors tickled her taste so much that Denton decided to make her a cloak out of the flaming red blanket.

When it was put on her, her glory was complete. She said "It looks like my kind of a flag," referring to the red of the battle banner.

* * * * * *

She was taken away from us presently by a committee of good women of the neighborhood. She became the protegée of a lady whose whole life had been given to caring for other people, including our battery.

Denton, however, put in a claim to the privilege of continuing to fashion her clothes.

"You see I've got the whole stock of that store on my hands; and since I learned dressmaking, I've a fancy to perfect myself. And you see I've got fond of the little girl."

A couple of tears trickled down the hoary old sinner's cheek, and Mrs. Hutson consented.

Every day after roll-call the captain sent a delegation to the Hutsons' house to ask after the battery's child. Every day when we drilled at the guns the little girl herself came in her barbaric costume to see what she called her "shooties," meaning the cannoneers.

We had to part with our little girl presently, we being under orders, and she stationed. As we moved away from the station on our flat cars, she stood upon the platform, and waved "her kind of a flag" at us, crying, throwing kisses, and calling out: "Good-by, you good shooties."

I think the morals of the battery were distinctly better after this little episode.

EARLY HOOSIER MANNERS

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At the time of our stay there, Decatur County was completely and typically a "backwoods" region. Only a small part of the scattered population had attended even such schools as existed in the country districts of Southern Indiana. Only here and there—chiefly in Greensburg, the county seat—was there a young man who had spent a year in boarding school. The majority of the men and women in that primitive and sparsely settled country were illiterate, or very nearly so, not so much by any fault of their own as because they had lacked opportunity. The only schoolhouse I can remember in all the region round about, was one which our great-uncle, Captain Lowry, had built on the outskirts of his own farm, to be used rent free by any wandering schoolmaster who might succeed in securing "scholars" enough to justify him in keeping school. This happened only occasionally. It happened once during our year in Decatur County. At that time a man named Higgins opened a pay school there, and taught it for three months. He eked out the meagre income derived from the school by teaching a singing school every Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

There was an abundance of volume in his voice, I remember, but his only knowledge of music consisted of an ability to sing by "numeral notes," a system then much in vogue in the remoter parts of the country. Instead of a musical scale, there were two parallel lines between which numbers were printed. One stood for *do,* two for *re,* three for *mi,* four for *fah,* and so on to eight, which stood for *do* again. If a numeral was printed above or below the parallel lines it indicated that it was to be sung an octave above or below. Instead of soprano, bass, alto and tenor, the four parts were tenor, treble, counter and bass, the word tenor signifying the "air" of the tune, to be sung by soprano voices. That use of the word was logical and etymological at any rate.

The singing school was maintained by subscription—just as more pretentious operas and concerts are at present. And

like our opera, its sessions constituted important social functions. All the young men of the neighborhood subscribed the price fixed upon. The young women were deemed to contribute their sufficient share merely by gracing the sessions with their presence. The little boys and girls also came without charge.

The singing school was in many ways a minister to culture of the backwoods kind, to social intercourse and to courtship and marriage. Young men in that region never escorted young women to singing school or to church; but when the exercises in either case were at an end, every young man who could screw his courage up "to the sticking point," would mount his horse, ride up to the side of the damsel he wished to cultivate, and stammeringly ask her, "May I see you safe home?"

There was good reason for trepidation, indeed. For the "eternal feminine" was as strongly self-assertive in those young women of the backwoods as it is in any belle of our day, while their disposition to assert themselves in rather free and easy ways was not curbed by any excessive regard for the nicer courtesies of life. If a young man's attentions were unwelcome to the girl chosen for their object, or if the girl happened to be pretty and inclined to coquetry, she was apt to bring a rude and well worn wit to bear for his discomfiture. When, in the conventional phrase, he asked, "May I see you safe home?" she would answer, "Yes, if you'll ride on ahead and sit on our front fence till I get there." There were other formulæ sometimes used on either side, but the one given will serve as a sufficient example.

For the most part the girls graciously accepted the proffered escort, unless the man offering it happened to be especially disagreeable, or unless, by superior promptitude, his offer of escort had anticipated that of some other and more favored youth, upon whose present coming the girl counted with hope and confidence.

Even in this unvarnished society there were well understood conventions governing social intercourse. Upon arriving at her home the girl's behavior toward her escort very nicely marked the extent of her favor, or the lack of it. If she thanked him for his attention, and dismissed him with

a prompt "good-bye," it meant that he had had his trouble for his pains, or something like that. If she were a trifle more gracious, and bade him call again, it signified that she liked him well enough, but was, as yet, at least a trifle indifferent to any attractions he might possess. If she invited him to "have dinner with us," the fact involved at least so much of "encouragement" as might justify him in further attempts to win her favor. Of course, the tone and manner in each case modified the general significance of the words, as they always do when maidens are at the age of choosing and are dealing with possible or probable suitors. Such things "come by nature" to women of the backwoods as surely as to the women of the drawing-room.

The sturdy virtues of manliness, honesty, and industry among men, and a proud self-respect among women, were strongly marked in this typically western, backwoods community. But many petty superstitions survived among them, and even the more intelligent of them were credulous in strange ways. The scientific habit of mind was completely lacking. The weather warnings of patent medicine almanacs were accepted as confidently as the advertised nostrums themselves were taken, in spite of the frequent failure of both. Young women swallowed chickens' hearts whole with incantations that were believed to smooth the pathway of true love. Such physicians as lived in those parts found annoyingly successful rivals in practice in the persons of ignorant old crones—such as Edwards describes in Grandy Sanders—whose simples, gathered at the right time of the moon, were firmly believed to work well-nigh miraculous cures. Still more confident was the popular faith in the pretensions of certain claimants to occult powers. I remember hearing a weird and awe-inspiring tale of the success of one of these in curing disease without so much as seeing the patient. The story was told to me in the dense forest, during a 'coon hunt at midnight. It was related that some man in chopping wood had split his own foot nearly in two; that after hours of effort, the physician who had been called in declared that he could in no way stop the hemorrhage, and that the man must bleed to death; that thereupon a messenger was sent at midnight to wake the occult healer and invoke his assistance; that the man

of mysterious powers, without rising from his bed, had bidden messenger to return, for that the bleeding was now stopped; and finally, that it did cease at precisely the time of the healer's declaration of the fact.

Let us not laugh too derisively over the credulity of a simple, unlearned people as illustrated in this story. Let us reflect that even in our highly scientific time, in our most advanced communities, there are scores of thousands of educated men and women who not only believe in healings equally absurd, but are almost belligerent in their assertion of their faith, and quite lavish in their gifts of money for the building of marble temples in which to teach and propagate their doctrine of "absent treatment" by faith alone. A foolish credulity seems quite as prevalent among the educated people of an enlightened time as among those who lacked the knowledge and the intellectual training which are supposed to eradicate such credulity from the mind. Superstition is, perhaps, a matter of mental constitution rather than of mental condition as affected by education. Years after he had finished his work of portraying the rude ignorance of the Hoosiers, Edward Eggleston wrote "The Faith Doctor," to show forth the worse credulity of men and women who had not the Hoosiers' plea of ignorance to excuse their weakness of mind.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

[18 —]

B. LAWTON WIGGINS

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT is a South Carolinian by descent, a Georgian by birth and a Tennessean by adoption. She is a daughter of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, the first Bishop of Georgia, and a sister of the late Right Reverend Robert W. B. Elliott, the first Bishop of Western Texas. Her mother was Charlotte Bull Barnwell of South Carolina. Early in the seventies the family moved to Sewanee, Tennessee, where is located the University of the South, which her father helped to found.

Miss Elliott was educated at home, studying occasionally under the professors at Sewanee. In 1886 she spent some time in Baltimore, studying under Dr. Bright of Johns Hopkins University. In 1887 Miss Elliott went abroad, where she spent a year traveling on the Continent, in England and in the East. In the autumn of 1895 she moved to New York, where she continued to live until 1902, usually returning to Sewanee for the summer months. With the exception of these years, Sewanee has always been her home. No one more than she has helped to create here an environment and atmosphere for the cultivation of the refined art of writing. A little log cabin, to the rear of her residence, has been her workshop for many years. Long ago it was dedicated to and named after 'Jerry,' the novel which brought her greatest fame.

Miss Elliott is a member of the Colonial Dames, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and of the Historical Society of South Carolina; also of the following clubs: Barnard and Wednesday Afternoon, in New York; and Lyceum, in London.

Although Miss Elliott began writing as a child, before she was twelve years old, writing because she loved it, she published nothing until 'The Felmeres,' which came out in 1880 (D. Appleton and Company). In this book the motif was faith; whether religious faith has to be cultivated as we cultivate the memory or imagination.

It is one of the finest protests against narrow views of God and His Word. It is a strong, logical, touching, dramatic story—full of real, though slightly morbid power. The conclusion shows a little lack of art and some lack of truth to human nature. The resort to violence to solve a moral problem is not justifiable—nor is it necessary to the moral or the effect of the story. The religious argument,

which would not have been misplaced earlier, rather interrupts the flow of the story and hurts its artistic effect, introduced where it is. It furthermore is too much on the order of a thesis, with an academic flavor. 'A Simple Heart,' which was published in 1886 (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a valuable study as well as a beautiful and touching story—the story of a man who failed, always a pathetic subject, and made more pathetic because it was the man's success which wrought his failure. A simple-hearted carpenter in one of the rough towns of Texas, he became a preacher, till he raised the people to a level above his own, and then they cried out for finer manners, a handsome church and all which goes therewith. The humor in the little tale is as marked as the pathos, and while the whole is told realistically with no attempt at rhetoric or analysis, it forms an imaginative bit of insight into character and life which raises it far above the level of the commonplace.

'Jerry' was brought out as a serial in *Scribner's* in 1890-91, and at the end of the latter year was published by Henry Holt and Company. It was republished in England and Australia (James R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Company), and translated into German. 'Jerry' was a rare success, satisfying expectations of author and publisher. It is a unique production, strong, masculine, with a deep purpose, a most remarkable grasp of affairs, a wide sweep, of great dramatic interest and power of characterization, with a rhythmical sequence which ends as a poem should end, righteously and in exact effect from such cause. It is conceived and constructed on the lines of a Greek tragedy with Jerry as the protagonist, all the other characters subordinated, an irresistible fate sweeping him on to his doom. As a story of life and customs in the regions where the scenes are laid it is excellent. It is as true as life, and as sad. It expresses two great truths in different ways: the deadening effect of money-getting, or of any mere petty ambition, to the moral nature; and the fact that in a man's development the passion of love does not necessarily play an important part. Political economy is substituted for love in guiding the man to his destiny. There are scenes which deserve to live forever, especially all the first part which deals with Jerry's childhood, the description of his finding old Joe's hoardings, and Joe's wanderings in the mine. The dialect is good, the English vigorous, the characters strong. The book could have been improved by condensation.

The same year that 'Jerry' was published 'John Paget' was written. It was published in 1893 (Henry Holt and Company). This story embodies the author's theology—the story of two brothers, the one brought up a Christian, the other an atheist. The development of these two characters and the play of each upon the other makes the

story, which is laid in New York because it is the center of the American world, and of the Church's work. The growth of worldliness in the Church and the growth of unbelief are treated perhaps too didactically—perhaps with too much realism and pessimism. Too much sadness in art is not justifiable—there being too much in real life. Unbelief and worldliness are indeed evident facts, but the author's pictures are too dark; she should have let in more gleams of light, and not have left the saint discredited and discouraged and the sinner hopeless and triumphant. A year or two after this 'The Durket Sperret' came out in *Scribner's* as a serial and in 1897 was published in book form (Henry Holt and Company). 'As Others See Us' was the first name given by the author but it was changed to 'The Durket Sperret' upon the suggestion of the publishers. It is a powerful and pathetic mountain tragedy, marked by a freedom from the melodrama which occasionally mars the author's work. It is one of her strongest and best character sketches. In fact the characters seem to stand out until one can see them—leaving a very vivid impress on the mental vision. Especially noteworthy are the pictured scenes in the cove and on the mountain, in which one recognizes Sewanee, the seat of the University of the South, and one of the valleys below known as "Lost Cove." The charge of realism cannot with justice be brought against this book. The average human being has not the high ideals, ambitions and feelings of Hannah, who is in every sense of the word a true heroine, a noble and strenuous soul. And how often does one find a Dudley in the real world! The "sperret" of the Durkets and the nobility of Dock Wilson's character are happily portrayed. A clever short story entitled "An Idle Man" is included in this volume.

'An Incident and Other Happenings' is the title given to a collection of eight charming stories, published by Harper and Brothers in 1899, having previously appeared as short stories in *Harper's* and *Scribner's*—under the following titles: "An Incident," "Miss Maria's Revival," "Faith and Faithfulness," "An Ex-Brigadier," "Squire Kayley's Conclusions," "Without the Courts," "Mrs. Gollyhaw's Candy-stew," "Baldy." The volume created wide interest upon its publication by reason of the impressive way in which the author treated racial and social problems in the South since the war, and especially the subject of lynching. The artistic handling, the reticence, the condensation, the delicate pathos, the clear vision of character revealed in these stories give evidence not only of unusual talent but of genius. "An Incident" is on the whole the best piece of work the author has yet done.

'Sam Houston' was written for the Beacon Biography Series and was published in 1900 (Small, Maynard and Company). The little

volume which the author dedicates to her brother, the late Right Reverend Robert W. B. Elliott, first Bishop of Western Texas, is just short of one hundred and fifty pages. To compress in so small a space the career and character of so unique a personage as Sam Houston was a difficult task. As the author says in the preface: "The life of General Houston was so full, so varied, so interwoven with public affairs that it has been exceedingly difficult to give in such small space even an outline of his career." It is evident that Miss Elliott has a thorough sympathy for Houston's fine, manly character, as well as a full understanding of the State and people he served so splendidly. She had posted herself on the history of the period and had made use of fresh manuscript materials bearing upon her hero's life, touching as it does on the questions of territorial expansion, of silver, and of the secession of the Southern States.

Houston had spent the first part of his public life in Tennessee and the latter part in Texas, the State that he founded. Miss Elliott's long residence in Tennessee and frequent visits to her brother in Texas had afforded her exceptional opportunities for giving us an interesting account of Houston's life and activities, military, political, social and personal, and also a suggestive picture of the early days of Texas. She did her work well. The book is written in a very entertaining style and her narrative of Houston's part in the winning of Texas is most spirited.

In 1901, just a year before Miss Elliott returned to Sewanee from New York, she wrote and published 'The Making of Jane' (Charles Scribner's Sons, In this she tries to work out in the person of Mrs. Saunders a perfectly self-centered character, whom many a reader will recall in real life. There are only four persons concerned in the working out of the plot; First, the heroine, Jane Ormonde, who is adopted into her cousin's family; second, Mrs. Saunders, the wife of this cousin, who thus becomes Jane's foster-mother; and finally, two young men, Mark Witting and Lawrence Creswick, both of whom are in love with Jane.

In order to escape from under the thumb of a cold-hearted worldly woman who loves "society" better than anything else and who is scheming to marry her to the man whom she does not love, Jane leaves a wealthy home in New York and voluntarily returns to poverty and independence to find her lost self again. She goes to a little town away down South and teaches a private school; after a time she engages in business with great success—then returns to New York and marries the one whom she does love. A greater part of the story is worked out through dramatic incidents and there is presented a series of character studies of extraordinary human interest. The keen, subtle analysis of the character of Jane in childhood and wom-

anhood and of the dominating, tyrannical personality of Mrs. Saunders is a marked feature of a book which is admirably written—with many flashes of wit and humor, and with a deep note of sincerity running through it all.

'Jerry' and 'The Making of Jane' are Miss Elliott's two strongest novels—and yet, how different! The former is a man's story, the latter a woman's: the scene of the one is laid in a mountain and mining town and of the other in New York and Newport.

About this time Miss Elliott made her first essay in the dramatic field, associating with her Miss Maud Hosford. Her play, "His Majesty's Servant," was presented by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial Theater, London, October 6, 1904, was enthusiastically received and ran successfully for one hundred nights. The scene is laid in England in the last days of the Commonwealth, and the plots and intrigues which foreshadowed the restoration of Charles II give opportunities for some sensational scenes. It is a wholesome and hearty melodrama flavored with historical romance.

Among the many short stories which Miss Elliott has contributed to various publications but which have never been collected and published in book form may be mentioned the following:

In *The Independent*: "Stephen's Margaret," "Miss Eliza," "As a Little Child," "A Florentine Idyl."

In *Youth's Companion*: "Beside Still Waters," "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," "The Opening of the Southwestern Door," "The Wreck."

In *Harper's Bazar*: "Miss Ann's Victory."

In *The Smart Set*: "What Polly Knew."

In *Book News*: "Hands All Round," "Jim's Victory."

In *The Current*: "Jack Watson, a Character Study."

In *The Pilgrim*: "Rest Remaineth."

In *Lippincott's*: "Fortune's Vassals."

In *Harper's Magazine*: "Hybrid Roses."

In *The Sewanee Review*: "Ibsen."

In *The Outlook*: "Spirit of the Nineteenth Century in Literature."

Clever bits of verse have also appeared from her pen from time to time.

Miss Elliott's foreign letters to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* were marked by a freshness of expression, an artistic catching of salient features, an utter absence of guide-bookishness which would entitle them to be considered as models of their kind.

B. Lawton Wiggins

JERRY

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"Alone, and empty-handed in this world
Where loves and hopes lie thick as Heaven's stars."

He sat in the doorway with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his dirty little hands. His yellow face was expressionless almost; and his thin, straight lips looked as if they could never have smiled or laughed as a child's lips should. A tired face with all the lines set as in the countenance of an old person; a stolid face that gave small sign of heart, or mind, or soul.

Motionless he sat with the spring sun sending a thousand flickering lights about him, and cutting his shadow sharp and black on the block of light in the doorway.

Behind him, a clay-daubed log-house; before him, a barren, rain-gullied yard—a broken rail-fence, and a few poor apple-trees that seemed ashamed of the meager blossoms they could show. A rickety grindstone stood at the corner of the house where the mud chimney jutted out—an axe stuck in a log near the wood-pile—one lean, straight-tailed hog rooted in a corner of the fence.

In all his life the child had never looked on any other scene—had never lost sight of the smoke from that poor chimney. Now he rose slowly, pulling up his ragged trousers.

"I'm agoin'," he said at last, looking straight before him, "it aint no use; I can't git to see you no mo', and you telled me as it wornt much fur you wuz agoin' to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur," and putting his hands in his pockets, he walked away slowly down a well-worn path to where a spring made a still, clear pool in the gray rocks. He paused here a moment to drink out of a sun-bleached gourd that lay on a ledge, then passed beyond to where in a corner of the fence there was a grave. Some rails had been laid about the off-side of this grave; but only to an insignificant height this extra fence had reached, as if the strength that built it were not equal to the task.

The child stood and looked; his expression did not change;

no special feeling seemed to stir within him; but at last the straight lips parted and he spoke to the grave as he had spoken to himself up at the house. "I'm agoin', Mammy," he said, "it ain't no use; Dad he beats me, an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' las' night her beat me too; it aint no use. I aint took much rails," he went on, "an' mebbe Dad'll lettum stay; mebbe he'll furgit you're down here if I kivver you good; mebbe he'll furgit," and without haste or excitement he climbed over the outer fence to reach a brush-heap which was there.

"I'll kivver you good," he repeated, and dropped the brush piece by piece over the fence on to the grave; then beyond he picked a long branch of blackberry blossoms.

Gravely he scanned from end to end the blooming brier; he recrossed the fence, and stood once more by the grave; again the sharp little voice broke the stillness. "You wuz powerful proud of blossoms, Mammy," he said, "an I'll lay 'em thar; but I'm agoin'; I can't git to see you, but Dad can't nuther, can't beat you no mo'; an' mebbe," nodding his head slowly, "mebbe he'll furgit them rails."

His task was done, and he stood slouching like an old man; his shoulders rounded forward; his hands in his pockets, and his bare feet drawn close together.

The poor grave had become a brush-heap, with the long spray of snowy blossoms on the top; and the stolen rails were covered.

"Mebbe he'll furgit them rails," and he turned away toward the house,

Straight up the path to the house, and in at the door; there he paused and looked about him. In one corner a bed; in another the pile of straw where the child slept—the broad, broken fireplace where stones served for andirons—the cracked dutch-oven—the frying-pan and battered coffee-pot—the few tin plates and cups—the splint-bottomed chairs—the string of red peppers over the chimney; all these things that had been always about his little life, he was about to leave. He drew his dirty shirt-sleeve across his nose, pausing in the act as his eyes in their survey reached a dark corner of the house; he walked over to the spot. A faded, blue homespun apron hung there; he eyed it gravely, then touched it softly.

"It's your'n, Mammy," he whispered, "it aint Minervy Ann Salter's; her aint never so much as teched it—it's been a-hangin' thar ever sense Dad knocked youuns over; Dad aint agoin' to 'member it," and while he spoke he drew himself up by the uneven logs until he reached the peg where the apron hung. Once more on the floor with his prize in his hands, he looked it over with a gleam of recognition in his eyes as if every smirch upon it had some association for him; then rolled it up with clumsy carefulness, wrapping some straw about it to make it fast.

"It aint Minervy Ann Salter's," he said decisively, "it's Mammy's, sure*ly*,"and he turned and left the house.

A road passed by the old rail-fence, turning down the hillside; a rough, red clay road where the winter's ruts had hardened into shape under the spring sun; with here and there a well-worn stump garnishing its ugly length, or the rounded shoulder of some mighty buried cliff making a few smooth steps. On either side the woods crept up so close that the roots of the trees were travel-worn, and much bark was missing from the trunks at the usual height of the wheel-hubs. A lonely, desolate road lying like a long red gash cut on the face of the world as God had left it—the only mark that man had made.

The child paused as he climbed the fence, paused astride the top rail, and hitched the strings that answered for braces a little higher on his shoulders, then turned the straw-wrapped bundle over slowly in his hands.

"It aint no use," he repeated once again, as if at the last some memory laid faint hold upon him, "it aint no use, Mammy," he whispered, "an' I've done kivvered youuns good—rale good," almost pleadingly, "good as I could." One moment more he paused, then climbed down to the rough road, and turned away resolutely from all the landmarks of his little life. If he realized at all the step he was about to take—if he had any fear of the world or the treatment he would meet with there—if he felt any sorrow for the ties he was breaking, he gave no sign more than the pause as he crossed the fence. What had roused him now seemed more than he could bear, and so he went away.

The road grew more and more rough as it descended the

hills; the rocks more frequent and more scarred and scraped by brake-locked wheels; the trees were taller and bent in more various directions as they had to find more unequal rootage among the rocks. Tall, shining poplars; broad-leaved chestnuts; slim, gaunt oaks that had no room to spread, and from tree to tree rank vines—wild grapes and briars that made an impassable barrier on either side.

Straight on the child walked; not picking his way, nor avoiding rock, nor root, nor mudhole; straight on, neither fast nor slow, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His little bundle close under one arm; his hands in his pockets; his hat crammed well down on his head, so that his colorless hair, creeping through a hole in the crown, could scarcely be distinguished from the equally colorless felt.

Down, down the road wound, with sometimes a level sweep—sometimes a slight rise that showed it was not taking the most direct route toward the valley: still, it made toward the valley: the ruts deepening into gullies—the woods becoming more and more dense—the rocks changing from yellow to a pale gray—the clay shading to a more sanguinary hue that prophetically stained the feet of the child e'er the first day of his wandering was done. The noonday sun looked straight down on the rough road and the human mite that followed it, then slowly sank down the western sky: the shadows blackened in the woods; the rocks and the stems of the trees took on weird shapes; the wind rose and fell, dying far away up the hillside.

The child walked on: the shadows and the gathering darkness did not seem to disturb him: on between the black woods, with the narrow strip of sky above him turning slowly from blue to violet, where presently the watchful stars would shine and flicker in their places.

The road broadened, and a fence stood sharply defined against the sky; a section of fence that seemed to run along the brow of a hill.

The child paused, then went on more slowly: where was he, and who lived here?

Gradually the road rose until it reached the fence, then

both dipped abruptly, and before him, in a little basin-like hollow, a light shone.

He stopped again, as if for consideration, then approached cautiously, over the fence and through a field where the belted dead trees stood up like gaunt specters against the sky.

Nearer and nearer the child crept, pausing every few moments to make observations, until he was so near that the fire, shining all over the one room of the house, showed him quite plainly the faces gathered about it, and striking out through the open door made a broad path of light across the field.

"I aint never sawn them folks," he said softly to himself, "them aint never been up our way." Again he looked to make quite sure, when suddenly there came the sharp bark of a dog that dashed out at him, and a woman following quickly made retreat hopeless.

"Who's thar!" she called out; then to the dog. "Hold yer mouth, Buck, consarn yer!" and a troop of children coming to the front, the boy was discovered. He stood quite still, a black shadow in the stream of light, his hands in his pockets—the little bundle close under one arm, and his yellow face, all drawn and haggard from hunger and fatigue, turned up to meet the eyes of the woman.

"Mussy me!" she said, kicking the small dog aside, and taking a snuff stick from her mouth, "Whar's you come from?"

"No whars," the child answered, looking furtively in the direction of the fence as if bent on retreat.

"No whars," the woman repeated, setting her arms akimbo, and again kicking the small dog over, "that's a rale likely tale; whar's youun's mar?"

The child paused a moment as if thinking, then said slowly:

"I dunno."

"Yer dunno?" raising her voice; "I 'llow thet's a peart lookout fer sense: well, where's youuns' par?"

"Over yon," pointing to the hills that loomed above them.

"Thet's more like now," a little satisfaction coming into her voice; "an' whar mout you be agoin'?"

"Over yon," pointing to the west, where the yellow light still lingered in the far, day-faithful horizon.

"Thet's rale sensible," sarcastically; "I reckon you've about telled all youuns knows, aint yer?"

"I reckon," humbly.

"Jest so; I reckon yer have, ceppen youuns' name; is you got any of thet?"

"Jerry."

"Jerry," the woman repeated, and looking him over from head to foot, laid her hand on his shoulder; not roughly, yet a shiver ran over the child's thin little body, and his tired eyes flickered in their upward look.

"Lord-er-mussy, chile!" and she gave him a little shake, "thar aint no use a-trimlin' an' a-jumpin', I aint agoin' to knock you;—looks like you is usen to beatin'."

"I is," stolidly.

"An' I 'llows thet you is runned away," putting her head on one side with a knowing look, "aint thet so?"

There was a pause, then a quick gasp as the child's voice, grown suddenly sharper, broke the silence. "Does you know Minervy Ann Salter?" fearfully.

"No."

A sigh of relief came from the boy.

"Her's a great, big woman," he said meditatively, "an' her knocked me deef an' bline, her did, an' I runned away."

"Well, I never! jest alisten, Delithy," to a younger woman who had joined the group.

"I hearn," Delithy answered, taking out a piece of straight comb that held up the knot of sandy hair on the back of her head, to comb it straight back from each side the ragged part, and screw it up again, "I hearn; but aint her no kin to youuns?"

"Minervy Ann?" the boy asked with some scorn, "no!"

Then inside the house a baby began to cry, and the women turned simultaneously.

"I reckon you kin come in, Jerry," the elder woman said, and the child followed her.

Tired and stiff and hungry, the fire, and the smell of something that was cooking on the hearth, made the lines of the child's face relax, and sent a gleam of light into his hopeless eyes. All that long spring day he had walked without a stop for rest, and nothing had passed his lips since he

drank from the still pool near the brush-heaped grave. Now he squatted at the corner of the wide chimney and watched intently the coarse corn bread that was baking in a spider over the coals.

"Youuns looks powerful hungry," Delithy remarked, when the baby being hushed and the children settled in a convenient staring distance of the new-comer, silence reigned—"how long sence youuns had wittles?"

"I aint had a bite sence mornin'," not moving his eyes from the bread.

"An' been a-runnin' all day?"

"I were feared to run," he said, "I were feared I'd give out."

"Well, I reckon you jest would."

"Kin I have a *leetle* bite?" the boy went on, pointing to the bread, but not moving his eyes from it; "I'll chop wood for it."

Delithy moved her snuff-stick thoughtfully across her big white teeth, eyeing the boy the while.

"An' I'll tote water," was added by the sharp little voice to the pitiful bargain; he was so hungry.

"Youuns seem usen to work," Delithy remarked.

"I reckon I is," thoughtfully, "kin I have it?"

"It's Jake's bread," she answered slowly, watching the boy intently as with a dull satisfaction in his longing that was with her a form of humor.

"Well, Jake aint a-comin' this night," the elder woman put in, returning from where she had deposited the baby on the bed, "an' I reckon Louwisy Dyer is able to give a bite of bread 'thout tradin'; I 'low 'twont hurt, though, to tote a leetle water," stooping over the bread. "Youuns is sure 'bout it?"

"I is," and for the first time that day the little bundle dropped from under the boy's arm, and both hands were stretched out, "jest sure"—then further utterance was stopped by the bread.

"Fur all the world like a hongry dorg," Delithy said, after some thought, "I never seen ther like," and again she combed and put in place her sandy locks.

Then in a tin-cup the elder woman gave Jerry some cold

coffee, and told him where in the loft he could sleep on some fodder.

And the child crept away up the ladder, and quickly fell asleep with his bundle safe inside of his shirt.

"'Cause it might git lost in ther fodder," he said.

* * * * * *

THE JOURNEY ENDS

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

"He aint no better, an' kent never get no better," Mrs. Milton said in a voice that was harsh and bitter with anger and grief, and she glanced suspiciously at Greg, who, with his arm in a sling and his head bandaged, looked almost as worn and thin as Jerry lying on the bed between them.

Jerry lying still and helpless, with drawn white face and vacant eyes—vacant eyes that made Greg remember his father's warning.

"He's allers a-countin' them chips," Mrs. Milton went on, pointing to a pile of dry chips that lay under the sick man's hand, "or he's a-talkin' to this little passel," drawing from under Jerry's pillow a small package wrapped in old newspaper.

The sick man held out his hands, so white and tremulous, while a wistful look came into his eyes.

"It's Mammy's," he said, "Mammy's."

Greg looked up in surprise; Mrs. Milton shook her head, catching a sob in her throat.

"He's been atalkin' thet away ever sence he were brunged har," she said; "he's done gone backer orl his'n larnin', an' orl his'n trouble, to his'n mammy," and she gave Jerry the little bundle.

"It aint wuth nothin'," he said, looking up at Greg wistfully, "it's nothin' as'll do youuns no good—it's Mammy's—Mammy's," his voice falling fainter.

Greg turned away—was it only that he was weakened by wounds and the awful loss and ruin that he had endured, that he leaned against the mantel-piece sobbing so pitifully?

"The new doctor says thet he kent las' out the night," Mrs. Milton went on, "an' thar aint nary soul to pray alonger him ceppen you, Mr. Greg."

Greg shook his head.

"I can not," he whispered huskily, "I do not know how."

A tired sigh came from the sick man, causing both watchers to turn.

"I can not count them," he said wearily, in the voice and language that Greg was accustomed to hear from his lips, "but what is the use," he went on, "of counting gold that is as common as chips; as chips that I can throw into the water. Ah, the water! how it boils and surges—how it laughs and sings as it goes back to its old home—and it will flash into the sunlight again at Eureka—Eureka!!"

Mrs. Milton went hastily to the bedside.

"He'll git wild in a minute," she said, "an thet'll kill 'im," and again she drew the poor little bundle from under the pillow where he had hidden it. "This aller makes him quiet."

"It's Mammy's," and again the weak hand clasped the bundle, "an' mebbe Dad'll forgit them rails, mebbe he'll furgit," the voice sinking gradually, then the tired eyes closed and he seemed asleep.

Greg came back to the bedside now, and the young physician from the railway camp joined him there: he seemed excited.

"They have caught Henley," he whispered, "but the people must not know it—they would kill him."

Greg's eyes flashed, and he drew a sharp breath between his clenched teeth. Then aloud the physician said:

"Wilkerson can not possibly live," and his hand was on the fluttering pulse, "and it is most fortunate; for his fortune is gone, and his debts are enormous, and he could never recover his mind; it is most fortunate."

"Git away!" and Mrs. Milton pushed the astonished stranger aside roughly—"if Jerry Wilkerson wuz as big a fool as youuns," she said, "Mandy Milton'd be proud to tuck keer of him fur ever—jest you 'member thet; an' pay orl he owes, an' glad to do it too—an' Mr. Greg knows it."

"I beg pardon," and the young man stepped back, "I meant no harm."

"Mebbe not," sharply, raising Jerry's head on her shoulder that the labored breathing might be a little easier—"an' if you kent do nothin' fur him ceppen to be thankful he's a-dyin', jest go 'long; me an' Mr. Greg kin 'ten' to him."

The doctor took up his hat, when suddenly a hand clutched his shoulder, and the old woman drew him to her, looking in his face with burning eyes.

"Kin youuns pray?" she whispered hoarsely.

He shook his head, and the hold on his shoulder relaxed.

"Notter soul to pray fur him," she muttered, smoothing back from the sick man's brow the hair that had grown so white—" notter soul—but God'll know!"

The sick man's eyes opened.

"Mammy's gone to God," he whispered, "the doctor tole me thet."

"Yes, honey," the old woman answered, soothing him as gently as a mother would her little child; then all was still save the fire that whispered and sighed.

The doctor lingered near the door; Greg leaned against the mantel-piece with his hand over his eyes; the old woman stood as if cut in stone, holding in her arms the dying man: the clock told off relentlessly the flying moments and the solemn hours gathered full and fell.

Slower and slower the breath came; the heart struggled in its beating; the poor hands held close with pitiful faithfulness the little bundle wrapped up so long ago.

He could not last much longer.

The doctor held the failing pulse; Greg drew a little nearer; Mrs. Milton bent a little under the growing weight in her arms.

Slower and slower the pulse-beats came; the eyelids quivered—there was a little sigh, and the tired eyes looked up—wistful, pleading, pitiful!

"I never knowed, Mammy, I never knowed," he said, and the journey begun so long ago among the Southern hills was ended.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

[1788—1863]

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE

WILLIAM ELLIOTT was born in Beaufort, South Carolina, on April 27, 1788. He sprang from good old English stock, and his immediate family was and still is one of the most distinguished in his native State. His grandfather and his father, both named William Elliott, were prominent citizens of Beaufort. His father (1761-1808) was a soldier of the Revolution, and at the surprise on John's Island was dangerously wounded, was taken prisoner, and immured in a British prison-ship. His brother was the eminent Charleston botanist and man of letters, Stephen Elliott, LL.D. (1771-1830), who with Hugh S. Legaré founded *The Southern Review*.

William Elliott entered Harvard in 1806, and at once took a high rank in scholarship. Though failing health seriously interrupted his college course, he graduated in 1809, and received his master's degree in 1815. He was elected a member of the Legislature and served successively in both branches with great credit and ability. During the nullification crisis of 1832, however, he resigned his seat in the Senate rather than vote to nullify the tariff law in accordance with the instructions of his constituents. He then for many years devoted himself to the management of his estates, and became widely known as a scholarly and accomplished planter and a writer and lecturer of no mean ability on agricultural and other subjects. From the retirement of his plantation he contributed to current periodicals articles on political, economic, and agricultural questions. In 1851 there appeared from his pen in *The Southern Review* the series of papers in opposition to secession, signed *Agricola*. Under the pen-names of *Piscator* and *Venator*, which were probably borrowed from 'Compleat Angler,' he contributed to the press of Charleston a series of sporting sketches which were collected and published in 1846 under the title of 'Carolina Sports by Land and Water.' One of his addresses, that delivered before the St. Pauls's Agricultural Society, is extant in pamphlet form. He was the author also of a number of occasional poems of merit, and of a romantic drama entitled "Fiesco: A Tragedy" (1850). He died in Charleston, South Carolina, on February 3, 1863.

Elliott's most important contribution to literature is his 'Carolina

Sports,' a collection which attained sufficient popularity to pass through one English and two American editions. For a generation in the Carolinas it was, indeed, a sort of indispensable manual among the disciples of old Nimrod and Izaak Walton. Though the author's style is deliberately impromptu, the book is vitally picturesque, and its faithful descriptions of scenery, character, and pastimes in ante-bellum days should trebly preserve it from oblivion. The scene of the work is that part of South Carolina which lies southeast of Charleston, especially Hilton Head, Wadmalaw, the Edicts, James's and John's Islands, and the waters of Port Royal Sound. The first part consists of a series of interesting narratives of the author's adventures with sharks, and his personal experiences in fishing for the bass, the drumhead, and the swift and powerful devilfish, called by Dr. Mitchell "the Vampire of the Ocean." The account of the exciting and dangerous sport of devil-fishing has never been equalled, and deserves a permanent place in the literature of sportsmanship as a masterpiece of realistic sketchwork.

The second part is similarly devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and includes several spirited narratives of hunting the wildcat, the deer, and other game in the swamps and forests along the coast. Much of the charm of the volume lies in its familiar personal tone, and the genial vein of philosophic reflection which at intervals interrupts the stories of adventure. "His book," says a review in *The Southern Quarterly* (July, 1847), "indicates a mind familiar with other sciences than that of woodcraft. It is the episodical, contemplative, descriptive spirit of Izaak Walton that gives a charm to his work, and makes it the model of all who may attempt the same kind of subject. Mr. Elliott is very happy occasionally in the vein of thought alluded to. There are passages in his book of this digressive character—a reflection at a moment when the action pauses, while the hunter awaits the deer at his stand; a description of river or forest scenery, the place of hunting or fishing; an allusion to the pursuits and conversation of a distinguished soldier and statesman in the evening of life (General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney at his mansion on Pinckney Island), and the repose of the country—all of which are written with great beauty and constitute one of the chief attractions of the work." Such was the impression made by 'Carolina Sports' upon a contemporary of the author's. He was fortunate also, aside from the local and personal appeal in his work, in the fact that its subject is one of perennial and universal interest. The book will attract Twentieth Century readers through its human interest and as a genuine first-hand document of the manly pastimes of our ancestors. Besides, it is written in a style which, though artless and

sometimes uncouth, is perfectly clear and extraordinarily animated. The author, as he dashed off his sketches in a dozen different moods, had no thought of the close scrutiny of the critic. Among his stylistic shortcomings, it must be admitted that in the fear of being tame he often wants the grace of repose and overcharges his style with excessive vivacity, exuberant wit, and grotesque exaggeration. Here and there is a touch of egotism or of pedantry. The volume, as a whole, is not homogeneous, being cast partly in letters and partly in chapters. But these and a score of other technical sins can be forgiven a writer who has written with such whole-souled ardor of these immemorial sports, and who, above all, can freight his living page with so much philosophy and good sense.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

HUNTING THE DEVIL-FISH

From 'Carolina Sports.'

At six o'clock on Wednesday, the 16th August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C., Esqrs., with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves, the line, which was to have been rigged to a second harpoon, having been swept away, with a sharp hook attached, by an overwhelming spring tide the night before. We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action. Masts, sails, awnings, were all stowed away in the bottom of the boat, the anchor with its rope was transferred to the platform for trim, and that nothing should interfere with our running gear. Here a large shoal of porpoises came plunging about us; the harpoon was poised, but none came within striking distance; and after being tantalized by this show of unexpected sport, a rifle shot among them

sent them booming off and left us leisure to pursue our proper game.

We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the devil-fish on their return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. We advanced in front of Mrs. E.'s avenue and took another survey, and thus slowly extended the cruise to Skull Creek, while our consorts stretched away as far as Pinckney's Island. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat, and two hands on the lookout. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, "There!" cried our lookout man. I followed the direction of his hand—it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it—it was a devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts—the red flag is raised to signal our consort—the oarsmen spring to their oars—and we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to anyone; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the clete, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. "There he is behind us!" "Starn all!"—and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone, but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow—his wing only is visible—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds the staff came bounding up from below, to show

me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat and showed himself at the stern, *belly up*. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning about us—taking no note of our presence, circling around us with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly, that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. "Forward!" the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist—I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! "Is it possible? I have him—the devil-fish is struck!" Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E. and C. spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him—I soon found that was no fun. "Tom, don't you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here is my place if you desire it." Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was

very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel and yet unpatented impelling power! "You will find this melon refreshing, friends; at twelve o'clock let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?" Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. "We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him." He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up the iron was found bent like a reaping hook, and the staff broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daw's Channel for Paris Bank.

"Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel he turns for Bay Point. "Now, then, another trial—a bouse on him." Three fellows are set to the rope—his wing appears—C. aims his bayonet and plunges it deep into his body—another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body. "Now for it, George!" *His* bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! Our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! "Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages!" At every blow we had dealt him his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. "Out oars, boys, and pull against him." The tide was now flood; the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. George, meanwhile, was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff and secured by a tie

of triple drum line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. "Force him then to the surface." He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform—quite *hors de combat.* Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope—he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches, but it is the *eastern face* of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and this is done against wind, tide, and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bouse on him once more, and endeavor to dispatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion—and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out from the belly of the fish: the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass. The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn around the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea—and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out! An instant before I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish; the next, it was held up in the air in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if

there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body—it might hold him! "Clear my line, boys!" Alas! The weight of the fish is too much for my tackle—the line flies through my hand—is checked—the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered—*and the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea—yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

A DEER HUNT

From 'Carolina Sports.'

It was a glorious winter's day—sharp, but bracing. The sun looked forth with dazzling brightness, as he careered through a cloudless sky; and his rays came glancing back from many an ice-covered lagoon that lay scattered over the face of the ground. The moan of an expiring northwester was faintly heard from the tops of the magnificent forest pines. Three sportsmen, while it was yet early, met at their trysting-place, to perpetrate a *raid* against the deer! They were no novices, those huntsmen—they had won trophies in many a sylvan war; and they now took the field "of malice prepense," with all the appliances of destruction at their beck; practised drivers and a pack, often proved, and now refreshed by three days' rest. Brief was their interchange of compliment; they felt that such a day was not to be trifled away in talk; and they hallooed their hounds impatiently into the drive—yet not as greenhorns would have done. "Keep clear of the swamps," was the order of the drivers—"leave the close covers—ride not where the ice crackles under the horse's hoof—but look closely into the sheltered knolls, where you will find the deer sunning themselves after the last night's frost." The effect of this order was soon evident; for in the second

knoll entered by the hounds a herd of deer were found thawing themselves in the first beams of the ascending sun. Ho! what a burst!—with what fury the hounds dash in among them! Now they sweep along the thickets that skirt the drive and climb the summit of that elevated piney ridge——destined one day to become a summer settlement, and to bear the name of ———. But not unforeseen or unprovided for was the run which the deer had taken. Frisky Geordy was in their path, and crack went the sound of his gun, and loud and vaunting was the twang of his horn that followed the explosion! And now the frozen earth reëchoed to the tramp of horses' hoofs, as the huntsmen hurried to the call that proclaims that a deer has fallen. There was Geordy, his gun against a pine, his knee upon the still heaving flank of a *pricket buck,* his right hand clenched upon his dripping knife, his left flourishing a horn, which ever and anon was given to his mouth and filled the air with its boastful notes.

"Halloo, Geordy! you have got him fast, I see. Where are the dogs?"

"Gone," said Geordy.

"There's Ruler in the east—what's he after?"

"A deer," says Geordy.

"And Rouser to the south—what's he after?"

"Another deer," says Geordy.

"And Nimrod to the southwest—I need not ask what he's after, for he follows nothing but deer. Your second barrel snapt, of course?"

"I don't say that," says Geordy; "I had *wounded* the six last deer I'd fired at, so I thought I'd *kill* one to-day, and while I looked to see if that was really dead the others slipt by me."

"Done like a sportsman, Geordy; one dead deer is worth a dozen crippled ones. I remember once your powder was too weak; and next, your shot were too small; and next, your aim was somewhat wild; and one went off bored of an ear, and another nicked of a tail. You are bound to set up an infirmary across the river, for the dismembered deer you have dispatched there! You have done well to *kill*—let it grow into a habit. Nimrod to the southwest, said you? That rascal is a born economist; and not a foot will he budge in pur-

suit of a living deer, after your horn has told him there is *venison* in the rear! Ruler will drive *his* deer across the river. Rouser to the marshes. Nimrod's quarry is the only one likely to halt and give us another chance."

And sure enough, there came Nimrod trotting back on his track—his nose cocked up in air, as if to indorse and verify the inferences of his *ear*—his tail curled and standing out from his body, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"This is the safe play—hang up the deer—sound your horn till the hounds come in from their several chases—and then for Nimrod's lead! to Chapman's bays, I think!—there are some sheltered nooks in which they will stop and bask, when they find themselves unpursued."

"I'll go in with the boys," says Loveleap, with an unconcerned air, but a sly twinkle of the eye, which did not escape his comrades.

"As you like—Geordy and I will mind the stands."

Some time was lost before the hounds could be drawn from their several chases; yet, as emulation did not "prick them on," they came the sooner for being scattered. Loveleap heads the drivers—and it was just what we had anticipated, when, before a single dog had given tongue, we heard him fire, then came a burst, then a second barrel; but to our great surprise no horn announced the expected success. The report of that gun went unquestioned in our sporting circle; it was in a manner axiomatic in woodcraft mysteries, and passed current with all who heard it for thus much—"a deer is killed." Loveleap did an extraordinary thing that day—*he missed!* But the drivers could not understand and the hounds would not believe it; so they rushed madly away in pursuit, as if it was not possible for the quarry long to escape.

"Push on," says Geordy, "they make for the river!" and away we went. We reined in for a minute at the ford; and finding that they had already outstripped us and were bearing down for Chapman's fort—a mile to the west of our position —we struck across for the marshes south of us, where we might, if he was a young deer, intercept him on his return to his accustomed haunts. In an old buck we had no chance; *he* is sure to set a proper value on his life, and seldom stops until he has put a river between his pursuer and himself.

Taking advantage of a road that lay in our way, we soon cleared the woods and entered an old field that skirted the marsh. It was a large waving plain of rank broom-grass, chequered here and there by strips of myrtle and marsh mallows.

"So far, Geordy," said I, "we have kept one track—now let us separate. The hounds are out of hearing, and we have little chance of any game but such as we may rouse without their help. How delightfully sheltered is this spot!—how completely is it shut in by that semicircle of woods from the sweep of the northwest winds! How genially the sun pours down upon it! Depend upon it, we shall find some luxurious rogues basking in this warm nook—for next to your Englishman, a deer is the greatest epicure alive! Now, then, by separate tracks, let us make across the old field—a blast of the horn will bring us together when we reach the marsh."

By separate tracks then we moved, and had not advanced two hundred yards, when crack went Geordy's gun. I looked in the direction of the report—and his head only was visible above the sea of marsh mallows. The direction of his *face* I could see, and *that* was pointed toward me. Toward *me* then, thought I, runs the deer. I reined in my horse and turned his head in that direction. It was such a thickly woven mass of mallows and myrtle—high as my shoulders as I sat in the saddle—that there was little hope of being able to see the game. I trusted to my ear to warn me of his approach, and soon heard the rustling of the leaves and the sharp, quick leap which mark the movement of a deer at speed. I saw him not until he appeared directly under my horse's nose, in act to leap; he vaulted, and would have dropped upon my saddle had he not seen the horse while yet poised in air, and (by an effort like that of the tumbler who throws a somerset) twisted himself suddenly to my right. He grazed my knee in his descent; and as he touched the earth I brought my gun down, pistol-fashion, with a rapid twitch, and sent the whole charge through his backbone. It was so instantaneous—so like a flash of lightning—that I could scarcely credit it when I saw the deer twirling and turning over at my horse's heels. Dismounting to secure him, it was some time before his muscular action was sufficiently overcome to allow me to use my knife.

He struggled and kicked—I set down my gun, the better to master him. In the midst of my employment, crack went Geordy's second barrel, nearer than the first—and *"mind! mind!"* followed the discharge. Before I could drop my knife and gain my feet; another deer was upon me! He followed directly in the track of the former and passed between my horse and me, so near that I might have bayoneted him! Where was my gun? lost in the broom grass! What a trial! I looked all around in an instant, and spying it where it lay, caught it eagerly up: the deer had disappeared! It flashed across me that underneath these myrtles the limbs, excluded from the sun had decayed, and that in the vistas thus formed a glimpse of the deer might yet be gained. In an instant I am on my knees, darting the most anxious glances along the vista; the flash of a tail is seen—I fire—a struggle is heard—I press forward through the interlacing branches—and to my joy and surprise, *another deer is mine!* Taking him by the legs, I drag him to the spot where the other lay. Then it was *my* turn to sound a "vaunty" peal! Geordy pealed in answer, and soon appeared, dragging a deer of his own (having missed one of those that I had killed). Three deer were started—they were all at our feet—and that *without the aid of a dog!* It was the work of five minutes! We piled them in a heap, covered them with branches and myrtle, and tasked our horns to the uttermost to recall the field. One by one the hounds came in, smelt at the myrtle bushes, seemed satisfied, though puzzled, wagged their tails, and coiling themselves each in his proper bed, lay down to sleep. Yet had any stranger approached that myrtle-covered heap every back would have bristled, and a fierce cry of defiance would have broken forth from every tongue, then so mute.

At last came Loveleap, fagged, and somewhat fretted by his ill-success.

"I have been blowing till I've split my wind, and not a dog has come to my horn. How came you thrown out? and why have you kept such an incessant braying of horns? Why, how is this? the dogs are here?"

"Yes!—they have shown their sense in coming to us; there's been butchery hereabouts!"

"One of P——'s cattle killed by the runaways, I suppose."

"Will you lend us your boy to bring a cart?" said I.

"Certainly," says Loveleap; "it will make such a feast for the dogs; but where is the cow?"

"Here!" says Geordy, kicking off the myrtle screen, and revealing to the sight of his astonished comrade *our three layers of venison!* Oh, you should have seen Loveleap's face!

The cart is brought, and our four deer are soon on their way home. Do you think we accompanied them? No! We were so merciless as to meditate still further havoc. The day was so little spent—and as our hands were in, and there was just in the next drive an overgrown old buck, who often had the insolence to baffle us—no! we must take a drive at him! Again the hounds are thrown into cover, headed by our remaining driver; but in the special object of our move we failed—the buck had decamped. Still, *the fortune of the day attended us;* and an inquisitive old turkey gobbler, having ventured to peep at Geordy where he lay in ambush, was sprawled by a shot from his gun, and was soon seen dangling from his saddle-bow.

This closed our hunt. And now that we have a moment's breathing time, tell me, brother sportsmen who may chance to read this veritable history—has it ever been your fortune, in a single day's hunt, and as the spoils of two gunners only, to bring home four deer and a wild turkey? Ye gastronomes! who relish the proceeds of a hunt better than its toils and perils—a glance at that larder, if you please! Look at that fine bird—so carefully hung up by the neck; his spurs are an inch and a half in length, his beard eight inches; what an ample chest! what glossy plumage!—his weight is twenty-five pounds! And see that brave array of haunches! that is a buck of two years—juicy, tender, but not fat—capital for steaks! But your eye finds something yet more attractive—the saddle of a four-year old doe, kidney covered, as you see; a morsel more savoury smokes not upon a monarch's board. How pleasant to eat! Shall I say it?—how much pleasanter to give away! Ah, how such things do win their way to *hearts*—men's and *women's* too! My young sporting friends, a word in your ear; the worst use you can make of your game is to eat it yourselves.

Ye city sportsmen! (we mean, *par excellence,* the sportsmen of the *Commercial* Emporium), who, with abundant pains and trouble, and with note of fearful preparation, marshal your forces for a week's campaign among the plains of Long Island, or the barrens of Jersey—and in reward of your toil, bag one brace of grouse or enjoy a *glorious snap* at some straggling deer, that escapes, *of course,* to tempt another party to your hopes and disappointments!—ye city sportsmen! who go so far, and get so little for your pains—what think ye of the execution done on this day, in a chase which cost us no extraordinary trouble, and never took us five miles from our winter homes? Or, ye enthusiasts in sport! who import from our shores the game your own inhospitable winters deny to your wishes—whose *purchased* partridges leave their travelling coops, to hibernate in the warm attic of a Broadway palace—thence to be transferred in the spring to the *protected* covers of Long Island—there to pair and rear broods, to be bagged in September by the same paternal hand that imported and domesticated the parent stock! what think ye of sport like this? Ours was no *preserve* shooting! We were not popping over our own nurslings! They were wild deer, of the wild woods, that we slew this day at Chee-Ha! Ye are of the right metal, we know, and it would please us to see you some day among us—and mark the throb of a new delight springing in your bosoms, as you sweep along with the rush of the hounds and fling the cares of life far, far behind you.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUNTING

From 'Carolina Sports.'

They take, it seems to me, a false as well as a narrow view of human life, who denounce all amusement and recreation as unworthy of accountable and immortal beings. The transition from exercise to relaxation seems to be a requirement of our mental as well as our physical constitution: and (to adopt an illustration which, however trite, is exceedingly pertinent to our matter), as the bow which is never unstrung, however excellent the material of which it is composed, soon loses its elasticity and comes to be utterly worthless—so fares it with

the individual who, forgetful of this law of his nature, would keep either mind or body in a state of constant tension! The history of man in every phase of his existence—in every stage of his progress, from the grossest barbarism to the highest pitch of refinement—shows that *amusement*, under some shape or other, is indispensable to him. And if this be so it is a point of wisdom, and it is even promotive of virtue, to provide him such as are innocent. Field sports are both innocent and manly.

In these remarks I am far from pretending to the discovery of new truths; I am simply desirous to recall public attention to such as, sufficiently well known, are at times strangely overlooked—especially by our ascetic innovators, who would make life as unjoyous as their own natures; who would reform society by denouncing dancing as a sin—the theater as an abomination—and all amusements, however innocent, as a waste of time unworthy of immortal beings! These are the men of a single idea: who placed in a valley, bring everything to the standard of their own limited horizon—who refuse to look beyond unless superciliously, through the medium of a prejudice so inveterate as to discolor or distort whatever is graceful or beautiful in Nature or art. And their error, it seems to me, springs from this intense self-esteem—and their utter inability to get beyond themselves, so as to understand the relations and wants of others. They look at life from one position only—and refer everything to their own standard. Students—philosophers, it may be—having their time at their own disposal, to labor or relax, just as it suits their humor, they cannot realize the fact that *their* relaxation would be none to the grosser and less refined masses of society; and that amusements that employ the senses are needful to restore *their* worn bodies and revive their wasted spirits—that they are happier and better for the relaxation that follows the day of labor. It is with the same persons, and from the same mistaken views, that we find the severities of the Jewish sabbath ingrafted, without warrant from the Scriptures, on the Christian polity.

Instead of proceeding on these false assumptions: First, that society can dispense with amusements; second, that all amusements are a sin, how much wiser, how much worthier

of those whose lives are exemplary, that they should encourage by their countenance such amusements as are innocent and elegant—*dancing,* for example—and by this countenance preserve it as it should be, the handmaid of modesty and grace.

Instead of purchasing up theaters, to convert them into churches (which only causes new theaters to be built), it would be wiser, it seems to me (since every civilized Christian community has indulged, and will doubtless continue to indulge in theatrical representations), *to reform these exhibitions* until they should present nothing to the public but what the most scrupulous delicacy would approve! How far this may be done will be evident to those who will be at the trouble of examining the plays of the elder dramatists—of Ford and Webster, for example—and comparing them with such as are now exhibited. Few of these but would be hissed from the modern theaters, if represented as originally played. Nay, even those of Shakespeare and Jonson, if played from the original copies, would share the same fate, along with many masterly efforts of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Otway and Dryden, which their indecency has banished from the stage. And, indeed, to such an extent has this reform proceeded, that you may chance to hear fewer things offensive to delicacy in our theaters nowadays than in some pulpits that could be named—wherein vice is stripped with so determined a hand that decency revolts at the exhibition—(as if modesty were unscriptural, and the maxim *"pudorem illum superandum esse"* were now, as formerly, the rule of the Church)—and those passages of Scripture, which men scruple to read aloud in the presence of their families, you may hear so paraded and dallied before the congregation of the young and pure in heart that the indignant blush of shame is seen mantling their innocent cheeks! Comprehensive as the Decalogue assuredly is, there is yet nothing in it akin to indecency; and it seems quite possible to exhort man to the performance of his duty toward God and toward his neighbor—and to chastise his vices, too—without lapsing into indelicacy! Yet, since such things do happen, who but a madman would apply himself to pull down the pulpits thus desecrated, instead of purifying them of their gross offences? This is true wisdom; this is the true rule! Let it be applied to the theaters; and while their immoralities are

frowned upon and repressed, let not the world lose the instruction and delight which they are calculated to impart!

As to country amusements, it seems to me that they who denounce them should withhold their censures until they can substitute a recreation more commendable than hunting. So far as physical education is concerned, it stands preëminent. Its manliness none will deny; neither is there wanting ground for supposing (startling as the proposition may seem) that its tendency is actually promotive of good morals. For, whether it has happened by accident, or whether it stands in some unexplained relation of cause and effect, I know not; *but the fact is so,* that of all the associates who have acted with me in field sports, and were interested enough to excel in them, not one has been touched with the vice of gaming! Men of fortune, men of leisure, peculiarly exposed, from their social position, to this most demoralizing vice, have been completely exempt from it. May this not be ascribed, in a good measure, to their devotion to this pursuit and to the indirect influence of some of those habits of thought and action that it calls into exercise? Here is *the forecast,* that provides, at a distance, for what may be wanted at a given day; the *punctuality,* that observes the hour and day appointed; the *observation,* that familiarizes itself with the nature and habits of the quarry; the *sagacity,* that anticipates its projects of escape, and the *promptitude* that defeats them! The rapid glance and the steady aim, the quick perception, the ready execution; these are among the faculties and qualities continually called into pleasing exercise; and the man who habitually applies himself to this sport will become more *considerate,* as well as more prompt, more full of resource, more resolute, than if he never had engaged in it! Assuredly, there is no such preparatory school of war; and the expert hunter will, I doubt not, show himself the superior in the field to another, every other way his equal, yet wanting this experience! Neither should I forget to mention, among its recommendations, the direct tendency of this amusement to promote social intercourse and the interchange of friendly offices between neighbors.

The right to hunt wild animals is held by the great body of the people, whether landowners or otherwise, as one of their franchises, which they will indulge in at discretion, and to all

limitations on which they submit with the worst possible grace! The *"feræ naturæ"* are, in their code, the property of him who can take them—irrespective of any conflicting right in the owner of the soil. In the sections of country well stocked with game—where, consequently, the temptation to hold such opinions is the strongest—the feeling on this head is so decided that some overseers refuse to accept a place, otherwise desirable, if they are restricted in the right to hunt. The writer of these pages, finding that during his absence from his property his game had been destroyed, and his interests in other respects sacrificed to this propensity of his overseer, insisted, at some cost to his popularity, on inserting a clause in his annual contract absolutely restricting him in this respect. And what was the result? Having made his own grounds, by this restriction, *a preserve,* they were only the more harassed, on this account, by the unrestricted in the neighborhood, who took a malicious pleasure in destroying the game which a proprietor had presumed to keep for himself.

Though it is the broad common law maxim that "everything upon a man's land is his own—*usque ad cœlum,"* and he can thus shut it out from his neighbor without wrong to him —yet custom, with us, fortified by certain decisions of our courts, has gone far to qualify and set limitations to the maxim.

The land which he has purchased with the proceeds of his industry, and for which he pays tax to the State, is no longer his (except in a qualified sense) unless he incloses it. In other respects it is his neighbors', or anybody's. It is true that he may proceed against another who cuts down his timber, though it lies beyond his inclosure, as a trespasser—yet the same man may turn a drove of cattle on these lands, and browse on and trample them, to the destruction of a hundred times the value, without risk to himself or leaving any chance of redress to the proprietor and taxpayer. In like manner may a man's land be "harried," and not only his game, but sheep and other stock, be worried by the dogs of hunters, traversing his uninclosed grounds at discretion, without his being able to protect himself, as matters now stand, or obtaining any legal redress for the injury. It seems a questionable policy—in a country peculiarly situated as ours is—thus, by construction of law, to diminish

the value of land and the inducement to hold it by limiting and narrowing the rights of proprietors. The poor man, who owns no land, is slow to perceive the beauty or fitness of the common law maxim; and the demagogue is not the man to point it out. He has but one purpose—*to gain the favor of the people!*—his means, not the elevation of their nature by instilling high and generous feelings, but the flattery of their prejudices—a flattery as obsequious and as abject, I grieve to say, as that which in monarchical governments is lavished by courtiers on a monarch or on his minion! They have but one policy, they steer but one course, and that is *with the stream.* If you catch them departing from this cause it is because their tact has been at fault, and they have unwittingly mistaken an eddy for the main current. The right to hunt uninclosed lands thus secured by usage, or, in other words, by *our* common law—there are some who desire to extend it to inclosed lands unconditionally—or, at least, maintain their right to pursue the game thereon when started without the inclosure. It is to be apprehended that this spirit of encroachment is but too much fostered by such of our public men as, setting popularity above everything, fear to hazard it by publishing truths unpleasing to the majority! We admit, without hesitation, that there are in Congress *patriots* who see the *right* in the *expedient*—and the *expedient* in the wishes of their constituents. Nor is there any sufficient reason for thinking that Congress enjoys a monopoly of this sort of virtue. Restrictions on this unchecked right of hunting, in communities circumstanced like ours, will therefore, I presume, be slow in coming by the legislative enactment of laws conservative of game; and if the laws were stringent the juries would be indulgent and slow of giving damages, except in cases of flagrant injury.

During the session of the court, held in the southeastern circuit of this State, I was present at a trial, which will serve to illustrate the state of public opinion in reference to this subject. It was an action for trespass, growing out of the conflicting rights of the hunter and the landholder. One of the hunters was on the stand. He was himself a landholder and a man of some property, and the question was put by the counsel:

"Would you pursue a deer if he entered your neighbor's inclosure?"

Witness.—"Certainly."

Counsel.—"What if his fields were planted and his cotton growing, or his grain ripe?"

Witness.—"It would make no difference; I should follow my dogs, go where they might!"

Judge.—"And pull down your neighbor's fence, and trample his fields?"

Witness.—"I should do it—though I might regret to injure him!"

Judge.—"You would commit a trespass; you would be mulcted in damages. There is no law for such an act!"

Witness.—"It is hunter's law, however!"

And hunter's law is likely somewhat longer to be the governing law of the case in this section of country; for the prejudices of the people are strong against any exclusive property in game, as everyone feels who attempts to keep it to himself. Several gentlemen of my acquaintance have been proprietors of islands which were a source of perpetual annoyance to them. No sooner were they stocked with game than the *amateurs,* if not the *professed poachers,* would find their way to them; and if a bailiff was employed to keep them off he often proved, as in other countries, the principal poacher. And if actions of trespass were brought against intruders, the results were generally unsatisfactory. Juries are exceedingly benevolent in such cases; and even should conviction ensue, the fine or imprisonment of a freeman for so trifling and venial an offence as shooting a wild animal would be deemed a measure of odious severity.

Nor does the proprietor fare better in his attempts to fence out depredators if his possessions are situated on the main land. Admitting that he *can* impose a light fine on the trespasser found hunting within his inclosure, the proof is very difficult, and the penalty insufficient to deter from a repetition of the offence. Besides, the poacher may injure you scarcely the less, while he keeps himself free of the legal toil. He whistles a dog into your preserve at night, or at early dawn, and lurks in the neighborhood until the deer, startled from their fancied security, leap the inclosure and become his

prey. Or, could your fence be so strong and high as to prevent the escape of the deer, a torch thrown into the dry brushwood during the high winds of March envelops it in flames, and your labor and expense are made unavailing by a casualty (so called) which, nevertheless, you feel to have been a design—though you cannot legally prove it! In this instance alone, the principle of the anti-rent excitement is at work with us!

With this single exception, the rights of property are as religiously respected in our community as in any other that can be cited; and I am of opinion that the unwholesome condition of public sentiment in this particular instance is mostly an affair of inoculation. It is derived from the laboring emigrants from England, who, mixing with the operative classes of our own white population, inspire them with their own deep disgust at the tyranny of the English game laws. When they descant upon the oppressions which have driven them from home, to better their fortunes in this land, this seems to be the sorest and best remembered of their griefs—transportation, for killing a hare or a partridge! The preservation of game is thus associated, in the popular mind, with ideas of aristocracy—peculiar privileges to the rich, and oppression toward the poor! What wonder, then, that men, forgetful of the future, surrendering themselves to the present, mingle with the throng of destructives who seem bent on the extermination of the game, rather than attempt the difficult and unpopular and thankless office of conservators!

I think there will be a reform in this matter—not that I shall witness it. It must be the work of time. When the game shall have been so killed off that the mass of the people shall have no interest in hunting their neighbors' grounds, the law will be reformed; and when that same time arrives, the juries will have no interest in construing away the law. So that we may yet hope to see the time when men may, under the sanction of the law, and without offence or imputation of aristocracy, preserve the game from extermination, and perpetuate, in so doing, the healthful, generous, and noble diversion of hunting.

MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA

[18—]

ANNE H. DYER

UNQUESTIONABLY, one of the most brilliant of the younger Southern writers to-day is Mary McNeil Fenollosa.

Mary McNeil was born in the old Southern city of Mobile, Alabama, where she grew up, one of a large family of brothers and sisters. Her parents, William Stoddard McNeil and his wife, who was Miss Laura Sibley, are both people of liberal culture and literary tastes. Aside from his profession, which is that of an architectural draughtsman, Mr. McNeil is himself a poet of no mean ability and a botanist of some distinction. From her father Mary McNeil no doubt inherited largely her poetic gift and her love of Nature, both of which have been of immense aid to her in what has been so far the largest and most important field of her work—that laid in Japan.

Of an ardent nature, abounding vitality and an artistic temperament, the young girl, who developed striking beauty as well as unusual gifts, contracted an early romantic marriage with a young man but little older than herself, Ludolph Chester. This love match, which was during its brief existence a very happy one, was terminated a year or two later by the death of her husband, leaving the young widow still but a girl in her teens. A second marriage some few years later took her to Japan, where, for the first time, her impressionable nature found abundant inspiration in the great beauty and poetic charm of that land. On her return to her own country she began to write verses and stories which found their way to some of our magazines, some of them attracting considerable attention; but her full opportunity for mental development did not come until her marriage, in 1895, with Prof. Ernest F. Fenollosa, the well-known art critic and the authority *par excellence* in this country on all matters pertaining to Oriental art. Her marriage to a man of such profound scholarship, himself richly endowed with poetic and artistic gifts, gave the stimulus, the sympathetic recognition and guidance which only were needed to cause her half-awakened powers to flower into real achievement.

This first took form in a modest book of verse, called 'Out of the Nest,' from the old nursery rhyme: "Some Flew East and Some

Flew West." In this little volume, the only book of verse as yet published by her, is contained some of Mrs. Fenollosa's most distinctive and admirable work. Especially is this the case in the poems of the East—the land of her dear delight. In those particularly are most clearly manifested, not only her lyrical gift but her extraordinary sense of color, her happy charm of suggestiveness, and the rare fine intuition that has enabled her to pierce below mere superficial loveliness and to grasp the spiritual passion, the deep art-impulse of an alien people, as perhaps no one has yet done in quite the same way, and no one, except Lafcadio Hearn, has done at all. This little volume was followed by her first work of fiction, a novel of Southern life: 'Truth Dexter.'

'Truth Dexter' was published under the pseudonym of *Sidney McCall.* It had an immediate success; taking its place from the first as a "best seller," much to the amazement of its author, who had modestly expected but slight recognition from a work of the immature power of which she was the one most keenly aware. Its undoubted and wide popularity, however, instead of filling the writer with a consciousness of easy triumph, only stimulated her to bend her powers more seriously and earnestly to the production of something better. The large advance in conception, in grasp of situations, and in character study is plainly shown in the novel which followed some two years later: 'The Breath of the Gods.' The scene of this work, unlike that of 'Truth Dexter,' is laid almost wholly in Japan, just prior to the great struggle of that nation with Russia. Although diplomatic life is here treated with considerable insight and scope, the real and fundamental problems of character, of the political and social conditions of the time, are purely Japanese. That no such serious work of fiction in this line has before been attempted is recognized by the Japanese themselves, who place it among the valuable works of reference on their country. It is even used in some of the larger schools of that country as a book to be read and studied by Japanese students. While it did not have such an immediate jump into popularity as 'Truth Dexter,' it has very steadily made its way and bids fair to possess a more enduring fame than the latter. It is already in process of being dramatized and put into grand opera abroad. The book, as a matter of fact, was first cast into the form of a play by its author, who, not being entirely satisfied with it in that form, rewrote it as a novel. Its dramatic quality, even in the latter form, is very striking; and the graphic power of description, of pictorial and communicative phrase, is given a much freer and fuller range than the scope of 'Truth Dexter' admitted.

Like the two strands of a woven fabric, or two *motifs* in a

musical theme, are Mrs. Fenollosa's love of Japan and her love of the South. Her nature vibrates between the two as between two poles of being. When she is in Japan the needle of her nature dips toward the South, and *vice versa;* for which reason, odd as it may seem, her Southern novel was written in Japan and her Japanese work was done in her Southern home, near Mobile, which is named after the dear Japanese one so far away: "Kobinata" (Little Sunshine Hill). This double love of her nature is excellently illustrated in the poem "The Two Homes," at the end of the first part of her volume of verse; of which Lafcadio Hearn wrote her that "its charm touches and thrills even this grey and battered old heart." In that kindly Southern soil grow and flourish

> "Tender vagrants, exiles sweet,
> Nodes where arcs of longing meet."

In the spring the cherry vies with the rose; plum, wistaria and iris mingle their odors with

> "Moon-flowers punctually true—
> Great magnolias holding up
> Each a carven ivory cup."

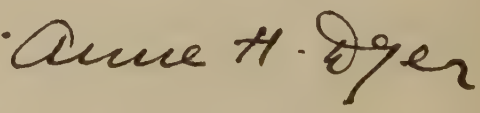
Mrs. Fenollosa is indeed nowhere so happy, so at home, as in her own garden. Her vigilance and her devoted care and constant supervision have made it a thing of beauty. From her big, airy, open attic study, overlooking the wide lawn, with its stately oaks, magnolias and cedars, was written that prose-poem called 'The Dragon Painter,' which succeeded 'The Breath of the Gods.'

In this short novel, or novelette, is packed the sensuous color, the tones and atmosphere of mystical Japan. It is a fantasy, and yet it is entirely true as a phase of Japanese life and feeling. Essential values cling, like incense, to its pages. Here Mrs. Fenollosa has dipped her brush into the veritable colors of an Eastern palette. No touch of Western life mars the unity of the impression. As a mere *tour de force* it is remarkable for its quality of illusion. Like the inaccessible mountain-azalea growing in a living burst of flame on some far mountain slope, it has the haunting quality of the intangible, the elusive loveliness that escapes and defies our too concrete and destructive grasp of the actual. Here, too, is displayed Mrs. Fenollosa's very admirable work in *genre* study, of which she gave us a hint in 'The Breath of the Gods.'

Mrs. Fenollosa never goes immediately from one large work to another. An interval of rest from the labor of sustained construction she finds necessary; but being of a too active mind and tempera-

ment to let the time pass idly, the interim is generally occupied in the production of verses and short stories. Several of the latter are worthy of mention; notably, a study which appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* during the summer of 1907, called "The White Iris." Here again is very exquisitely shown her charm of color and atmosphere, and more particularly the feeling—what might almost be called the *ancestral* feeling—of the Japanese toward nature. The love of the Japanese for nature has its roots in his very being itself. It is as inseparable from him as his nationality, as those deeper racial impulses that make him what he is. Mrs. Fenollosa's gift lies in having caught the very quality of this feeling: a rare mark of intuitive perception. Among her minor works is a short drama, "The Lady of the Hair-Pins," which for dramatic power, moving pathos, and highly-sustained literary quality, should rank with her best productions.

It would be unfair to speak of Mrs. Fenollosa's literary achievements without also speaking of the admirable quality of encouragement, of constant aid and stimulus given her by Prof. Fenollosa: a fact that none is so quick and so grateful to acknowledge as herself. A remarkable community of aim and thought has been the fertile soil in which Mrs. Fenollosa's gifts of mind and temperament have quickened and been brought to fruition. As she is still a young woman, having scarcely yet reached the high noon of life, we may confidently expect that her work so far is but the brilliant promise of what is yet to come; and that the South is to be enriched by works from her pen of an even more ripened and brilliant power.



IN THE WOODS

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Dew still glistened in the shadows as Truth went, searching for the memories of her childhood, into the wide, silent treasure-house of the forest. At first, as if resentful of minor impressions, she was deliberately unobservant. Her old green sunbonnet with its dear, indelible stains of blackberry, persimmon, and walnut, she drew downward until her lowered eyes could see only a semicircle of ground—now flecked with dry grass, now bare—and this kept moving with her, like the cardboard turf about the feet of a paper-doll. The vague, familiar odor of earth, mingled with that of the old bonnet and black shawl (the same she had worn on the beach at Biloxi), produced a partial anæsthesia, in which recent events dissolved and those of childhood began to take on luminous outlines.

It was one of those Southern March mornings when the wind, shamed into gentleness, wanders irresolute from hill to hill, or drowses with violets in the valleys. The main road, pink from its amalgamation of sand and clay, stretched out like a fallen scarf of dawn, and upon it the trees dropped leaf-shadows in olive mosaics. All was motionless save where a dewy spray flouted the unceremonious leave-taking of a bird. Far off a woodpecker tapped his hollow drum.

Bending her course now from the main road into the wood, she took a little pathless path down the slope, here embossed with countless tiny, scalloped terraces banked up with pine-straw and the roots of grass, and brimmed with pink-white sand. Between could be traced, in shadowy ripples, the water-courses of many a summer shower. As a child how often had she planted her iris banners, and worked out flower-tales of mediæval chivalry upon these pigmy battlements! She was at the very scene of Ivanhoe's triumph—her Ivanhoe of a twig, in leaf armor and acorn helmet. The little drama seemed to spring into life before her eyes. A spasmodic contraction caught at her throat. She flung back her head and

clutched the nearest tree for support. It was a slender dogwood in full, white pomp of blossom.

> When dogwood's white,
> Fishers delight!

That was what she and grandpa used to sing! The snowy discs fluttered down upon her in an indignant shower. She swayed a moment with the tree, and kept closed eyes until the cool, thin myrrh of the pines should have brought strength.

She strolled on now more slowly. The forgotten sunbonnet hung in an octagonal green bucket at the back of her neck. On every side great pines stood rigidly upright in the slanting soil, their brown, scarred trunks softening to purple in the broad belts of distance. From the roof overhead a pine-burr suddenly fell, as, in old Eastern temples, a bronze bolt, or knob, is loosed, at last, from mouldering timbers.

Truth stopped for the gift, but paused before she reached it, arrested by a new odor, a new, delicious, tantalizing fragrance that seemed a challenge, a call, the laughter of a hidden sprite. In an instant she had flung herself on her knees and was tearing straw and dry leaves from a heap at the edge of the nearest embankment. Her cheeks were crimson, her lips already parted for the cry of triumph. Yes, she had found it already—a great cluster of wild arbutus, waxen, with coral buds!

She knelt over, sniffing at them, taking in long, quivering breaths; then, prone on the earth, with one elbow deep in sand, began deliberately to pluck away each bit of straw and dead leaf. She marvelled for the hundredth time at the delicate adjustment of blossoms among such extraneous substances. Not a petal was scratched. The close, green foliage, richly fluted, and lined with thin, brown fur, was almost as wonderful as the flowers. After all, it was no less than a miracle that here, from a handful of sand caught up in a crescent of dead leaves, should spring a wreath of wax, enamel, and gems. Who taught the buds to draw red ichor from the same source that gave their shielding coats impervious harshness?

When the whole group lay clear, even to a circling border of bare earth, Truth rose and stood above it in silent adoration. Then she walked away, pulled down her bonnet over her eyes once more, and, turning, came back, pretending surprise at the discovery. At last she knelt again, selected one tiny, crimson bud-spray as trophy, and carefully, twig by twig, leaf by leaf, replaced about the others their rude covering. Her troubles had vanished; she was Truth, the child, once more.

Now she looked about her frankly. At the foot of the hill lay a dark, thick line of other trees than pines, a blue-green wall of huge magnolias, cypresses, tulip trees, and bay, these, with a thick undergrowth of glossy-leaved shrubs, marking the course of "the branch." Rich, moist odors rose among the pine-stems to greet her, that indescribable earth-smell which is the incense of all true nature worshippers, and the more tangible hints of dripping resin, and the thick, oozing juices of gums. As her foot touched the first spongy outskirt, she said aloud, "O God, don't let the snakes bite me!" This prayer she had always uttered, when as a child she had ventured into supposed lairs of the moccasin or rattlesnake. She felt nothing incongruous in it now, only the usual childish confidence that she was protected. The "branch" flowers are late, and none were here to welcome her except the wine-colored stars of the red bay. These she gloated over with eye, touch, and nostril. The cinnamon-brown, clear water at her feet, gathered from hillside springs to creep in sunless convolutions toward the distant river, reflected familiarly the silhouette of her light-poised figure. Naked cypress knees thrust themselves upward from round, soaked beds of moss and Mitchella vines, and intertwisted tree-roots made a chain of little islands across the sullen flood. Truth, laughing in sheer delight, commenced the precarious passage. Half-way across she encountered an old friend, a magnolia, growing almost horizontally, with one supporting elbow in the stream. She leaned both arms on it to rest, and fell to caressing a well-remembered group of tree ferns.

Beyond the branch another hill sloped slowly and dimly upward among endless tiers of pine-pillars. Here fell, wafted on counter-currents of air, a new odor, an influence faint as

yet, but irresistibly sweet, piercing, and subtle. She gave a little cry; her heart leaped, and her swift feet followed.

The yellow jasmine! She found it in a little clearing of oaklings at the very top of the hill. The trees were leafless yet, but at the tip of every spray grew a swollen red leaf-bud apparently on the point of bursting. Upon the ground between the trees tangled masses of vines writhed and struggled, wiry, purple stems winged at intervals with flame-points of emerald and silver. No blossom crests tossed on these riotous waves, but up the trunk of every tree ran green and purple spirals, which darted, aspiring, to the very tip, and there, audacious, glorious, triumphant, shouted the praises of spring from a thousand golden bugles. The echo of the call was perfume. Truth felt her senses reel with it.

"Oh, I can't reach you! Come down, come down! I must have you."

The flowers bridled and tossed; the yellow sprays tinkled in the sun like a golden fountain.

"Come down!" she cried again. A saucy flower unhooked itself and struck her between the eyes. She laughed as she caught it. "Is this all I'm to have? Then all right!" She turned away singing.

"How clumsy and stupid hot-house flowers are!" she thought. "They are just like stuffed squirrels. I wonder why things get so heavy and helpless when they are cultivated. Just imagine having to smoke off bugs from a wild jasmine vine!" She regarded the flower in her hand with close scrutiny.

"I reckon these seem more real because they grow as nature meant to have them. Somehow it seems almost wicked to over-cultivate flowers—or people either." The thought of cities choked up in her throat. She tossed it off with a shake of her head. "How I *hate* hot-houses, glass, and gardeners!"

The smile faded from her eyes. She walked abstractedly, with drooping head, until a big blue violet, staring eagerly, caught her attention. She was down beside it in a moment, one finger under the velvet chin, that she might gaze more deeply into the single, mysterious, yellow eye. "Dear little violet," she said in a solemn voice, "if ever you see a gardener coming, you take my advice and just—die! It will save lots

of trouble." The violet nodded sagely, and continued nodding, as if talking to itself, long after Truth had passed. The two understood each other perfectly.

But sad thoughts had no power to cling a day like this. Oh, the joy of being in her woods again! Was ever a sky so blue? No chiselled dome could be more tangible. The fringed openings of pine-branches cut it into irregular shapes; each area might have been a slab of turquoise set in green bronze. The beams of the sun came in sheaves and bands through purple pine-trunks, that were half dissolved in golden mist before they could touch the earth. Sharp contrasts were eliminated. The luminous solvent crept with the warmth and lull of an elixir into the heart.

Truth wandered inconsequently from point to point, her course making odd little parallelograms and zigzags through the dry, scant grass. Now a wild iris beckoned her, a pointed, azure flame springing from the ashes of last year's growth; now a group of ferns, half-hidden in some tiny cave or dell, about to unroll curled fronds of chrysoprase, hung with loose white filaments, as of forgotten moon-rays. The great bronze welts upon the buckeye she knew for volcanoes of struggling leaves; the dried umbels and racemes of a vanished summer were pledges of beauty and rebirth. The dogwood trees gleamed out ever and again, and always with startling effect. Violets, iris, jasmine, and arbutus abounded. Not an inch of earth but might produce a friend. These, these alone were her kin, her companions; this was true living, this the only life—to blend one's self with the being of the kind old earth, to lean one's tired head upon her knee, and let the mesmeric fingers of the wind exorcise the circle of the world's troubled phantoms.

She threw herself prone upon the old shawl, but kept her hands and cheek upon the sand. Her eyes closed in a drowsy beatitude of utter irresponsibility. The great, steady magnet of the earth radiated peace. She smiled dreamily as the sun threw over her a thin coverlet of warmth.

For an hour she lay there, neither asleep nor awake, but in the blessing of unreflecting trance, of impression more keen and inclusive for its directness, the consciousness of Nature's primeval races, and, so lying, so dreaming, her

human body drifted, as it were, into a world of other dimensions, the plane of things that leaf and bud: her blood ran as cool as the sweet sap along swaying boughs, and, through a stillness as absolute as if her heart had stopped—out of the very hush of finite movement—a new and larger rhythm filled gradually the vacuum of her perceptions and she drew herself to be a mere sentient atom, part of the diurnal motion of a great, dumb planet, helplessly secure, transmutably persistent.

In her slow return to a perception of personal identity, Truth Dexter, the individual, dawned as a clear vision from the troubled haze of recent experiences. What had she to do with Craighead, culture, and Boston? It was a pagan soul that lay there, sleepy and strong. A slight movement overhead drew her attention to a squirrel that peered down at her from a pine-branch, with round bright eyes and head tilted daintily. At that moment he was much nearer of kin than the grandmother who waited so anxiously at home.

Truth closed her eyes again, and a drowsy stir of speculation made her wonder whether, in some early incarnation, in a world as yet unpeopled, her spirit might not have been that of a pine tree or a hillside stream, which to-day's loosening of successive sheaves had freed for a last vision of Nature's harmony.

The sun, now directly overhead, caressed her with too fervent kindness. Idly she planted a little weed-stalk upward and noted that it cast no shadow.

"Why, it must be twelve!" she said aloud.

She gave a long sigh that was half a smile, and rose slowly to her feet, looking all the while around upon the forest.

"Yes, I must go," she repeated as if to the trees. "But, oh, how glad I am that I came! It is not lost. I have found it now, forever, and it was, myself. Sometimes it seemed to be lost, but it was only watching for me here!"

She stooped for the shawl and bonnet. Suddenly the old look of anguish darkened her face. Letting them fall she flung her arms impetuously about the nearest pine. "Old pine!" she cried, "did you ever have lightning crash down through your branches, so that you thought for a while you were dead, and could never grow any more? Well, that is

just how I have been feeling! But after a while the first dreadful hurt passes, and you know that you are not dead—that you are even going to keep on growing. Yes, even if half of you is torn away you must keep on growing with what is left. The birds and squirrels won't laugh at your scars; and after a while, vines will creep up to hide the ugly spaces. Isn't it so, dear tree-friend?"

The tree answered nothing, but that is often the way with a thoughtful listener.

KANO

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THE old folks call it Yeddo. To the young, "Tokyo" has a pleasant, modern sound, and comes glibly. But whether young or old, those whose home it is know that the great flat city, troubled with green hills, cleft by a shining river, and veined in living canals, is the central spot of all the world.

Storms visit Tokyo—with fury often, sometimes with destruction. Earthquakes cow it; snow falls upon its temple roofs, swings in wet, dazzling masses from the bamboo plumes, or balances in white strata along green-black pine branches. The summer sun scorches the face of Yeddo, and summer rain comes down in wide bands of light. With evening the mist creeps up, thrown over it like a covering, casting a spell of silence through which the yellow lanterns of the hurrying jinrikishas dance an elfish dance, and the voices of the singing-girls pierce like fine blades of sound.

But to know the full charm of the great city, one must wake with it at some rebirth of dawn. This hour gives to the imaginative in every land a thrill, a yearning, and a pang of visual regeneration. In no place is this wonder more deeply touched with mystery than in modern Tokyo.

Far off to the east the Sumida River lies in sleep. Beyond it, temple roofs—black keels of sunken vessels—cut a sky still powdered thick with stars. Nothing moves, and yet a something changes! The darkness shivers as to a cold

touch. A pallid haze breathes wanly on the surface of the impassive sky. The gold deepens swiftly and turns to a faint rose flush. The stars scamper away like mice.

Across the moor of gray house eaves the mist wavers. Day troubles it. A pink light rises to the zenith, and the mist shifts and slips away in layers, pink and gold and white. Now far beyond the grayness, to the west, the cone of Fuji flashes into splendor. It, too, is pink. Its shape is of a lotos bud, and the long fissures that plough a mountain side are now but delicate gold veining on a petal. Slowly it seems to open. It is the chalice of a new day, the signal and the pledge of consecration. Husky crows awake in the pine trees, and doves under the temple eaves. The east is red beyond the river, and the round, red sun, insignia of this land, soars up like a cry of triumph.

On the glittering road of the Sumida, loaded barges, covered for the night with huge squares of fringed straw mats, begin to nod and preen themselves like a covey of gigantic river birds. Sounds of prayer and of silver matin bells come from the temples, where priest and acolyte greet the Lord Buddha of a new day. From tiny chimneyless kitchens of a thousand homes thin blue feathers of smoke make slow upward progress, to be lost in the last echoes of the vanishing mist. Sparrows begin to chirp, first one, then ten, then thousands. Their voices have the clash and chime of a myriad small triangles.

The wooden outer panels (amado) of countless dwellings are thrust noisily aside and stacked into a shallow closet. The noise reverberates from district to district in a sharp musketry of sound. Maid servants call cheerily across bamboo fences. Shoji next are opened, disclosing often the dull green mosquito net hung from corner to corner of the low-ceiled sleeping rooms. Children, in brilliant night robes, run to the verandas to see the early sun; cocks strut in pigmy gardens. Now, from along the streets rise the calls of flower peddlers, of venders of fish, bean-curd, vegetables, and milk. Thus the day comes to modern Tokyo, which the old folks still call Yeddo.

On such a midsummer dawn, not many years ago, old Kano Indara, sleeping in his darkened chamber, felt the sum-

mons of an approaching joy. Beauty tugged at his dreams. Smiling, as a child that is led by love, he rose, drew aside softly the shoji, then the amado of his room, and then, with face uplifted, stepped down into his garden. The beauty of the ebbing night caught at his sleeve, but the dawn held him back.

It was the moment just before the great Sun took place upon his throne. Kano still felt himself lord of the green space round about him. On their pretty bamboo trellises the potted morning-glory vines held out flowers as yet unopened. They were fragile, as if of tissue, and were beaded at the crinkled tips with dew. Kano's eyelids, too, had dew of tears upon them. He crouched close to the flowers. Something in him, too, some new ecstasy was to unfurl. His lean body began to tremble. He seated himself at the edge of the narrow, railless veranda along which the growing plants were ranged. One trembling bud reached out as if it wished to touch him.

The old man shook with the beating of his own heart. He was an artist. Could he endure another revelation of joy? Yes, his soul, renewed ever as the gods themselves renew their youth, was to be given the inner vision. Now, to him, this was the first morning. Creation bore down upon him.

The flower, too, had begun to tremble. Kano turned directly to it. The filmy, azure angles at the tip were straining to part, held together by just one drop of light. Even as Kano stared the drop fell heavily, plashing on his hand. The flower, with a little sob, opened to him, and questioned him of life, of art, of immortality. The old man covered his face, weeping.

The last of his race was Kano Indara; the last of a mighty line of artists. Even in this material age his fame spread as the mists of his own land, and his name was known in barbarian countries far across the sea. Tokyo might fall under the blight of progress, but Kano would hold to the traditions of his race. To live as a true artist—to die as one—this was his care. He might have claimed high position in the great Art Museum recently inaugurated by the new government, and housed in an abomination of pink stucco

with Moorish towers at the four corners. He might even have been elected president of the new Academy, and have presided over the Italian sculptors and degenerate French painters imported to instruct and "civilize" modern Japan. Stiff graphite pencils, making lines as hard and sharp as those in the faces of foreigners themselves, were to take the place of the soft charcoal flake whose stroke was of satin and young leaves. Horrible brushes, fashioned of the hair of swine, pinched in by metal bands, and wielded with a hard tapering stick of varnished wood, were to be thrust into the hands of artists—yes—artists—men who, from childhood, had known the soft pliant Japanese brush almost as a spirit hand—had felt the joy of the long stroke down fibrous paper where the very thickening and thinning of the line, the turn of the brush here, the easing of it there, made visual music—men who had realized the brush as part not only of the body but of the soul—such men, indeed—such artists, were to be offered a bunch of hog bristles, set in foreign tin. Why, even in the annals of Kano's own family more than one faithful brush had acquired a soul of its own, and after the master's death had gone on lamenting in his written name. But the foreigners' brushes, and their little tubes of ill-smelling gum colored with dead hues! Kano shuddered anew at the thought.

Naturally he hated all new forms of government. He regretted and deplored the magnanimity of his Emperor in giving to his people, so soon, a modern constitution. What need had Art of a constitution?

Across the northern end of Yeddo runs the green welt of a table-land. Midway, at the base of this, tucked away from northern winds, hidden in green bamboo hedges, Kano lived, a mute protest against the new. Beside himself, of the household were Umè-ko, his only child, and an old family servant, Mata.

Kano's garden, always the most important part of a Japanese dwelling place, ran out in one continuous, shallow terrace to the south. A stone wall upheld its front edge from the narrow street; and on top of this wall stiff hedges grew. In one corner, however, a hillock had been raised, a "Moon Viewing Place," such as poets and artists have always found

necessary. From its flat top old Kano had watched through many years the rising of the moon; had seen, as now, a new dawn possess a new-created earth—had traced the outlines of the stars. By day he sometimes loved to watch the little street below, delighting in the motion and color of passing groups.

For the garden, itself, it was fashioned chiefly of sand, pebbles, stones, and many varieties of pine, the old artist's favorite plant. A small rock-bound pond curved about the inner base of the moon-viewing hill, duplicating in its clear surface the beauties near. A few splendid carp, the color themselves of dawn, swam lazily about with noses in the direction of the house whence came, they well knew, liberal offerings of rice and cake.

Kano had his plum trees, too; the classic "umè," loved of all artists, poets, and decent-minded people generally. One tree, a superb specimen of the kind called "Crouching-Dragon-Plum," writhed and twisted near the veranda of the chamber of its name-child, Umè-ko, thrusting one leafy arm almost to the paper shoji of her wall. Kano's transient flowers were grown for the most part in pots, and these his daughter Umè-ko loved to tend. There were morning-glories for the mid-summer season, peonies and iris for the spring, and chrysanthemums for autumn. One foreign rose-plant, pink of bloom, in a blue-gray jar, had been pruned and trained into a beauty that no Western rose-bush ever knew.

Behind the Kano cottage the rise of ground for twenty yards was of a grade scarcely perceptible to the eye. Here Mata did the family washing; dried daikon in winter, and sweet-potato slices in the summer sun. This small space she considered her special domain, and was at no pains to conceal the fact. Beyond, the hill went upward suddenly with the curve of a cresting wave. Higher it rose and higher, bearing a tangled growth of vines and ferns and bamboo grass; higher and higher, until it broke, in sheer mid-air, with a coarse foam of rock, thick shrubs, and stony ledges. Almost at the zenith of the cottage garden it poised, and a great camphor tree, centuries old, soared out into the blue like a green balloon.

Behind the camphor tree, again, and not visible from the

garden below, stood a temple of the "Shingon" sect, the most mystic of the old esoteric Buddhist forms. To the rear of this the broad, low, rectangular buildings of a nunnery, gray and old as the temple itself, brooded among high hedges of the sacred mochi tree. This retreat had been famous for centuries throughout Japan. More than once a Lady Abbess had been yielded from the Imperial family. Formerly the temple had owned many koku of rich land; had held feudal sway over rice fields and whole villages, deriving princely revenue. With the restoration of the Emperor to temporal power, some thirty years before the beginning of this story, most of the land had been confiscated; and now, shrunken like the papal power at Rome, the temple claimed, in land, only those acres bounded by its own hedges and stone temple walls. There were the main building itself, silent, impressive in towering majesty; subordinate chapels and dwellings for priests, a huge smoke-stained refectory, the low nunnery in its spreading gardens and, down the northern slope of the hill, the cemetery, a lichen-growth, as it were, of bristling, close-set tombs in gray stone, the splintered regularity broken in places by the tall rounded column of a priest's grave, set in a ring of wooden sotoba. At irregular intervals clusters of giant bamboo trees sprang like green flame from the fissures of gray rock.

Even in humiliation, in comparative poverty, the temple dominated, for miles around, the imagination of the people, and was the great central note of the landscape. The immediate neighborhood was jealously proud of it. Country folk journeying by the street below, looked up with lips that whispered invocation. Children climbed the long stone steps to play in the temple courtyard, and feed the beautiful tame doves that lived among the carved dragons of the temple eaves.

In that gray cemetery on the further slope Kano's wife, the young mother who died so long ago that Umè-ko could not remember her at all, slept beneath a granite shaft which said, "A Flower having blossomed in the Night, the Halls of the Gods are fragrant." This was the Buddhist kaimyo, or priestly invocation to the spirit of the dead. Of the more personal part of the young mother, her name, age, and the

date of her "divine retirement," these were recorded in the household shrine of the Kano cottage, where her "ihai" stood, just behind a little lamp of pure vegetable oil whose light had never yet been suffered to die. Through this shrine, and the daily loving offices required by it, she had never ceased to be a presence in the house. Even in his passionate desire for a son to inherit the name and traditions of his race, old Kano had not been able to endure the thought of a second wife who might wish the shrine removed.

Umè-ko and her father were well known at the temple, and worshipped often before its golden altars. But Mata scorned the ceremony of the older creed. She was a Shinshu, a Protestant. Her sect discarded mysticism as useless, believed in the marriage of priests, and in the abolition of the monastic life, and relied for salvation only on the love and mercy of Amida, the Buddha of Light.

Sometimes at twilight a group of shadowy human figures, gray as the doves themselves, crept out from the nunnery gate, crossed the wide, pebbled courtyard of the temple and stood, for long moments, by the gnarled roots of the camphor tree, staring out across the beauty of the plain of Yeddo; its shining bay a great mirror to the south, and off, on the western horizon, where the last light hung, Fuji, a cone of porphyry, massive against the gold.

THE MAGNOLIA

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O flowers of the garden, of skilled and human care,
Sweet heliotrope, and violet, and orchid frail and fair,
Pour out your love to happier hearts; the woodland flowers
for me,
The pallid, creamy blossoms of the dark magnolia tree!

I close my eyes; my soul lifts up to float with their perfume,
And dull the body lying in this narrow city room.
Again I am a happy child. I leap and joy to see
The great curved petals wavering slip from out the gleaming
tree.

As holy grail, or pearl inwrought, or carven ivory cup,
They stand on bronze and emerald bough, and brim their sweetness up;
And underneath a happy child!—O days that used to be!
In distant land, the flowers still stand upon the dark green tree.

THE TWO HOMES

Safe at home, a shrine of love,
Deep in scented Eastern grove,
Live I, love I, tend and sew
Much as Western women do,
Yet the life is richer far,
Owning thus a double star;
One must joy in alien ways,
Learn, adapt, and paraphrase,
Making light the yoke devised
By a world called civilized.

But because of loves as kind,
In my garden you will find
Flowers that knew but Western skies;
Pansies sweet, with homesick eyes;
Jasmine looped on purple stems
Crowned with golden diadems;
Great magnolias holding up
Each a carven ivory cup;
Moon-flowers punctually true
As those the Southern breezes woo.

* * * * * *

In that home I call my other
Lives my comrade, friend, and mother;
She to whom the empty miles
Seem but deeper mother-smiles,
She to whom the alien hours
Seem a calendar of flowers.
In her garden thrive and grow
Blooms that Eastern races know,
Tender vagrants, exiles sweet,
Nodes where arcs of longing meet.

When my sleeping daisies wake
I must greet them for her sake;
When her cherry-blossoms shine
I can feel her heart in mine.
Swift from pink or plum or rose
Mutual benediction goes,
Till the very birds must guess
All my garden's preciousness—
Surely life is sweet to lend,
Home and lover, flower and friend!

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Out from its casket of pungent calf,
Out from the strata of yellowing leaves
I startled a picture—a photograph
Hid like a fern, in the Old World's sleeves.

I caught it, and stared with my heart at bay.
Sweet eyes! Sweet lips! And a smile like light!
The face, as a rose, in its dew-dreams lay,
How could she know of the coming night?

Why should I shrink from her unknown fears?
I am a woman, proud and cold.
I'm done with shrinking, and done with tears.
Who weeps on the pictured face I hold?

Why should I rise, with a sudden start,
Seeking a mirror; with eyes flashed keen
From one to the other? Oh! withered heart!
And the row of grimacing ghosts between!

THREE WOMEN

I know three women. One is brave, and strong
To lift calm eyes beside her chosen king.
Upward they toil, nor scornful whispering,
Nor dull indifference, nor suffered wrong
Can balk their striving; but the way is long.
The next is wild and free; and, as a wing
May cleave the azure of a prairie's ring,
Her mateless soul would cleave the rim of song.
The third is gentle, hushed in quiet needs,
A brooding bird among the water-reeds.
Love is her heaven; and, where it mirrored lies,
Lean the blue blossoms of her children's eyes.
"Clear types," you say, "and strangely set apart."
Look deeper, friend, 'tis but one woman's heart.

AFTER THE STORM

They think because we write of grief and passion
That all the tempest of a soul is there.
O, this is not the soul's or ocean's fashion;
Wait for the lull, when shores are broad and bare.

Wait till the storm has passed, and ocean cowers
In vast submission to a fate too strong;
Then on the beach, in shreds of deep-sea flowers,
We find the shells, the broken shells of song.

A FRIEND

After the Japanese.

The drooping plum-tree meekly bears
The snows that mock her coming bloom.
But, ah, her friend, the nightingale,
Leaps to her bough, and sings perfume.

TO A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE

Dark on the face of a low, full moon
Swayeth the tall bamboo.
No flute nor quiver of song is heard,
Though sheer on the tip a small brown bird
Sways to an inward tune.

O small brown bird, like a dusky star,
Lone on the tall bamboo,
Thou germ of the soul of a summer night,
Thou quickening core of a lost delight,
Of ecstasy born afar,

Soar out thy bliss to the tingling air,
Sing from the tall bamboo.
Loosen the long, clear, syrup note
That shimmers and throbs in thy delicate throat;
Mellow my soul's despair!

FUJISAN FROM ENOSHIMA

O Thou divine, remote, ineffable!
Thou cone of visions based on level sea,
Thou ache of joy in pale eternity,
Thou gleaming pearl in night's encrusted shell,
Thou frozen ghost, thou crystal citadel,
Heart-hushed I gaze, until there seems to be
Nothing in heaven or earth, but thee and me;
I the faint echo, thou the crystal bell!

Time rolls beneath me, as the waves' long foam,
And thoughts, as drifting weeds, float vaguely by,
Leaving my ransomed soul to fill the dome
Which curves, by day, thy cloud-fringed canopy.
Measured by gods, I draw my human height—
Then hide me, weeping. I have faced the light!

OSCAR PENN FITZGERALD

[1829—]

E. E. HOSS

OSCAR P. FITZGERALD was born in Caswell County, North Carolina, August 29, 1829. His father's people were of the Leinster Fitzgeralds, and his mother's of the Virginia Goodes. Though denied the benefits of a college education, he had a good school training. At the age of fourteen he went to Lynchburg and entered the office of the old *Lynchburg Republican,* where for six years his wits were sharpened by contact with men of intelligence and by the incessant reading of newspapers and general literature. At the end of that time he returned to his native state, and for a year or so taught a private school in Rockingham County. Nature, however, did not cut him out for a school teacher. During his stay in Lynchburg he had already begun to write for the press, and his fingers were itching to use the pen. An opportunity being offered him in 1852 to do work on the *Richmond Examiner,* of which John M. Daniel was then the editor, he promptly accepted it. About two years later he removed to Macon, Georgia, with the purpose of becoming one of the editors of the *Macon Telegraph,* a strong and influential State Rights journal. Soon after reaching Macon he suffered an attack of typhoid fever, at the close of which, following an impulse that had long been in his heart, he identified himself with the Methodist Church. A little later he was licensed to preach, and put in charge of a congregation of colored Methodists. The following year, having in the mean time been regularly received into the Georgia Conference, he was sent as junior preacher to Trinity Church, Savannah. In the fall of 1854 he was married to Miss Sarah Banks, of an old and highly respectable Georgia family, and, in response to a call from Bishop J. O. Andrew, sailed as a missionary to California, taking the Isthmus route. For the three years following he did effective work, both in the mining camps and in the growing towns of the new State, and laid the foundation for that wide range of acquaintanceship which he subsequently formed along the whole Pacific Coast. A providential opening in 1858 made him editor of the *Pacific Methodist* and kept him in that position till 1867. This part of his career was somewhat stormy. Right through the passions of the Civil War, in the face of fierce criticisms, and

often of personal danger, he maintained a steadfast front, never lowering his flag nor abating one jot or tittle of his devotion to his Church and his native section. From 1867 to 1871 he was Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of California, having been elected by a large majority as the nominee of the Democratic party. At the end of his term, and again in 1875, he was renominated, but on each of these latter occasions suffered defeat by the Republican nominee. Closing up his term of public office with great credit, he reëntered the pastorate and filled several important charges. In 1877 he launched *Fitzgerald's Home Newspaper*, a periodical of the highest moral and literary excellence, and one that gave promise of great success. But the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Georgia, May, 1878, selected him to be editor of the *Christian Advocate,* the general organ of the Church, in succession to the late Dr. Thomas O. Summers, in which post of honor he was continued by two successive reëlections for twelve years. The General Conference of 1890, in session at St. Louis, Missouri, chose him Bishop. He remained in the active work of the Episcopacy till 1902, since which time he has been on the superannuated list. In the midst of his pressing official duties, Bishop Fitzgerald has always performed much literary labor and even now, in his seventy-ninth year, he is still very busy.

His home at the present is at Nashville, Tennessee, where after thirty years of residence he is loved and honored by the whole community. In personal appearance Bishop Fitzgerald is a striking figure, being a little more than six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe and muscular, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His once raven black hair, now a white crown of glory, broad forehead, keen gray eyes, prominent nose, mobile lips and firm chin, all combine to give him a distinguished look. His manners are affable to the highest degree. I have not known a man who possessed a greater social charm. It is doubtful whether he ever entered any circle without at once becoming a center of attraction. Among the mixed multitudes of the Pacific Slope he had an immense personal following, inside and outside the church. Men of all creeds and of no creed were his strong and passionate friends. From his earliest youth Bishop Fitzgerald has been a diligent reader of the best English literature. Much of his distinctive style as a writer is due to this fact. He possesses a singularly pure taste in the selection and use of words, and a most uncommon lightness and brightness of touch in composition. It is not depreciating his other work to say that he will be best remembered as an editor. In many respects he has had no superior on the religious press of America. Of the paragraph, in

particular, he is the perfect master. A worthy volume of his brief and finished utterances might easily be selected from the pages of the *Christian Advocate*. Among all his books there is perhaps none that contains so many distinctly literary qualities as his 'California Sketches.' Some of the short stories embodied in that enticing volume are fit to be compared with the best work of Bret Harte. In the apt delineation of character he is preëminent, as appears from his biographies of Drs. Summers, McFerrin, and Longstreet, as well as from many stray productions. A very human man is the Bishop. Nothing has ever interested him so much as men. An intense Southerner, a Democrat of the sort that would have delighted Andrew Jackson's heart, an ardent Methodist; as he draws near the close of a long life he has, if not riches, at least honor and troops of friends.

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MY FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MINES

From 'California Sketches.' All selections are copyrighted by the author, and are used by his permission.

Sonora, in 1855, was an exciting, wild, wicked, fascinating place. Gold dust and gamblers were plentiful. A rich mining camp is a bonanza to the sporting fraternity. The peculiar excitement of mining is near akin to gambling, and seems to prepare the gold hunter for the faro bank and monte table. The life was free and spiced with tragedy. The men were reckless, the women few and not wholly select. The conventionalities of older communities were ignored. People dressed and talked as they pleased, and were a law unto themselves. Even a parson could gallop at full speed

through a mining camp without exciting remark. To me it was all new, and at first a little bewildering, but there was a charm about it that lingers pleasantly in the memory after the lapse of all these long years from 1855 to date.

Sonora was a picture unique in its beauty as I first looked down upon it from the crest of the highest hill above the town that bright May morning. The air was exhilarating, electric. The sky was deep blue, without a speck of cloud. The town lay stretched between two ranges of hills, the cozy cottages and rude cabins straggling along their sides, while the full tide of life flowed through Washington Street in the center, where thousands of miners jostled one another as they moved to and fro. High hills encircled the place on all sides protectingly, and Bald Mountain, dark and bare, lifted above all the rest, seemed to watch the Queen City of the mines like a dusky duenna. The far-off Sierras, white and cold, lay propped against the sky like shrouded giants under their winding sheets of snow. Near me stood a lone pine which had escaped the ruthless ax because there was a grave under it marked by a rude cross.

Descending to the main street again, I found it crowded with flannel-shirted men. They seemed to be excited, judging from their loud tones and fierce gesticulations.

"They have caught Felipe at French Camp, and they will have him here by ten o'clock," said one of a group near me.

"Yes, and the boys are getting ready to swing the cursed greaser when he gets here," said another, savagely.

On inquiry, I learned that the gentleman for whose arrival such preparation was being made was a Mexican who had stabbed to the heart a policeman named Sheldon two nights before. The assassin fled the town, but the sheriff and his posse had gotten on his track, and, pursuing rapidly, had overtaken him at French Camp, and were now returning with their prisoner in charge. Sheldon was a good-natured, generous fellow, popular with the "boys." He was brave to a fault, perhaps a little too ready at times to use his pistol. Two Mexicans had been shot by him since his call to police duty, and, though the Americans justified him in so doing, the Mexicans cherished a bitter feeling toward him. Sheldon

knew that he was hated by those swarthy fellows whose strong point is not forgiveness of enemies, and not long before the tragedy was heard to say, in a half-serious tone: "I expect to die in my boots." Poor fellow! it came sooner than he thought.

By ten o'clock Washington Street was densely thronged by red and blue shirted men, whose remarks showed that they were ripe for mischief.

"Hang him, I say! If we allow the officers who watch for our protection when we are asleep to be murdered in this way, nobody is safe. I say hang him!" shouted a thick-chested miner, gritting his teeth.

"That's the talk! swing him!" "Hang him!" "Put cold lead through him!" and such like expressions were heard on all sides.

Suddenly there was a rush of the crowd toward the point where Washington Street intersected with the Jamestown Road. Then the tide flowed backward, and came surging by the place where I was standing.

"There he comes! at him, boys!" "A rope! a rope!" "Go for him!" shouted a hundred voices.

The object of the popular execration, guarded by the sheriff and a posse of about twenty men, was hurried along in the middle of the street, his hat gone, his bosom bare, a red sash around his waist. He was a bad-looking fellow, and in the rapid glances he cast at the angry crowd around him there was more of hate than fear. The flashes of his dark eyes made one think of the gleam of the deadly Spanish dirk. The twenty picked men guarding him had each a revolver in his hand, with Major Solomon, the sheriff, at their head. The mob knew Solomon. He had distinguished himself for cool courage in the Mexican War, and they were well aware that those pistols were paraded for use if occasion demanded.

The prisoner was taken into the Placer Hotel, where the coroner's jury was held, the mob surrounding the building and roaring like a sea.

"There they come! go for him, boys!" was shouted as the doors were flung open, and Felipe appeared, attended by his guard.

A rush was made, but there was Solomon with his twenty men pistol in hand, and no man dared to lay a hand on the murderer. With steady step they marched to the jail, the crowd parting as the sheriff and his posse advanced, and the prisoner was hurried inside and the doors locked.

Baffled thus, for a few moments the mob was silent, and then it exploded with imprecations and yells: "Break open the door!" "Tear down the jail!" "Bring him out!" "Who has a rope?" "Out with him!"

Cool and collected, Solomon stood on the doorstep, his twenty men standing holding their revolvers ready. The County Judge Quint attempted to address the excited mass, but his voice was drowned by their yells. The silver-tongued Henry P. Barber, an orator born, and whose sad career would make a romance of thrilling interest, essayed to speak, but even his magic voice was lost in the tornado of popular fury.

I had climbed a high fence above the jail yard, where the whole scene was before me. When Barber gave up the attempt to get a hearing from the mob, there was a momentary silence. Solomon saw the opportunity, and lifting his hand, he said: "Will you hear me a moment? I am not fool enough to think that with these twenty men I can whip this crowd. You can overcome us by your numbers and kill us if you choose. Perhaps you will do it—I am ready for that. I don't say I can prevent you, but I do say"—and here his eye kindled and his voice had a steel-like ring—"*the first man that touches that jail door dies!*"

There was a perceptible thrill throughout that dense mass of human beings. No man volunteered to lead an assault on the jail door. Solomon followed up this stroke: "Boys, when you take time to reflect, you will see that this is all wrong. I was elected by your votes, and you are acting in bad faith when you put me in a position where I must violate my sworn duty or fight you. This is the holy Sabbath day. Back in our old homes we have been used to different scenes from this. The prisoner will be kept, and tried, and duly punished by the law. Let us give three cheers for the clergy of California, two of whom I see present [pointing to where my Presbyterian neighbor, the Rev. S. S. Harmon, and

I were perched conspicuously], and then go home like good citizens."

Courage and tact prevailed. The mob was conquered. The cheers were given with a will, the crowd melted away, and in a few minutes the jail yard was clear.

I lingered alone, and was struck with the sudden transition. The sun was sinking in the west, already the town below was wrapped in shade, the tops of the encircling hills caught the lingering beams, the loftier crest of Bald Mountain blazing as if it were a mass of burnished gold. It was the calm and glory of Nature in sharp contrast with the turbulence and brutality of men.

Wending my way back to the hotel, I seated myself on the piazza of the second story, and watched the motley crowd going in and out of the "Long Tom" drinking and gambling saloon across the street, musing upon the scenes of my first Sunday in the mines.

CISSAHA

From 'California Sketches.'

I FIRST noticed him one night at prayer meeting at Sonora, in the Southern Mines, in 1855. He came in timidly, and took a seat near the door. His manner was reverent, and he watched the exercises with curious interest, his eyes following every gesture of the preacher, and his ears losing not a word that was said or sung. I was struck with his peculiar physiognomy as he sat there with his thin, swarthy face, his soft, sad black eyes, and long black hair. I could not make him out; he might be Mexican, Spanish, Portuguese, "Kanaka," or what not. He waited until I passed out at the close of the meeting, and, bowing very humbly, placed half a dollar in my hand, and walked away. This happened several weeks in succession, and I noticed him at church on Sunday evenings. He would come in after the crowd had entered, and take his place near the door. He never failed to hand me the half dollar at the close of every service, his dark, wistful-looking eyes lighting up with pleasure as I took the coin from his hand. He never waited to talk, but hurried off at once.

My curiosity was excited, and I began to feel a special interest in this strange-looking foreigner.

I was sitting one morning in the little room on the hillside, which was at once dining room, parlor, bedchamber, and study, when, lifting my eyes a moment from the book I was reading, there stood my strange foreigner in the door.

"Come in," I said kindly.

Making profound salaams, he rushed impulsively toward me, exclaiming in broken English: "My good brahmin!" "My good brahmin!" with a torrent of words I could not understand.

I invited him to take a seat, but he declined. He looked flushed and excited, his dark eyes flashing. I soon found that he could understand English much better than he could speak it himself.

"What is your name!" I asked.

"Cissaha," he answered, accenting strongly the last syllable.

"Of what nation are you?" was my next question.

"Me Hindoo—me good caste," he added rather proudly.

After gratifying my curiosity by answering my many questions, he told his business with me. It was with great difficulty that I could make out what he said; his pronunciation was sadly imperfect at best, and when he talked himself into an excited state his speech was a curious jargon of confused and strange sounds. The substance of his story was, that, though belonging to a caste which was above such work, necessity had forced him to take the place of a cook in a miners' boarding house at a notorious camp called aptly Whisky Hill, which was about three miles from Sonora. After six months' service, the proprietor of the establishment had dismissed him with no other pay than a bogus title to a mining claim. When the poor fellow went to take possession, the rightful owners drove him away with many blows and much of that peculiarly emphatic profanity for which California was rather noted in those early days. On going back to his employer with the story of his failure to get possession of the mining claim, he was driven away with cursings and threats, without a dollar for months of hard work.

This was Cissaha's story. He had come to me for redress.

I felt no little sympathy for him as he stood before me, so helpless in a strange land. He had been shamefully wronged, and I felt indignant at the recital. But I told him that while I was sorry for him, I could do nothing; he had better put the case in the hands of a lawyer. I suggested the name of one.

"No, no!" he said passionately; "you my good brahmin; you go Whisky Hill, you make Flank Powell pay my money!"

He seemed to think that as a teacher of religion I must be invested also with some sort of authority in civil matters. I could not make him understand that this was not so.

"You ride horse, me walk; Flank Powell see my good brahmin come, he pay money," urged Cissaha.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, I told him I would go with him. He bowed almost to the floor, and the tears, which had flowed freely as he told his tale of wrongs, were wiped away.

Mounting Dr. Jack Franklin's sorrel horse—my pen pauses as I write the name of that noble Tennesseean, that true and generous friend—I started to Whisky Hill, my client keeping alongside on foot.

As we proceeded, I could not help feeling that I was on a sort of fool's errand. It was certainly a new rôle for me. But my sympathy had been excited, and I fortified myself by repeating mentally all those scriptures of the Old and New Testaments which enjoin kindness to strangers.

I found that Cissaha was well known in the camp, and that he was generally liked. Everybody seemed to know how he had been treated, and the popular feeling was on his side. Several parties confirmed his statement of the case in every particular. Walking along among the mining claims, with a proud and confident air he would point to me, saying: "There my good brahmin—*he* make Flank Powell pay my money now."

"Powell is a rough customer," said a tall young fellow from New York, who stood near the trail with a pick in his hand; "he will give you trouble before you get through with him."

Cissaha only shook his head in a knowing way and hastened on, keeping my sorrel in a brisk trot.

A stout and ill-dressed woman was standing in the porch of Mr. Powell's establishment as I rode up.

"Is Mr. Powell at home?" I asked.

"Yes; he is in the house," she said dryly, scowling alternately at Cissaha and me.

"Please tell him that I would like to see him."

She went into the house after giving us a parting angry glance, and in a few minutes Mr. Powell made his appearance. He looked the ruffian that he was all over. A huge fellow, with enormous breadth between the shoulders, and the chest of a bull, with a fiery red face, blear blue eyes red at the corners, coarse sandy hair, and a villainous *tout ensemble* every way, he was as bad a specimen of my kind as I had ever met.

"What do you want with me?" he growled out, after taking a look at us.

"I understand," I answered in my blandest tones; "that there has been some difficulty in making a settlement between you and this Hindoo man, and at his request I have come over to see if I can help to adjust it."

"Damn you!" said the ruffian, "if you come here meddling with my affairs, I'll knock you off that horse."

He *was* a rough customer to look at just then.

Cissaha looked a little alarmed, and drew nearer to me.

I looked the man in the eye and answered: "I am not afraid of any violence at your hands. You dare not attempt it. You have cruelly wronged this poor foreigner, and you know it. Every man in the camp condemns you for it, and is ashamed of your conduct. Now, I intend to see this thing through. I will devote a year to it and spend every dollar I can raise if necessary to make you pay this debt!"

By this time quite a crowd of miners had gathered around us, and there were unmistakable expressions of approval of my speech.

"That's the right sort of talk!" exclaimed a grizzly-bearded man in a red shirt.

"Stand up to him, parson!" said another.

There was a pause. Powell, as I learned afterward, was detested in the camp. He had the reputation of a bully and a cheat. I think he was likewise a coward. At any rate, as I

warmed with virtuous indignation, he cooled. Perhaps he did not like the expressions on the faces of the rough, athletic men standing around. "What do you want me to do?" he asked in a sullen tone.

"I want you to pay this man what you owe him," I answered.

The negotiations begun thus unpromisingly ended very happily. After making some deduction on some pretext or other, the money was paid, much to my relief and the joy of my client. Mr. Powell indulged in no parting courtesies, nor did he tender me the hospitalities of his house. I have never seen him from that day to this. I have never wished to renew his acquaintance.

Cissaha marched back to Sonora in triumph.

A few days after the Whisky Hill adventure, as I was sitting on the rear side of the little parsonage to get the benefit of the shade, I had another visit from Cissaha. He had on his shoulder a miner's pick and shovel, which he laid down at my feet.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"My good brahmin look at pick and shobel, then no break, and find heap gold," said he, his face full of trust and hopefulness.

I cast a kindly glance at the implements, and did not think it worth while to combat his innocent superstition. If good wishes could have brought him good luck, the poor fellow would have prospered in his search after gold.

From that time on he was scarcely ever absent from church services, never omitting to pay his weekly half dollar. More than once I observed the tears running down his cheeks as he sat near the door, eye and ear all attent to the service.

A day or two before my departure for Conference, at the end of my two years in Sonora, Cissaha made me a visit. He looked sad and anxious. "You go way?" he inquired.

"Yes; I must go," I answered.

"You no come back Sonora?" he asked.

"No; I cannot come back," I said.

He stood a moment, his chest heaving with emotion, and then said: "Me go with you, me live where you live, me die

where you die," almost the very words of the fair young Moabite.

Cissaha went with us. How could I refuse to take him? At San José he lived with us, doing our cooking, nursing our little Paul, and making himself generally useful. He taught us to love curry and to eat cucumbers Hindoo fashion—that is, stewed with veal or chicken. He was the gentlest and most docile of servants, never out of temper, and always anxious to please. Little Paul was very fond of him, and often he would take him off in his baby wagon, and they would be gone for hours together.

He never tired of asking questions about the Christian religion, and manifested a peculiar delight in the words and life of Jesus. One day he came into my study and said: "Me want you to make me Christian."

"I can't make you a Christian; Jesus can do it," I answered.

He looked greatly puzzled and troubled at this reply, but when I had explained the whole matter to him he brightened up and intimated that he wanted to join the Church. I enrolled his name as a probationer, and his delight was unbounded.

One day Cissaha came to me all smiling, and said: "Me want to give all the preachers one big dinner."

"Very well," I answered; "I will let you do so. How many do you want?"

"Me want heap preachers, table all full," he said.

He gave me to understand that the feast must be altogether his own—his money must buy everything, even to the salt and pepper for seasoning the dishes. He would use nothing that was in the house, but bought flour, fowls, beef, vegetables, confectionery, coffee, tea, everything for the great occasion. He made a grand dinner, not forgetting the curry, and with a table full of preachers to enjoy it he was a picture of happiness. His dark face beamed with delight as he handed around the viands to the smiling and appreciative guests. He had some Hindoo notion that there was great merit in feasting so many belonging to the brahmin caste. To him the dinner was a sort of sacrifice most acceptable to Heaven.

My Oriental domestic seemed very happy for some months,

and became a general favorite on account of his gentle manners, docile temper, and obliging disposition. His name was shortened to "Tom" by the popular usage, and under the instructions of the mistress of the parsonage he began the study of English. Poor fellow! he never could make the sound of f or z, the former always turning to p, and the latter to g, upon his tongue. I believe there are no p's or g's in the Hindoostanee.

A change came over Cissaha. He became all at once moody and silent. Several times I found him in tears. Something was the matter with him. That was clear.

One afternoon the secret came out. He came into my room. There were traces of tears on his cheeks. "I go 'way —can stay with my pather [father] no more," he said with a quiver in his voice.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Debbil in here," he answered, touching his forehead. "Debbil tell me drink whisky; me no drink where my pather stay, so must go."

"Why, I did not know you ever drank whisky; where did you learn that?" I asked.

"Me drink with the boys at Plank Powell's—drink beer and whisky. No drink for long time, but debbil in here [touching his forehead] say *must* drink."

He was a picture of shame and grief as he stood there before me. How hard he must have fought against the appetite for strong drink since he had been with me! And how full of shame and sorrow he was to confess his weakness to me! He told me all about it: how he had been treated to beer and whisky by the good-natured miners, and how the taste for liquor had grown on him, and how he had resisted for a time, and how he had at last yielded to the feeling that the devil was too strong for him. That the devil was in it, he seemed to have no doubt. And truly it was so—the cruelest, deadliest of devils, the devil of drink! As a Hindoo, in his own country no strong drink had ever passed his lips. The fiery potations of Whisky Hill were too much for him.

"You should pray, Cissaha."

"Me pray all night, but debbil too strong—me *must* drink whisky!" he said vehemently.

He left us. The parting was very sad to him and us. He had a special cry over little Paul.

"You my pather [to me]; you my mother [to my wife]; I go, but me pack you both always in my belly!"

We could but smile through our tears. The poor fellow meant to say he would still bear us in his grateful heart in his wanderings.

After a few months he came to see us. He looked seedy and sad. He had found employment, but did not stay long at a place. He had stopped awhile with a Presbyterian minister in the Sacramento Valley, and was solicited by him to join the Church.

"Me tell him no!" he said, his eye flashing; "me tell him my pather done make me Christian; me no want to be made Christian again."

The poor fellow was true to his first love, sad Christian as he was.

"Me drink no whisky for four, five week—me now try to stop. Give me prayer to say when debbil get in here," touching his head.

That was what he had come for chiefly. I gave him the form of a short and simple prayer. He repeated it after me in his way until he had it by heart, and then he left.

Once or twice a year he came to see us, and always had a pathetic tale to tell of his struggles with strong drink, and the greed and violence of men who were tempted to oppress and maltreat a poor creature whose weakness invited injustice.

He told us of an adventure when acting as a sheep herder in Southern California, whither he had wandered. A large flock of sheep which he had in charge had been disturbed in the corral a couple of nights in succession. On the third night, hearing a commotion among them, he sprang up from his bunk and rushed out to see what was the matter. But let him tell the story: "Me run out to see what's matter; stars shine blight; me get into corral; sheep all bery much scared, and bery much run, and bery much jump. Big black bear jump over corral fence and come right for me. Me so flighten me know nothing, but raise my arms, run at bear, and say, *E-e-e-e-e-e!*" prolonging the shrill scream and becoming terribly excited as he went on.

"Well, how did it end?" I asked.

"Me scream so loud that bear get scared too, and he turn, run bery fast, jump over corral, and run away."

We did not doubt this story. The narration was too vivid to have been invented, and that scream was enough to upset the nerves of any grizzly.

We got to looking for him at regular intervals. He would bring candies and little presents for the children, and would give a tearful recital of his experiences and take a tearful leave of us. He was fighting his enemy and still claiming to be a Christian. He said many things which showed that he had thought earnestly and deeply on religious subjects, and he would end by saying: "Jesus, help me! Jesus, help me!"

He came to see us after the death of our Paul, and he wept when we told him how our dear boy had left us. He had had a long sickness in the hospital. He had before expressed a desire to go back to his own country, and now this desire had grown into a passion. His wan face lighted up as he looked wistfully seaward from the bay window of our cottage on the hill above the Golden Gate. He left us with a slow and feeble step, often looking back as long as he was in sight.

That was the last of Cissaha. I know not whether he is in Hindostan or the world of spirits.

DICK

From 'California Sketches.'

Dick was a Californian. We made his acquaintance in Sonora about a month before Christmas, *Anno Domini* 1855. This is the way it happened:

At the request of a number of families, the lady who presided in the curious little parsonage near the church on the hillside had started a school for little girls.. The public schools might do for the boys, but were too mixed for their sisters—so they thought. Boys could rough it—they were a rough set, anyhow—but the girls must be reared according to the traditions of the old times and the old homes. That was the view taken of the matter then, and from that day to this the

average California girl has been superior to the average California boy. The boy gets his bias from the street; the girl, from her mother at home. The boy plunges into the life that surges around him; the girl only feels the touch of its waves as they break upon the embankments of home. The boy gets more of the father; the girl gets more of the mother. This may explain their relative superiority. The school for girls was started on condition that it should be free, the proposed teacher refusing all compensation. That part of the arrangement was a failure, for at the end of the first month every little girl brought a handful of money, and laid it on the teacher's desk. It must have been a concerted matter. That quiet, unselfish woman had suddenly become a money-maker in spite of herself. (Use was found for the coin in the course of events.) The school was opened with a psalm, a prayer, and a little song in which the sweet voices of the little Jewish, Spanish, German, Irish, and American maidens united heartily. Dear children! they are scattered now. Some of them have died, and some of them have met with what is worse than death. There was one bright Spanish girl, slender, graceful as a willow, with the fresh Castilian blood mantling her cheeks, her bright eyes beaming with mischief and affection. She was a beautiful child, and her winning ways made her a pet in the little school. But surrounded as the bright, beautiful girl was, Satan had a mortgage on her from her birth, and her fate was too dark and sad to be told in these pages. She inherited evil condition, and perhaps evil blood, and her evil life seemed to be inevitable. Poor child of sin, whose very beauty was thy curse, let the curtain fall upon thy fate and name; we leave thee in the hands of the pitying Christ, who hath said, "Where little is given little will be required." Little was given thee in the way of opportunity, for it was a mother's hand that bound thee with the chains of evil.

Among the children that came to that remarkable academy on the hill was little Mary Kinneth, a thin, delicate child, with mild blue eyes, flaxen hair, a peach complexion, and the blue veins on her temples that are so often the sign of delicacy of organization and the presage of early death. Mike Kinneth, her father, was a drinking Irishman, a good-hearted fellow when sober, but pugnacious and disposed to beat his wife when

drunk. The poor woman came over to see me one day. She had been crying, and there was an ugly bruise on her cheek.

"Your Riverence will excuse me," she said, courtesying, "but I wish you would come over and spake a word to me husband. Mike's a kind, good craythur except when he is dhrinkin', but then he is the very Satan himself."

"Did he give you that bruise on your face, Mrs. Kinneth?"

"Yis. He came home last night mad with the whisky, and was breakin' iverything in the house. I tried to stop him, an' thin he bate me—O! he never did that before! My heart is broke!" Here the poor woman broke down and cried, hiding her face in her apron. "Little Mary was asleep, an' she waked up frightened an' cryin' to see her father in such a way. Seein' the child seemed to sober him a little, an' he stumbled onto the bed, an' fell asleep. He was always kind to the child, dhrunk or sober. An' there is a good heart in him if he will only stay away from the dhrink."

"Would he let me talk to him?"

"Yis; we belong to the old Church, but there is no priest here now, an' the kindness yer lady has shown to little Mary has softened his heart to ye both. An' I think he feels a little sick and ashamed this mornin', an' he will listen to kind words now if iver."

I went to see Mike, and found him half sick and in a penitent mood. He called me "Father Fitzgerald," and treated me with the utmost politeness and deference. I talked to him about little Mary, and his warm Irish heart opened to me at once.

"She is a good child, your Riverence, and shame on the father that would hurt or disgrace her!" The tears stood in Mike's eyes as he spoke the words.

"All the trouble comes from the whisky. Why not give it up?"

"By the help of God I will!" said Mike, grasping my hand with energy.

And he did. I confess that the result of my visit exceeded my hopes. Mike kept away from the saloons, worked steadily, little Mary had no lack of new shoes and neat frocks, and the Kinneth family were happy in a humble way. Mike always seemed glad to see me, and greeted me warmly.

One morning about the last of November there was a knock at the door of the little parsonage. Opening the door, there stood Mrs. Kinneth with a turkey under her arm.

"Christmas will soon be coming, an' I've brought ye a turkey for your kindness to little Mary an' your good talk to Mike. He has not touched a dhrop since the blissed day ye spake to him. Will ye take the turkey, and my thanks wid it?"

The turkey was politely and smilingly accepted, and Mrs. Kinneth went away looking mightily pleased.

I extemporized a little coop for our turkey. Having but little mechanical ingenuity, it was a difficult job, but it resulted more satisfactorily than did my attempt to make a door for the miniature kitchen attached to the parsonage. My object was to nail some cross pieces on some plain boards, hang it on hinges, and fasten it on the inside by a leather strap attached to a nail. The model in my mind was, as the reader sees, of the most simple and primitive pattern. I spent all my leisure time for a week at work on that door. I spoiled the lumber, I blistered my hands, I broke several dollars' worth of carpenter's tools, for which I had to pay, and—then I hired a man to make that door! This was my last effort in that line of things, excepting the turkey coop, which was the very last. It lasted four days, at the end of which time it just gave way all over, and caved in. Fortunately, it was no longer needed. Our turkey would not leave us. The parsonage fare suited him, and he stayed and throve and made friends.

We named him Dick. He is the hero of this sketch. Dick was intelligent, sociable, and had a good appetite. He would eat anything, from a crust of bread to the pieces of candy that the schoolgirls would give him as they passed. He became as gentle as a dog, and would answer to his name. He had the freedom of the town, and went where he pleased, returning at meal times, and at night to roost on the western end of the kitchen roof. He would eat from our hands, looking at us with a sort of human expression in his shiny eyes. If he were a hundred yards away, all we had to do was to go to the door and call out, "Dick! Dick!" once or twice, and here he would come, stretching his long legs, and saying, "Oot, oot, oot" (is that the way to spell it?). He got to like going about

with me. He would go with me to the postoffice, to the market, and sometimes he would accompany me in a pastoral visit. Dick was well-known and popular. Even the bad boys of the town did not throw stones at him. His ruling passion was the love of eating. He ate between meals. He ate all that was offered to him. Dick was a pampered turkey, and made the most of his good luck and popularity. He was never in low spirits, and never disturbed, except when a dog came about him. He disliked dogs, and seemed to distrust them.

The days rolled by, and Dick was fat and happy. It was the day before Christmas. We had asked two bachelors to take Christmas dinner with us, having room and chairs for just two more persons. (One of our four chairs was called a stool. It had a bottom and three legs, one of which was a little shaky, and no back.) There was a constraint upon us both all day. I knew what was the matter, but said nothing. About four o'clock in the afternoon Dick's mistress sat down by me, and, after a pause, remarked: "Do you know that tomorrow is Christmas Day?"

"Yes, I know it." Another pause. I had nothing to say just then.

"Well, if—if—if anything is to be done about that turkey, it is time it were done."

"Do you mean Dick?"

"Yes," with a little quiver in her voice.

"I understand you—you mean to kill him—poor Dick! the only pet we ever had."

She broke right down at this, and began to cry.

"What is the matter here?" said our kind, energetic neighbor, Mrs. T——, who came in to pay us one of her informal visits. She was from Philadelphia, and, though a gifted woman, with a wide range of reading and observation of human life, was not a sentimentalist. She laughed at the weeping mistress of the parsonage, and, going to the back door, she called out: "Dick! Dick!"

Dick, who was taking the air high up on the hillside, came at the call, making long strides, and sounding his "Oot, oot, oot," which was the formula by which he expressed all his emotions, varying only the tone.

Dick, as he stood with outstretched neck and a look of

expectation in his honest eyes, was scooped up by our neighbor, and carried off down the hill in the most summary manner.

In about an hour Dick was brought back. He was dressed. He was also stuffed.

THE ETHICS OF GRIZZLY HUNTING

From 'California Sketches.'

On the Petaluma boat I met him. He was on his way to Washington City, for the purpose of presenting to the President of the United States a curious chair made entirely of buck horns, a real marvel of ingenuity, of which he was quite vain. Dressed in buckskin, with fringed leggings and sleeves, belted and bristling with hunters' arms, strongly built and grizzly-bearded, he was a striking figure as he sat the center of a crowd of admirers. His countenance was expressive of a mixture of brutality, cunning, and good humor. He was a thorough animal. Wild frontier life had not sublimated this old sinner in the way pictured by writers who romance about such things at a distance. Contact with Nature and Indians does not seem to exalt the white man, except in fiction. It tends rather to draw him back toward barbarism. The renegade white only differs from the red savage in being a shade more devilish.

"This is Seth Kinman, the great Indian fighter and bear hunter," said an officious passenger.

Thus introduced, I shook hands with him. He seemed inclined to talk, and was kind enough to say he had heard of me and voted for me. Making due acknowledgment of the honor done me, I seated myself near enough to hear, but not so near as to catch the fumes of the alcoholic stimulants of which he was in the habit of indulging freely. His talk was of himself, in connection with Indians and bears. He seemed to look upon them in the same light—as natural enemies, to be circumvented or destroyed as opportunity permitted.

"You can't trust an Injun," he said. "I know 'em. If they git the upper hand of you, they'll cinch you, sure. The only way to git along with 'em is to make 'em afeard of you.

They'd put a arrer through me long ago if I hadn't made 'em believe I was a *conjurer*. It happened this way: I had a contract for furnishin' venison for the troops in Humboldt, and took along a lot of Injuns for the hunt. We had mighty good luck, and started back to Eureka loaded down with the finest sort of deer meat. I saw the Injuns laggin' behind, and whisperin' to one another, and mistrusted things wasn't exactly right. So I keeps my eye on 'em, and had old Cottonblossom here"—caressing a long, rusty-looking rifle—"ready in case anything should turn up. You can't trust a Injun—they're all alike; if they git the upper hand of you, you're gone!" He winked knowingly and chuckled, and then went on: "I stopped and let the Injuns come up, and then got to talkin' with 'em about huntin' and shootin'. I told 'em I was a conjurer, and couldn't be killed by a bullet or arrer, and to prove it I took off my buckskin shirt and set it up twenty steps off, and told 'em the man who could put a arrer through it might have it. They were more than a hour shootin' at that shirt—the same one I've got on now—but they couldn't *faze* it."

"How was that?" asked an open-mouthed young fellow, blazing with cheap jewelry.

"Why, you see, young man, this shirt is well tanned and tough, and I just stood it up on the edges, so that when a arrer struck it, it would naturally give way. If I had only had it on, the arrers would have gone clean through it, and me too. Injuns are mighty smart in some things, but they all believe in devils, conjurin', and such like. I played 'em fine on this idee, and they were afeard to touch me, though they were ready enough if they had dared. While I was out choppin' wood one day, I see a smoke risin', and thinkin' somethin' must be wrong, I got back as soon as I could, and sure enough my house was burnin'. I knowed it was Injuns, and circlin' round I found the track of a big Injun; it was plain enough to see where he had crossed the creek comin' and goin'. I got *his* skelp—why, his har was that long," he said, measuring to his elbow, and leering hideously.

Whether or not this incident was apocryphal I could not decide, but it was evident enough that he intensely relished the notion of "skelping" an Indian.

"I want you to come up to Humboldt and see me kill a grizzly," he continued, addressing himself to me. "An' let me tell you now, if ever you shoot a grizzly, hit him about the ear. If you hit him right, you will kill him; if you don't kill him, you spile his mind. I have seen a grizzly, after he had been hit about the ear, go roun' an' roun' like a top. No danger in a bar after you have hit him in the ear—it's his tender place. But a bar's mighty dangerous if you hit him anywhere else, an' don't kill him. Me an' a Injun was huntin' in the *chaparral,* an' come across a big grizzly. We both blazed away at him at close range. I saw he was hit, for he whirled half roun', an' partly keeled over; but he got up, an' started for us, mad as fury. We had no time to load, an' there was nothin' left but to run for it. It was nip an' tuck between us. I'm a good runner, an' the Injun wasn't slow. Lookin' back, I saw the bar was gainin' on us. I knowed he'd git one of us, an' so I hauled off an' knocked the Injun down. Before he could git up the bar had him." He paused and looked around complacently.

"Did the bear kill the Indian?" asked the young man with abundant jewelry.

"No; he *chawed* him up awhile, and then left him, and the Injun finally got well. If it had been a white man, he would have died. Injuns can stand a great deal of hurtin' an' not die."

At this point the thought came into my mind that if this incident must be taken as a true presentation of the ethics of bear hunting as practiced by Mr. Kinman, *I* did not aspire to the honor of becoming his hunting companion. Are the ethics of the stock exchange any higher than those of the Humboldt bear hunter? Let the bear, bankruptcy, or the devil take the hindmost, is the motto of human nature on its dark side, whether on Wall Street or in the California *chaparral.*

"Were you ever in Napa City?" he inquired of me.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see the big stuffed grizzly in the drug store? You have, eh? Well, I killed that bar, the biggest ever shot in Californy. I was out one day lookin' for a deer about sundown, an' heerd the dogs a barkin' as they was comin'

down Eel River. In a little while here come the bar, an' a whopper he was! I raised old Cottonblossom, an' let him have it as he passed me. I saw I had hit him, for he seemed to drag his *lines* [loins] as he plunged down the bank of the river among the grapevines an' thick bushes. Next mornin' I took the dogs an' put 'em on his trail. I could see that his back was broke, because I could see the print where his hind parts had dragged down the sandy bed of the river. By an' by I heerd the dogs a bayin', an' I knowed they'd come up with him. I hurried up, an' found the bar sittin' on his rump in a hole of water about three feet deep, snappin' his teeth at the dogs as they swum around him, barkin' like fury. He couldn't git any further—old Cottonblossom had done his work for him. I thought I would have a little fun by aggravatin' him awhile."

"What do you mean by aggravating the bear?" asked a bystander.

"I would just take big rocks an' go up close to him, an' hit him between the eyes. You ought to have heerd him *yowl!* His eyes actually turned green, he was so mad, an' his jaws champed like a sawmill; but he couldn't budge—every time he tried to git on his feet he fell back agin, the maddest bar ever seen." At this point in the narration Kinman's sinister blue eyes gleamed with brute ferocity. My aversion to making him my hunting companion increased. "After I had my fun with him, I took old Cottonblossom an' planted a bullet under his shoulder, an' he tumbled over dead. It took four of us to pull him out of that hole, an' he weighed thirteen hundred pounds."

I had enough of this, and left the group, reflecting on the peculiar ethics of bear hunting. The last glimpse I had of this child of Nature, he was chuckling over a grossly obscene picture which he was exhibiting to some congenial spirits. His invitation to join him in a bear hunt has not yet been accepted.

THE BRUISED REED AND SMOKING FLAX

From 'Upper Room Meditations.'

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."—*Isaiah* xlii, 3.

THE pathos of this passage centers in the fact that it refers to the suffering Christ. He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. He was tempted in all points like as we are. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was one of us, very man as well as very God. "It behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." That is the way the holy apostle puts it in the closing verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Walk softly: we are on holy ground.

Ah, yes! When this meditation was first in my mind, the foregoing paragraph was written. And then came weakness and pain and waiting. The bruised reed and smoking flax were in my thought, and the words seemed to hold for me a secret that could be learned in one way only—to follow where our merciful and faithful High Priest hath led the way.

Christ was bruised for our iniquities. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, so that He might feel for the bruised. The weak, the sorrowful, the sin-burdened, belong to this class. The reed is a fragile plant, easily "shaken with the wind," as St. Matthew puts it. The very weakness of a human soul commends that soul to the mighty Saviour, who came to seek and to save the lost. The sorrows that are beyond the touch of human sympathy He can understand and heal. The burden of sin is lifted by Him who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

He not only did not quench the light of Nature, but He superadded the light of revelation in dealing with the human race—so a notable exegete reminds us. The thought that

comes here is that of the patience and long-suffering of God in His dealings with us. Smoking means dimly burning, smoldering, the flame not quite extinct. The long-suffering of God is salvation. The conscience, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, is supplied with grace as a lamp-wick with oil. It is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. This Spirit of the Lord, the light that shineth in the darkness as in the blaze of day, is as pervading in the spiritual as is the air we breathe in the natural world. There is mystery here, but also certainty. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Where there is any measure of spiritual life and receptivity, everything that touches the soul becomes a channel of grace. The holy apostle Paul saw this so clearly, and felt it so deeply, when he indited the closing words of the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, that we catch the sweetness of his joy and the swell of his triumph as we read: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He had already said (Romans v. 3, 4, 5.): "We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

This secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Some have been slow learners; but they have had line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. The golden links of Providential purpose and gracious helpfulness have never been broken. Heavenly aspiration has been kept alive, religious aim has never been wholly abandoned. The tunings for God's touch have never ceased.

Every touch of God tunes the soul for another touch. "The answer of the tongue, and the preparation of the heart in man, are from the Lord," is an Old Testament affirmation true to its core as it was meant to be taken. Its meaning may be more clearly seen if we read it in connection with what the

Apostle Paul says in the second chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." God works, and we work. All that we need is sincerity that will cause us to keep trying, and that is the one and only condition of God's helping. For all the purposes of our Christian lives we are as strong as God is, however weak and unworthy we may be in ourselves. The bruised reed does not break, the smoking flax is not quenched. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart. Not the self-righteous, but the self-emptied, are accepted of Him. To will and to do are right in their place. To wait and still to wait, when strength is gone, in patience possessing our souls, pleases God no less.

ON THE WING

From 'Sayings Here and There.'

Jacob's ladder has its foot where rests the head of any trusting disciple in every clime under every sky: its top is in the light that always shines undimmed.

A creed that says nothing about holiness cannot have in it much concerning the heaven described in the Bible—for which heaven, holiness is the preparation.

A unified Church, an edified individual sainthood, and a glorified humanity—this is the logical order and the sure word of promise.

The New Testament teaching with regard to fraternal reconciliations is very explicit. This teaching applies to organizations as well as to individuals. The mock dignity and the wrath that is kept warm by nursing have no New Testament sanction.

The holy scriptures allow a reasonable regard for the good opinion of our fellow-man as an allowable motive for a human life; but all history, both sacred and profane, demonstrates that in all cases where this motive is dominant the lives are blasted.

Job's well-meaning friends gave him more comfort before they began to talk than they did afterward. When you do not know what to say, be silent.

Any believer who allows himself or herself to be easily diverted from secret prayer will not keep it up long.

The tree that fell in the high wind had been rotting at the heart for years. The end of secret sin is a catastrophe.

Heavenly grace does not insure infallibility of judgment and taste. Your friends have to bear with you; try to bear with them.

The sin that pleases your imagination has already damaged your soul.

A hopeful sign of growth in grace is the abatement of the fault-finding spirit. The man who hears nothing but discords is himself out of tune.

Faith is practical choice. If you stop short of actual choice you may call it desire or aspiration, but it is not faith.

That is a notable climax in the description of a good man where it is said he shall not be afraid of evil tidings. That was an Old Testament believer; have you reached that plane?

Your secret trouble is the pivot on which your life is turning, the crucial test of your innermost quality and tendency.

Weak natures wither under the effects of non-appreciations; strong natures grow stronger.

Many a true disciple who keeps hoping that God will open to him a sphere of service will at last awake to see that he has all the time been doing the very work his Master wanted done, and his heart will be filled with a great surprise and a mighty joy.

Keep impatience from your voice, and you will thereby find a help in keeping it from your spirit as well. The physical and the spiritual react on each other by a law of God.

The love of scholarship for its own sake is little better than the love of money for its own sake. Some of our idolatries have soft names.

Early in the history of the New Testament Church the disciples were warned against "doubtful" disputations. That is the kind against which a warning is always in order. The average disciple ought to be able to discern, and be resolute in avoiding all such.

When the Old Testament philosopher and saint exhorted us to trust God for deliverance in six troubles, with the assurance that in seven no evil shall touch us, he spoke a word in season for many to whom has come the seventh trouble. It always comes before life's battle is ended. But it brings discipline and strength and blessedness to the trusting soul. We may not escape our seventh trouble, but we may be all the better for having had it.

The average young man is more or less conceited. So is the average old man. But conceit is more resented in the young man, and therefore it is well for him to take special care to avoid it. The conceited old man is usually regarded as incurable, and it is thought to be of no use to dig around a dead tree.

The wording of the promise of our Lord is: "Lo, I *am* with you alway." This means that from the moment you look to that Sun of righteousness with the eye of faith, there is no need that you should ever thereafter walk in darkness for one moment.

When you have done your part, the visible results seem to depend largely upon the volition and coöperation of other parties. But you may rest assured that in the spiritual sphere cause and effect are as certain as in the natural. No good work was ever thrown away in this world, which belongs to God.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

[1835—]

CLARENCE OUSLEY

WHILE Edmund Clarence Stedman has demonstrated that finance is not altogether incompatible with poetry, still it is no doubt true that he would have been the greater poet if he had been the less banker. On the other hand, perhaps he would have been the greater banker if he had not been a poet. So it is with Henry Lynden Flash, one of the Southern war poets, whose Pegasus was somewhat fettered by the prosy business of merchandising. It is a great pity, from the standpoint of art, that the making of poetry is no sort of an occupation for the man who desires the comforts of life. While we do not live by bread alone, still, bread is the staff of life; and we must live, and only in rare instances can one earn his bread by applying the rule of verse. When Flash said, "The South prefers potatoes to poetry," and turned his attention to business, he declared a fact of universal observation and the experience of many men and women who have the talent to sing, but not the time or opportunity to listen to the muse or vocalize her inspiration. Many clever poets are unknown—or undeveloped and little known—and the world waxes fat without realizing that a little less provender and a little more literature would promote a healthier state of society, spiritual as well as physical.

Let us be thankful, therefore, that this poet was not wholly devoted to the fleshpots. He has given us some poetry that takes high rank by any standard and deserves a prominent place in literary annals. His poems, "Confederate Flag," "Zollicoffer," and "Leonidas Polk," are the children of a warrior poet—full blooded and high-minded—for he was a soldier as well as a singer, and as aide to General Joseph Wheeler in the war between the States, he lived the thrilling experiences of the camp, the march and the charge, and these gave him the color and the action for stirring lines. Like other Southern soldiers of broad patriotism, he became reconciled in due time to the verdict of the court of war, and learned to love anew the flag of our reunited country. His poem upon the occasion of the Confederate Reunion at Los Angeles, California, September 25, 1897, easily ranks with the best class of notable poems that have celebrated the mutual esteem and patriotism of those who wore the

gray and those who wore the blue. This stanza will suffice to show the pathos and simple eloquence of the poem:

"We are gathered here a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay;
Yet not so lost but now and then,
Through dimming mist, we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee."

The last two lines exhibit the poet's talent for striking metaphor and tense realism:

"The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee."

They recall to my mind a powerful description of the burning of a Christian in the days of religious persecution. I cannot place the author or the incident, but I shall never forget the phrase, "The pale-faced martyr, in his shirt of flame." I can see the pallid, firm-set, heroic countenance, framed in fire, and I can hear the resolute words of the Master, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," smothering the involuntary cries of mortal agony. Flash has much the same power of expression. These two lines of eleven words carve the figures of the two great Confederate generals more enduringly upon the mind of the imaginative reader than a whole volume of descriptive prose.

In another poem, "The Shadow of the Valley," we find illustration of a far different mood. While this poem is lacking in the finished art and delicate phrasing which come by painstaking and tedious effort, still there runs through it all the genuine poetical spirit and the true poetical observation. We find imagery and no small genius for expression. This stanza is very beautiful:

"And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dewdrop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote,
In the stillness of the night."

There is something here of Poe's touch, with just a suggestion

of his morbid melancholy. In other stanzas the poet employs Poe's artifice of the repeated word or phrase, as in the lines:

"Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still."

One of Flash's earlier poems, which he contributed to a newspaper under the nom de plume of *Lyden Eclair,* is in still another mood, and is perhaps more individualistic and original in conception and treatment than any other of his productions. It is entitled "Love and Wrong," and is worth quoting in full:

"A scoffed-at prayer, the flit of a dress,
The glance of a frenzied eye,
A sullen splash, and the moon shone out,
And the stream went muttering by.

"And never again will I walk by the moon,
Through the oaks and the chestnuts high;
For I fear to see the flit of a dress
And a glance of a frenzied eye.

"And some may laugh and some may weep,
But as for me, I pray;
For I know that a tale of love and wrong
Will be told on the Judgment Day."

One kindly critic calls it "melodramatic and spasmodic," but to my mind it is virile and pungent—if I may be permitted to thus mix metaphorical phrases. The theme is not a pleasing one, but it is common in life, and these three short stanzas tell the story of a crime the more infamous because it is the more frequent, with such vividness and with such rich preachment that it cannot fail to produce a lasting impression upon any mind; and I hold that it is the poet's duty to preach as it is his pleasure to entertain. It is well to be pleased by pleasing, but it is infinitely better to teach a lesson, to rebuke a wrong and to lift the mind to higher and nobler things.

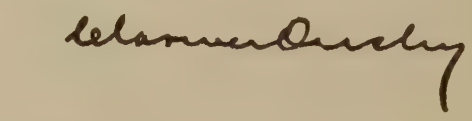
Flash has published two volumes of verse. The first was issued in 1860 and the second in 1906. The second volume contains an introduction by General Joseph Wheeler, who pays high tribute to the poet and testifies both to his literary talent and to his bravery upon the field of battle.

I borrow from Mr. S. A. Link the following brief biographical sketch, published in the *Nashville Banner* of September 26, 1906:

"Henry Lynden Flash was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 20, 1835. In 1839 his family moved to New Orleans. In 1849 he went

to the Western Military Institute in Kentucky, and was graduated there in 1852 at the age of seventeen. He first wrote and published verses while at college. When he left college he went to Mobile, Alabama, in a branch of his father's commercial house, and wrote verses off and on all the time. In 1857 he went to Europe and spent a year in Italy. While there he was engaged as a correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* and the *Montgomery Mail.* Before going to Europe he was for a few months one of the editors of the *Mobile Register.*

"On returning from Italy in 1858 Flash went into a cotton commission house in Mobile, and in 1860 he moved to Galveston, Texas, entering in the wholesale produce business. In the summer of 1860 his volume of poems was published by Rudd and Carleton, New York. It was sold out in two or three months, and another edition was to have been published, but the war prevented. He served during the war as a volunteer, and was aide-de-camp to General W. J. Hardee and General Joseph Wheeler, and during the last year of the war he owned and edited the *Macon Telegraph.* After the war in 1865 he returned to his business in Galveston, but in 1868 left there and went into the same business in New Orleans. In 1870 he was married to Miss Clara Dolson of New Orleans, and lived in that city until 1884, when he moved to Los Angeles, California, his present home."



TOGETHER

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We loved each other long and true,
And at last in April weather,
When the crocus buds were breaking through,
And the dying moon hung faint in the blue,
We put to sea together.

For years we sailed a sunny main
And then came stormy weather;
Our vessel groaned with the tug and strain,
And out in the shrieking wind and rain
We faced the gale together.

At times we caught a glimpse of sky
That promised clearing weather,
And light and swift our boat would fly,
Till the clouds resumed their sable dye
And we sat in the gloom together.

But whether the sky was dark or bright,
Or fair or foul the weather,
Our love was ever the beacon light
That cheered our souls in the darkest night
And held our hearts together.

And now we sail in our battered boat
Unmindful of the weather,
The winds may rave and the clouds may gloat,
But little we care if we sink or float,
So we sink or float together.

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME

This faded flower that you see
Was given me a year ago,
By one whose little, dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde, and very fair,
And sunset tints are not bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks,
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
And she was mine as long as life;
I gently laid the flower aside
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look,
And said, "Oh, prize the flower"—
And tender tears were in her eyes—
"It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith, and Hope and Truth,
She brought me gentle thoughts, and love—
A soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly thing she nothing had,
Except this faded flower you see;
And though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
'Tis very dear to me.

THE OLD STORY

A cry at night—a mother's delight—
A life has just begun—
Out of the dark, a vital spark—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Halcyon hours—orange flowers—
Gaily the Seasons run—
Sunshine—rain—pleasure—pain—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Pulseless breast—hands at rest—
Life's short race is run—
Under the sod—back to God—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

BEHIND THE PALL

'Tis wondrous strange—*it* looks as dead,
And yet I feel no fear;
My body lies upon the bed,
And I am standing here
With all my faculties complete—
A perfect man from the crown of my head
To the very soles of my feet.

Dead! dead! what an earthly word!
Ah! now I see it all!
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard
Of the life behind the pall:
Of the death-in-life and the life-in-death—
And held that the ceasing of the breath
Was the dismal end of all.

But I have fled from what is dead,
And will warm the clay no more,
That lies so senseless on the bed,
Deaf to those who deplore
The absence of the living ray
That saved the body from decay,
And held the worms in awe.

But what will my darling say to this
When she hears I have passed away,
And knows the lips she was wont to kiss
Are pallid curves of clay?
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss
Or live for the heart's decay?

My only wish is to see her now—
Great Heaven! and can it be!
That she lies with her curl-lit brow,
Dreaming a dream of me;
Dreaming a dream of the man that stands
Here by her side to-night;
And kisses the white of her heavenly hands,
And her eyelids veiling light.

Ah! now I know that I will go
Where my true affections are,
And what I love below or above
Will be my guiding star!
And the light that I see cometh to me
Undimmed by the clay which lies
Stiff and stark and growing dark
In the glow of the tropic skies.

Oh! the narrow space I was compassed in,
Chained to a lump of earth,
And darkened by clouds of grief and sin
From the moment of my birth;
But I am free as thought can be,
And am where my wishes are—
And pure and bright with the lucent light
That flows from the Lord afar,
Making me shine with rays divine
Eternity cannot mar.

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY

There's a mossy, shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlet of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin-host that's fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

NATURE'S WAY

She moulds with dust thro' tears and strife,
Unheeding blood or pain,
And shapes the myriad forms of life
Death dooms to dust again.

She silent toils thro' ages vast,
Improving as she strives,
And pays for errors in the Past
A thousand million lives.

Yet as the endless chain revolves
Thro' Eons of distress,
Each round a human soul evolves
That makes for righteousness;

And so she works the Father's will,
By process of her own,
And moulds the forms with perfect skill
That kneel before the throne.

'65 AND '78

Commemorative of the generosity of the North to the South during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

The cannon's idiotic mouth
Had ceased its senseless roar;
Throughout the hamlets of the South
The sabres clashed no more.

Our heroes who had fought and died
Slept in their gory graves,
Nor saw their country crucified
By cowards and by knaves.

From North, and East, and West they came,
A hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Resounded through the land,
And curses on our enemies
Were heard on every hand.

Their bayonets held us in the dust—
Enforced the victor's will;
In vain their arts—our stubborn hearts
Remained unconquered still.

The years rolled by—the Pestilence
Came like the curse of Fate,
And deadlier yet than bayonet
And blinder far than hate.

It smote the silver hair of age—
The baby at the breast—
And blasted with unreasoning rage
The bravest and the best.

And clouds of darkness and dismay
Blighted the Summer's bloom—
Shut out the splendor of the day,
And wreathed the South in gloom;

When, from the regions whence there came
The hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword—

There flowed a stream of gifts untold
Like manna from above:
And words far dearer than the gold—
Of sympathy and love.

And dying men with glad surprise
Flushed red on brow and cheek,
And looked—with fever-smitten eyes—
The thanks they could not speak.

And women raised their wasted arms,
And called on Heaven above
To shield from sin, and ills, and harms
The enemies they love.

And hearts that armies could not win,
Love captured unaware;
His strategy was sympathy,
His weapon was a prayer.

And still from North and East and West
The bounteous stream was poured,
As free as Heaven to man forgiven,
As liberal as the Lord.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Were heard on every hand,
And blessings on our enemies
Resounded through the land.

On every flower-scented gale,
On every stormy blast,
The Anthem rose, "God bless our foes—
They've conquered us at last!"

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

Beauty dwelleth in the humblest thing!
The flower blooming in some lonely nook
Will preach a tranquil sermon to the mind;
And in the babbling of the summer brook,
When baby-waves grow garrulous as age,
Are heard dim stories of the long ago,
When fairies were not dead, and elfin-hosts
Stole out to dance upon the moonlit snow!

Beauty is everywhere! Those who see it not
Have clouded eyes, hearts fit for mould—
The warmth of beauty permeates the earth,
And only sin is drear, and bleak, and cold;
Men shut their eyes and cry aloud,
"'Tis dark as Erebus; there is no light!"
And so go groping, mole-like, thro' the earth,
Shrouded in gloom, where everything is bright.

There are two ministries: The eyes can see
Things palpable, and not to be denied;
The spirit-sight streams on through sun-lit space,
And floweth heavenward in an endless tide!

The one can see the shivering stream of light
  The trembling moonshine on some ruin throws,
The flush of rose leaves and the heart of buds;
  The other *sees the perfume* of the rose.

The air is populous with beauty!
  'Twixt the trees and clouds, the earth and sky,
Float souls of colors, shadows of sunbeams,
  Spirits of dew-drops, that can never die—
Melodies ecstatic, to which the notes
  Of shepherds, heard in fabled Arcady,
Are grating discords; airs divine,
  Echoing softly through eternity!

Beauty is wisdom purified—
  The sum of life—the total of our breath—
The satisfier of our spirit yearnings—
  Revealing God without the aid of Death;
For those who pierce the shadowy mists of earth,
  And forms of beauty in the ether see,
Have drunk in knowledge of immortal life—
  Beauty in heaven's epitome.

RETROSPECTION

January 1, 1860.

God's hand has planted another year
  In the fruitful soil of Time—
To the tragic poem of human life
  Is added another rhyme.
And I sit here in a stranger town,
  Widowed of all the joy
I used to feel at the glad New Year
  When I was a little boy.

'Twas only a few brief years ago,
  Telling the days that are dead,
But it seems to me like a century,
  Counting the hopes that have fled,

Since my heart, like the gold of Parvaim,
Was free from all alloy—
Oh! brighter than Heaven seems now, was earth,
When I was a little boy.

I've wandered, restless as the wind,
Through many a foreign land,
And plucked the pleasure buds of earth
From Clyde to Samarcand;
But found no flower pure from blight,
No sweet that did not cloy—
Oh! never a canker cursed a bud
When I was a little boy.

I've found the wisdom that's born of Pain,
The sorrow that comes with years;
And paid the price that Adam paid
For knowledge—and for tears;
But I've lost my faith in Friendship's vow,
And Love's a broken toy;
I used to trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy.

Oh! sadder than death is the bitter change
In the trusting heart of youth—
Better believe in a wholesome lie
Than forever doubt the truth.
What care I now for Arthur's fame,
Or the ten years' siege of Troy?
The heroes are myths that I used to love,
When I was a little boy.

'Tis true that memories are mine
Unutterably bright,
But like the stars, they shine above,
And only prove 'tis night;
And the darkness is quick with tempting fiends
Luring to destroy—
I used to live in the light of God,
When I was a little boy.

It may be true, and I hope it is,
That death will end the pain;
That on the shores of another world
I'll be a child again,
And feel, with fullest Love and Faith,
The olden, golden joy,
That came of my trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy.

LIFE PRISONERS

Life prisoners we, from our earliest breath
Shut out from our great estate—
No way of escape, but the way of Death;
No chance to juggle with Fate.
Two gaolers guard our prison bounds,
Unwearied day and night—
One viewless, goes his ceaseless rounds;
One steadfast, stays in sight.

But beyond our cramping prison-wall
And beyond our gaolers' ken,
There's a home in the heart of the gracious All
For the mourning sons of men;
And the court we pay to the silent twain
Is waste of weary breath—
No words can loosen the gaolers' chain
Save the stern command of Death.

They both from immemorial age
Their silent vigils keep,
Tho' we catch a glimpse of our heritage
Thro' the open door of Sleep;
But captives all from the hour of birth
Are the helpless human race—
Our prison home is the whirling Earth;
Our gaolers, Time and Space.

LITTLE CLARA

She is sweeter than the violets
  That blow in hidden places;
And brighter, too, than star or dew,
  More graceful than the graces.
I cannot doubt she came to me
  To be my special teacher,
And show me truths I failed to learn
  From any earthly preacher.

I care no more for musty tomes,
  The relics of the ages—
Her wisdom, fresh from God, exceeds
  The wisdom of the Sages.
The secret hidden from our eyes
  Her finer sense discloses,
Translates the song the sky-lark sings
  And reads the heart of roses.

For her the Fairies come and go,
  Obedient to her wishes—
And whisper of the hidden haunts
  Of birds and beasts and fishes.
She hears the murmur of the Elves
  From forest-glades and mountains—
Communes with Dryads in the trees,
  And Naiads in the fountains.

ZOLLICOFFER

First in the fight, and first in the arms
  Of the white-winged angels of glory;
With the hearts of the South at the feet of God,
  And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
  On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
  In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
  And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ,
  And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice
  A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with her brazen voice,
  "Died on the field of Glory!"

POLK

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
  A puff of smoke, a roar—
Whose echo shall roll from the Kenesaw hills
  To the farthermost Christian shore,
Proclaims to the world that the warrior priest
  Will battle for right no more.

And that for a Cause which is sanctified
  By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A Cause for which they gave their lives
  And for which he gave his own,
He kneels a meek ambassador
  At the foot of the Father's Throne.

And up in the courts of another world
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod—
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme
Of half the world.

A beacon that with streaming ray
Dazzled a struggling Nation's sight—
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer who trembled as it hung,
Comet-like blazoning the sky—
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it to die.

It fell—but stainless as it rose,
Martyred, like Stephen, in the strife—
Passing, like him, girdled with foes,
From Death to Life.

Fame's trophy! Sanctified with tears—
Planted forever at her portal;
Folded, true: What then? Four short years
Made it immortal!

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

MEMORIES OF THE BLUE AND GRAY

The following poem was read at the celebration of the second anniversary of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Los Angeles, September 25, 1897.

We are gathered here a feeble few
  Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
  Have mingled with the clay:
Yet not so lost but now and then
  Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
  The lion-front of Lee.

The men who followed where they led
  Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
  On every mountain side,
The earth is hallowed by the blood
  Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
  The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
  (When like a storm they rose),
And played with Life and laughed at Death
  Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth
  Or bow your heads with shame—
Though Fortune frown, your names are down
  Upon the Roll of Fame.

The flag you followed in the fight
  Will never float again—
Thank God it sunk to endless rest
  Without a blot or stain!
And in its place "Old Glory" 'rose
  With all its stars restored;
And smiling Peace, with rapture, raised
  A pean to the Lord.

We love both flags—let smiles and tears
  Together hold their sway;
One won our hearts in days agone—
  One owns our love to-day.
We claim them both with all their wealth
  Of honor and of fame—
One lives, triumphant, in the sun;
  And one, a hallowed name.

A few short years and "Yank" and "Reb,"
  Beneath their native sod,
Will wait until the Judgment Day
  The calling voice of God—
The Great Commander's smile will beam
  On that Enrollment Day,
Alike on him who wore the blue
  And him who wore the gray.

THE FLAG

Up with the banner of the Free!
  Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle-beauty blaze
  Above a startled world.
Amid the flags of other lands,
  Triumphant in the sun,
It guards beneath its ample folds
  The Freedom it has won.

That flag with constellated stars
  Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
  Presages peace to man;
For still amid the cannon's roar
  It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle-line
  The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquests, knows no fear,
  Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere—
  As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
  No stain its honor mars,
And freedom smiles, her fate secure
  Beneath its steadfast stars.

THAT'S ALL

Lilies and roses!
Lilies and roses!
  Man in his youth—
  In the sunlight of truth,
When heaven uncloses—
With his eyes on the skies
  Dreamily lies
On his lilies and roses.

Nettles and thorns!
Nettles and thorns!
  Man in his manhood
Sorrows and mourns—
Girt with regrets
He rages and scorns—
  Tosses and frets
On his nettles and thorns.

In the dark earth at last!
The book of the past
  Fate silently closes.
No longer he mourns—
No longer he frets—
Nothing he scorns,
  Nothing regrets;
  But dreamless reposes
Under nettles and thorns—
  Under lilies and roses!

ALCÉE FORTIER

[1855—]

R. H. PLAISANCE

ALCÉE FORTIER, author and educator, was born in St. James Parish, Louisiana, June 5, 1856, son of Florent Fortier and Edwige (Aime) Fortier. The Fortier family is an old one and has a distinguished record in the annals of Louisiana. In this country it dates back to 1700, and we find one of Professor Fortier's ancestors among the signers of the petition of the colonists who protested against the transfer of the colony to Spain. The son of this signer, Michael Fortier, was a member of the first City Council of New Orleans, and earlier served in Galvez's army during the latter's campaigns against the British from 1779 to 1781. Professor Fortier's father, Florent Fortier, like a great number of the aristocratic young Louisianians of his time, received his education in France. On his return to America he engaged in sugar-planting, not losing, however, the literary tastes cultivated in Europe, for he was the author of a number of graceful poems in French. Professor Fortier's mother, a niece of Governor Roman, was the daughter of Valcour Aime, one of the richest sugar planters of Louisiana, and noted for his philanthropy, among his many benefactions being the gift to the Marist Fathers of Jefferson College, at Convent, Louisiana. From this too brief outline it may be seen that Professor Fortier is descended from the best blood in Louisiana, a fact which goes far to explain the charm of his old-world courtliness, so pleasingly blended with his Twentieth Century simple and democratic manner.

Professor Fortier, having completed the course in one of the best schools in New Orleans, entered the University of Virginia, but was prevented by serious illness from being graduated at that institution. About this time, his father having lost his immense fortune, he was forced to earn his living, and for some time worked in a banking house, continuing his studies, however, under private instruction. Later he taught French in the Boys' High School of New Orleans and next was a teacher and then principal of the preparatory department of the University of Louisiana. In 1880 he became professor of French in the University of Louisiana, and was reëlected when that institution became the Tulane University of Louisiana. This position he still holds, notwithstanding flattering invitations from universities

at almost every point in the United States. "Professor Fortier's whole career has been characterized by an untiring energy and devotion to the work he has in hand," says one of his confrères. "He has unswervingly labored to encourage and promote the cultivation and study of the French language and literature in his State. His purpose and his achievement have been the improvement of methods and the elevation of the standard in the study of French to that of true scholarship, and we find him active in every enterprise leading to that end. His own scholarship is at the same time broad and thorough, including research in English, Spanish, Italian, German, and the classical languages and literatures." His studies in romance philology have been extensive, and he has practically opened a new field for linguistic study through his researches in the Acadian and other dialects of French in Louisiana. His accurate and successful work along this line has earned him a national reputation, and has made his name well known to every European philologist. The French Government has recognized his labors by decorating him twice, first as "Officier de l'Instruction Publique," and then as "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur." Professor Fortier has delivered courses of lectures both in French and English before the Tulane University, Southern Art Union, l'Athénée Louisianais, the Monteagle Assembly, Harvard University, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, University of Virginia, and University of Tennessee, and has taught and lectured in summer sessions at the University of Tennessee, University of Wisconsin, University of California, University of Kansas, University of Colorado, and the University of Chicago.

Professor Fortier is a prominent member of l'Athénée Louisianais; the American Dialect Society; the Modern Language Association of America, which he has served as president; American Folk-Lore Society; and honorary president of the Fédération de l'Alliance Française aux Etats-Unis et au Canada. From 1888 to 1896 he was a member of the State Board of Education, and his interest in the public schools has never abated. One of the most commendable facts about Professor Fortier is that notwithstanding the multitudinous calls on his time, he is ready in any town in Louisiana, however small or unimportant, to make an address to the teachers, the pupils, or the patrons of the schools.

Professor Fortier writes both in French and English, probably writing the former with more ease, assuredly with more eloquence, than the latter. The selection herein found shows that his French is warm and sympathetic, and nowhere touched with that rhetorical frigidity that so often tinges the writing of a foreigner in French.

His contributions to literature have been numerous and varied. He is an indefatigable contributor to philological and historical publications. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Washington and Lee University and from Laval University at Quebec.

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IBERVILLE

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From La Salle's death, in 1687, several years elapsed before another attempt was made to explore and colonize Louisiana, and the only white men to be seen in the vast country watered by the Mississippi were bold adventurers, "*coureurs de bois,*" who traded with the Indians and led their wild life, and devoted missionaries, ever ready to endure all hardships in order to convert the Indians to the religion of Christ.

The condition of France, shortly after the failure of La Salle's colony, was not favorable for another colonial expedition. In 1688 James II of England was overthrown, and Louis XIV received him in a regal manner. The French monarch assigned to the dethroned Stuart as his residence St. Germain-en-Laye, the beautiful castle of Francis I, and gave him an army that he might reconquer his kingdom. James

was defeated at the Boyne, and William of Orange, the implacable enemy of Louis, organized a coalition in Europe against France. The great Admiral Tourville was vanquished at La Hogue; but on the Continent Luxembourg and Catinat were victorious, as formerly Condé and Turenne. Louis XIV, although victorious, signed in 1697 the treaty of Ryswick, by which he recognized William III as King of England. He consented to this peace, humiliating to his pride, because he saw that Charles II of Spain was dying and he wished to be prepared to take possession of the immense succession of the last Spanish monarch of the house of Austria.

Colbert and his son Seignelay were both dead, and in 1697, the Minister of Marine was Louis Phélypeaux, Count de Pontchartrain, with whom was associated his son Jérôme, Count de Maurepas, who became Minister of Marine in 1699. In 1694, Henri de Tonty, the faithful companion of La Salle, offered his services to continue the undertaking of the latter in order to forestall the English. The Sieur de Rémonville, in 1697, proposed the formation of a company to colonize Louisiana. Jérôme Pontchartrain (Maurepas), however, says Margry, "thought that land officers could not fulfill properly a mission for which maritime knowledge was necessary." He chose, therefore, in 1698, for the Louisiana expedition, a brilliant marine officer, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, a Canadian by birth, of whom one of the directors of the Hudson Bay Company had said that "he was as military as his sword." Iberville had lately distinguished himself in Hudson Bay, where, with one vessel, he fought against three English ships, sinking one, capturing the second, and putting the third to flight. Jérôme Pontchartrain summoned him to the court at Versailles and intrusted him with the task of rediscovering the Mississippi.

Iberville was the third son of Charles Le Moyne, a native of Dieppe, who had emigrated to Canada at the age of fourteen, and in 1676 had become Sieur de Longueil. His wife was Catherine Primot. Charles Le Moyne's family may be compared with that of the Norman nobleman of the Eleventh Century, Tancrède de Hauteville. Each had sons who were intrepid warriors and wise men. Those of the Sieur de Hauteville were not more heroic than the sons of the Sieur de

Longueil. The former founded principalities and kingdoms in Italy and in the Orient, and we see in history and in romance the names of Robert Guiscard and his son Bohemond of Tarentum, of Roger of Sicily, and of Tasso's perfect knight Tancred, who won the love of the fair and heroic Clorinda and then slew her in combat without knowing her. The Canadian brothers, of whom nine were distinguished, were of Norman blood, and, like William who defeated Harold the Saxon and conquered England, they were both warriors and statesmen. Three of them were killed fighting for their King, and two were to be the founders of Louisiana. No names are more important in our history than those of Iberville and Bienville, sons of Charles Le Moyne.

Pontchartrain was desirous that Joutel, who was then living at Rouen, should accompany Iberville on his voyage; but the historian of La Salle's last expedition did not wish to run the risk of another exploration. His "Relation," however, was sent to Iberville by Pontchartrain, and Father Anastase Douay was induced to join the expedition. He had been a companion of La Salle in his journey to the mouth of the Mississippi, and in the ill-fated expedition of 1684. He had been more fortunate than Father Zénobe Membré, who perished at Fort St. Louis of Texas.

Iberville's fleet sailed from Brest on October 24, 1698; it consisted of two small frigates—the *Badine*, commanded by Iberville himself, and the *Marin,* commanded by the Chevalier de Surgères—and two store ships. At Santo Domingo, the Marquis de Châteaumorant, commander of the warship *François,* a nephew of the great Tourville, joined the expedition and accompanied it to its destination. Iberville took as pilot Lawrence de Graaf, a celebrated buccaneer, and on January 25, 1699, anchored before the island of St. Rosa. On the mainland the Spaniards had formed a settlement at Pensacola, and the commander did not allow the French to enter the harbor. They sailed, therefore, to Mobile Bay, and explored an island, on which they found a heap of human bones, which they called Massacre Island. The ships proceeded to the Chandeleur Islands, then a pass was found between Cat Island and Ship Island, and there they cast anchor. On February 13, 1699, Iberville and his brother Bienville went to the

mainland, where, an old man and a squaw having been well treated by the French, the Indians were persuaded to meet them. The savages, who were Biloxis, were delighted with the treatment they received from the white men. "Iberville took to his ship four of these savages, and left his brother on land as a hostage. The same evening eighty Bayagoulas arrived at that coast, going to make war against the Mobilians. All that could be learned from this nation was that they were established on the banks of a large river, which they showed toward the west."

Pénicaut, the carpenter, who has left us an interesting narrative of the events that took place in Louisiana during his stay there, says that, after a fort had been built at Biloxi, several chiefs came to see Iberville and honored him greatly. They presented the calumet for him to smoke, then they rubbed his face with white earth. For three days they danced and sang three times a day. On the third day they planted a post before the fort, and went to get Iberville. One of the Indians took him on his back, while another held up his feet, and they carried him to the post to the sound of their "chichicois." These were gourds filled with pebbles, with which a strange noise was produced. The commander was placed on a deerskin, and a chief put his hands on his shoulders from behind, and rocked him as if he were a baby going to sleep. Then the savages struck the post one after another with a wooden hatchet, relating each time their heroic deeds, and "even more," adds Pénicaut. Presents were given to them, and they were much astonished at the noise made by the firing of the guns.

The first fort built by Iberville was on the northeast side of the bay of Biloxi, a little to the rear of what is now Ocean Springs. The place is less exposed to storms than the land fronting on the sound. Although the French arrived at Biloxi on February thirteenth, they must have been delighted with the appearance of the place. On landing from their boats they stepped on sand as white as silver, over which rolled gently the blue waves of the Gulf; before them were spread as a curtain the tall pine-trees, among which were seen majestic live oaks and splendid magnolias, while birds of all colors chirped and sang incessantly amid the boughs. Not far from the

coast they saw Deer Island, and in their boats they passed between the island and the shore, and on turning the point they reached the beautiful bay of Biloxi. The site chosen by Iberville for his fort was certainly charming, but he made a mistake in trying to establish his colony on a land distant from any large river, and which proved to be sterile.

The Marquis de Châteaumorant took leave of Iberville on February 21, 1699, and on February twenty-seven, the latter set out with two rowboats and birch canoes in search of the large and fatal river, the Palissada of the Spaniards, the Malbanchya of the Indians on the Gulf Coast. Iberville was accompanied by the Sieur de Sauvole, his brother Bienville, Father Anastase Douay, and forty-eight men, with provisions for twenty days. They sailed until March second, and on that day the mouth of the great Mississippi was rediscovered.

On March twenty-third, Iberville set out to return to his ships. The Bayagoulas and the Oumas bade him farewell, and the chief of the latter and one of his principal warriors conducted Iberville to his boat, holding him under the arms, to help him to walk, from fear any accident might happen to him on their land. The chief of the Bayagoulas embarked with him, three volleys of musketry were fired, and the savages answered with cries of joy the *"Vive le Roi!"* of the French.

On March twenty-fourth, Iberville entered the Ascantia, named later Iberville, "a river," says he, "which goes to Biloxi and to the bay where are the ships." He had two bark canoes, four of his men, and a Mongoulacha Indian. The stream was very narrow and obstructed with fallen trees, and in two leagues there were ten portages. On the second day there were fifty portages, and the French reached a beautiful country—level ground, fine trees, and no wild cane. There were many turkeys in the woods, and fish and alligators in the rivulet. The Mongoulacha abandoned Iberville; but the latter, although he had no guide, continued his journey instead of returning to the Mississippi. It was a rather bold undertaking, but not one that could embarrass the brave Canadian sailor. He said he wished to show the savages that he could go whereever he pleased without a guide, and he added, with characteristic energy: "Whatever may happen, I shall always reach the ships, were I to go by land and abandon my canoes and make

others." He finally arrived at two lakes, which he named respectively Maurepas and Pontchartrain. He returned to Ship Island a little before Bienville and Sauvole. On April twelfth he visited a bay, which he named St. Louis; but having found little water there, he resolved to place definitely the principal establishment of the colony at the eastern extremity of the bay of Biloxi. On May first, he completed a fort with four bastions, armed with twelve cannon, and gave the command of it to Sauvole. He appointed his brother Bienville lieutenant (second in command) and Levasseur Rusouelle major, and left at Biloxi seventy men and six sailor boys, and provisions for four months. On May 4, 1699, he sailed for France on board the *Badine*, with the Count de Surgères, who commanded the *Marin*.

Iberville had succeeded in his undertaking: he had rediscovered the Mississippi River, and had sown the seed from which was to grow our Louisiana. He was again to revisit his infant colony, but he died too soon to see it prosper. Had he lived only a few years longer, Bienville would not have had such a hard struggle to keep alive the colony planted on the shore of Biloxi. Iberville's influence at court would have helped Bienville, and the two courageous brothers would have worked with zeal and harmony to build on a solid foundation the settlement established after so many years of hardship.

After Iberville's departure, Sauvole remained in command of the infant colony, and in his "Journal" he gives a clear and concise account of what he did. He begins by saying that he had great difficulty in maintaining discipline among his men, and that he had mass celebrated every day. The chaplain was Father Bordeneau; the former companion of La Salle, Father Anastase Douay, had returned to France with Iberville.

On May 17, 1699, Sauvole received the visit of the chief of the Bayagoulas and three other Indians. He ordered the soldiers to present arms, and he gave presents to the savages. The next morning the latter said their wives were not far distant and would like to see the fort. When the squaws appeared the chief claimed for his wife the same honors as for himself. This gallantry astonished the French commander,

and although he complied with the request, he took care to let his guest know that he and his men feared nobody.

Sauvole sent Bienville on excursions among the Colapissas, the Mobilians, and other neighboring tribes, and also to explore again the Mississippi. Bienville left Biloxi on August 24, 1699, and with five men in two bark canoes went up the great river as far as the Ouachas. On his return journey he met, on September sixteenth, twenty-eight leagues from the mouth of the river, an English frigate, the captain of which said he intended to form a settlement on the coast of the Mississippi. Bienville, according to the "Journal Historique," "assured him that the river which he was seeking was more to the west, and that the river where he was was a dependency of Canada, of which possession had been taken in the name of His Most Christian Majesty." The captain turned back and departed, and the place on the river where this happened is still called the "English Turn."

Sauvole speaks of the intense heat in the summer of 1699, of the numberless alligators and snakes around the fort, and of the barrenness of the land. He adds that, unless a gold-mine is discovered, the King will not be compensated for his expenses. As for the natives, they were all very poor. The winter was exceedingly cold, and the colonists suffered considerably. They were delighted at the arrival of Iberville, on December 8, 1699, with supplies and reinforcements. He was accompanied by Boisbriant, who was to be major at Biloxi, two officers, and Saint-Denis and De Malton. Having been told of the expedition of the English corvette met by Bienville in the Mississippi, Iberville determined to ascend that river once more. He ordered a fort to be built, fifty-four miles from the mouth of the river, and he went up the Mississippi as far as the Natchez. He was well pleased with the country of the latter, and laid the plan of a fort to be called Fort Rosalie for the Countess de Pontchartrain. On his journey Iberville had the pleasure to meet Tonty, who had come to offer his services to the French. On his second voyage to Biloxi, Iberville commanded the frigate *Renommée*, and Surgères the frigate *Gironde*. The King had confirmed Iberville's appointment of Sauvole as commander at Biloxi, and of Bienville as lieutenant, second in command.

At this time took place the expedition, in quest of mineral wealth, of the geologist Le Sueur, to the Sioux country, which the carpenter Pénicaut has related in his usual simple and charming manner. A quantity of blue and green earth was brought back by Le Sueur from what was thought to be a copper-mine, and the precious freight was carried to France; "but," says Pénicaut, "we never had any news of it since."

From the Tensas village, where Iberville set out to return to his fort on the Mississippi, Bienville began his journey to the northwest. He went to the country of the Yatassés, of the Ouachitas, and of the Natchitoches, and he heard of no Spanish settlement. He was accompanied by Saint-Denis, who became later thoroughly acquainted with the Spaniards in Mexico.

Iberville left Bienville in command of the fort on the Mississippi, and returned to France on May 28, 1700. Both Sauvole and Bienville had great difficulty in maintaining their settlements, in spite of the occasional help from the mother country. On August 22, 1701, Sauvole, the first governor of Louisiana, died of fever. He was a man of honor, of courage, and of judgment. Bienville succeeded him in the command of the colony. Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne was only twenty-two years of age, but had been for several years a constant companion of his brother Iberville in the latter's glorious expeditions. Bienville already had experience and judgment, and from the death of Sauvole he was for many years the most important personage in the history of French Louisiana.

The founder of Louisiana returned to his colony for the last time on December 18, 1701. He brought the news of the accession of Philip, Duke of Anjou, to the throne of Spain. Charles II, the last Spanish monarch of the house of Austria, died in 1700, and not wishing to see his monarchy dismembered, he named as his heir the second son of the Dauphin. The kingdom that Ferdinand and Isabella had founded, to which Columbus had given a new world, and Cortez and Pizarro the countless treasures of Mexico and Peru, the country in the capital of which Francis I had been a prisoner for a year, where Charles V and Philip II had reigned, had been weakened by the wars of Charles and the intolerance and despotism of Philip, and the third and the fourth Philips had

done nothing to arrest the decay of their monarchy. Louis XIV had married the oldest daughter of Philip IV, and in 1700 he allowed his grandson to accept the Spanish succession. This elevation of a Bourbon to the Spanish throne caused a coalition of nearly all Europe against France and Spain, and the disasters of the war reacted on Louisiana.

On his last voyage Iberville commanded again the *Renommée,* and his brother Sérigny commanded the *Palmier.* The valiant sailor was in bad health, but he displayed his usual energy. He gave orders to Bienville to remove the seat of the colony from Biloxi, and to form an establishment on Mobile River. When Iberville arrived on his third voyage he found only one hundred and fifty persons in the colony. More than sixty men had died at Biloxi, and for three months the garrison had subsisted on a little corn.

On January 6, 1702, Bienville set out with his garrison to found the new settlement. He left twenty soldiers at Biloxi, under the command of Boisbriant, and met on Massacre (called later Dauphine) Island his brothers Sérigny and Chateaugué and Nicolas de La Salle, the new intendant or commissary, who were building a storehouse there. On January 16, 1702, Bienville and Sérigny went up Mobile River, and at a point eighteen leagues from the sea began the construction of a fort and a storehouse. Iberville, who reached the new establishment on March third, was delighted with the country, which he declared to be "perfectly beautiful."

The intendant, Nicolas de La Salle, had been one of Robert Cavelier de La Salle's companions on his journey down the Mississippi in 1682, and he is mentioned by Iberville as being the first man that took his wife and his children to the colony. He arrived with his family on March 19, 1702, at the settlement on Mobile River, which was called Fort Louis de la Mobile. Nicolas de La Salle and the curate de la Vente were to be a little later bitter enemies of Bienville, while Father Gravier and the commissary Diron d'Artaguette, successor to La Salle, were to be his friends and defenders.

Bienville's lot was hard, on account of the feuds in the colony and the difficulty of providing the people under his charge with the means of existence. Iberville saw the necessity of tilling the ground, and asked the French Minister to

send farmers to Louisiana, and not adventurers. He remained but a short time in the colony on his third voyage, and sailed for France on April 27, 1702. He never returned to his settlement, but as long as he lived he attended to the needs of the infant colony, and he succeeded, in spite of the war in Europe, in having supplies sent to Louisiana. He died of yellow fever in 1706, at Havana, where he had gone to obtain reinforcements from the Spaniards for an attack on the Carolinas. Iberville was a worthy successor of La Salle; he was as able and as courageous; but, more fortunate than the great Norman explorer and discoverer, the Canadian sailor succeeded in colonizing the land to which La Salle had given the name of "Louisiane."

LES CRÉOLES DE LA LOUISIANE

Discours prononcé à l'Exposition Pan-Américaine à Buffalo, le 21 août 1901, le "Jour de la Louisiane."

MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS,

Il y a en Louisiane un grand nombre de personnes d'origine française. Ce sont des citoyens américains, tout dévoués aux Etats-Unis, leur pays natal, mais qui n'ont pas oublié le pays et la langue de leurs ancêtres. Ils parlent l'anglais, la langue nationale, mais ils parlent aussi le français, la douce langue de leurs pères, et ils veulent conserver les nobles traditions de ceux-ci. Ils sont fiers de l'histoire de leurs ancêtres, ils aiment la Louisiane, colonisée par les Français, et en ce jour consacré à la Louisiane américaine, les descendants des colons français sont heureux de voir que l'on a gardé le souvenir de leurs pères et qu'on apprécie le rôle qu'ils ont joué dans l'histoire. C'est une délicate attention de la part du distingué et estimé gouverneur de la Louisiane, M. Heard, d'avoir demandé à un Louisianais d'origine française, à un descendant des premiers colons, à un créole enfin, de raconter en français le rôle qu'ont joué dans l'histoire de notre Etat les colons français et leurs descendants. Je remercie sincèrement M. Heard, au nom de mes compatriotes, et je le remercie, en mon nom, du grand honneur qu'il m'a fait en m'invitant à prononcer un discours aujourd'hui à cette admirable Exposition qui attire l'attention,

non seulement de toutes les Amériques, mais de tout le monde civilisé.

L'histoire des colons français et des créoles, leurs descendants, est, en grande partie, l'histoire de la Louisiane, et je ne puis que faire un résumé des glorieux événements qui se sont accomplis depuis deux siècles sur le sol louisianais. Jetons donc un rapide coup d'oeil sur l'histoire de la Louisiane, sous les trois dominations, française, espagnole, et américaine.

Le premier nom que nous remarquions c'est celui de Robert Cavelier de La Salle, l'héroïque explorateur. Parti du Canada, si lointain du beau Golfe du Mexique, il descendit le Mississipi, à travers mille périls, et en avril, 1682, il arriva à l'embouchure du grand fleuve. Il donna le doux nom de Louisiane au pays arrosé par le Mississipi et par ses affluents et en prit possession au nom de Louis XIV. Il érigea sur la côte une colonne portant les armes de France, et aussi une croix. Il plaçait la Louisiane sous la protection de Dieu et sous celle du grand royaume français.

Il ne fut pas donné à La Salle de coloniser le pays qu'il avait découvert. En 1684, il entreprit la colonisation de la Louisiane mais il ne réussit pas. Il prit la baie de Matagorda pour l'embouchure du Mississipi et fonda le fort St. Louis du Texas. En 1687, ayant entrepris de se rendre au Canada à pied pour chercher du secours pour sa colonie, il fut assassiné par quelques-uns de ses hommes, et le fort St. Louis fut détruit. Pendant plusieurs années après la mort de La Salle, la France ne fut pas en état de s'occuper d'une colonie au Nouveau Monde. Elle donna l'hospitalité au roi Jacques II, chassé d'Angleterre, et eut à soutenir une longue guerre qui ne se termina qu'au traité de Ryswick, en 1697. En 1698, un homme se présenta pour continuer l'œuvre de La Salle; cet homme était Pierre Lemoyne d'Iberville, natif de Montréal, un brilliant officier de marine qui s'était distingué dans les guerres contre les Anglais. Pontchartrain et son fils Maurepas donnèrent une petite flotte à Iberville, et celui-ci partit de Brest le 24 octobre 1698. Il arriva en février 1699 près de la côte du Golfe du Mexique et atterrit à l'Ile aux Vaisseaux. Le 13 février il jeta les fondements d'une colonie sur la rive gauche de la baie de Biloxi, et c'est là, sur cette côte

admirable mais peu fertile, que fut placé le berceau de notre Louisiane.

Iberville et son frère Bienville allèrent ensuite à la recherche du Mississipi et en découvrirent l'embouchure. Ils remontèrent le fleuve et en explorèrent les bords, et Iberville, en retournant à sa flotte, donna les noms de Pontchartrain et de Maurepas à deux lacs qu'il rencontra et de St. Louis à une baie. Si Iberville eût vécu sa petite colonie eût pu prospérer, mais le père de la Louisiane mourut en 1706, à la Havane, au moment où il se préparait à faire une expédition contre les Anglais aux Carolines.

Sauvole, un brave officier français, fut le premier gouverneur de la Louisiane. Il mourut en 1701, et eut pour successeur Bienville, frère d'Iberville et Canadien comme celui-ci. Bienville était un homme habile, mais il ne reçut pas assez de secours de la mère patrie, et les colons eux-mêmes s'occupaient plutôt à chercher des mines qu'à cultiver la terre qui eût pu les nourrir. Aussi fallut-il, plusieurs fois, envoyer les hommes parmi les Indiens pour qu'ils ne mourussent pas de faim, et le charpentier Pénicaut a raconté d'une manière charmante une de ces expéditions en 1710. Il dit que lui et ses compagnons enseignèrent aux Indiens à danser le menuet et qu'il eut le plaisir d'enseigner le français à deux gentilles jeunes sauvagesses. Il ajoute que cela le faisait mourir de rire d'entendre ses élèves prononçer le français d'une façon gutturale, tandis que cette langue, dit-il, n'a aucunement ce son. Pénicaut fut donc le premier professeur de français en Louisiane et s'occupait de phonétique physiologique et expérimentale bien avant M. Paul Passy et M. l'Abbé Rougelot.

En 1712 la colonie de la Louisiane fut concédée au banquier Crozat pour quinze ans, mais en 1717 celui-ci la rendit au roi. La Louisiane fut alors concédée à la compagnie de l'Occident ou du Mississipi pour vingt-cinq ans. Tout le monde sait ce qui arriva à la banque de Law, rue Quincampoix. Après un agiotage effréné il y eut une banqueroute complète et un grand bouleversement de toutes les classes de la société. Néanmoins, malgré la faillite de la banque, la compagnie s'occupa activement de la colonie jusqu'en 1732 et fonda en 1718 la ville de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Ce fut Bienville qui choisit le site de cette ville qui devait être la métropole du sud des

Etats-Unis. La Nouvelle-Orléans est admirablement située sur le Mississipi, et non loin de l'embouchure de ce fleuve immense, au lit si profond que les navires les plus grands y naviguent à l'aise. En arrière de la ville se trouve le lac Pontchartrain, et une brise charmante, venant tantôt du fleuve et tantôt du lac, tempère la chaleur d'un climat semi-tropical qui produit dans toutes les saisons des fleurs multicolores, et où s'épanouissent le gigantesque chêne aux rameaux toujours verts, le majestueux magnolia, l'élégant palmier, le gracieux bananier, le figuier touffu, et le doux oranger aux fruits d'or.

Dès la fondation de la Nouvelle-Orléans, les habitants de cette ville s'en montrèrent fiers, et, en 1727, lorsque arrivèrent les bonnes soeurs Ursulines pour établir une école pour les jeunes filles, la soeur Madeleine Hachard dit que les dames qu'elle rencontra comparaient leur ville à Paris, une opinion, ajoute-t-elle, qu'elle ne put partager. Elle dit aussi que les dames étaient habillées avec une magnificence digne de la cour de Versailles. Disons ici que tous les voyageurs font de grands éloges dans leurs récits du charme des créoles louisianaises.

Pendant la domination française, il y eut des guerres continuelles avec les Indiens, les Natchez et les Chicassas, et Bienville, qui était encore une fois gouverneur en 1732, n'eut pas de succès dans ses guerres contre les sauvages, et en 1743 demanda à être rappelé. Il eut pour successeur le Marquis de Vaudreuil, le Grand Marquis, comme on l'appelle encore en Louisiane. Vaudreuil se distingua plus tard au Canada, dans la grande guerre où les deux illustres adversaires, Montcalm et Wolfe, trouvèrent la mort à Québec.

La Louisiane n'avait pas rapporté de profits à la France, et le roi Louis XV, monarque égoïste et corrompu, par le traité secret de Fontainebleau, le 3 novembre 1762, fit cadeau à Charles III d'Espagne de la Nouvelle-Orléans et de cette partie de la Louisiane située à l'ouest du Mississipi. Le 10 février 1763 le honteux traité de Paris fut signé, par lequel le roi de France cédait à l'Angleterre la rivière et le port de la Mobile et toutes les possessions sur la rive gauche du Mississipi, excepté la Nouvelle-Orléans et l'île sur laquelle cette ville est située. L'Espagne, de son côté, cédait à l'Angleterre la Floride Occidentale avec le fort de St. Augustin et le port de Pensacole et tout le pays à l'est et au sud-est du Mississipi.

Le traité de Fontainebleau ne fut connu en Louisiane qu'en 1764, et les colons furent au désespoir d'apprendre que leur roi ne voulait pas qu'ils fussent Français. Ils envoyèrent Jean Milhet, le plus riche marchand de la colonie, pour plaider leur cause à Paris, et celui-ci, accompagné de Bienville, alors octogénaire, alla voir Choiseul, le ministre de Louis XV, pour qu'il suppliât le roi de reprendre la Louisiane. La démarche de Milhet fut vaine, et, le 5 mars 1766, le gouverneur espagnol, Don Antonio de Ulloa, arriva à la Nouvelle-Orléans. C'était un savant et un homme de mérite mais qui manqua de tact dans ses rapports avec la Louisiane. Il n'avait mené avec lui que quatre-vingt-dix soldats espagnols et il ne prit pas possession officielle de la colonie au nom de l'Espagne. Il transmettait ses ordres par l'entremise d'Aubry, le commandant ou gouverneur français, et gouvernait d'une manière que le peuple trouvait despotique. Aussi, en octobre 1768, eut lieu un des plus grands événements de notre histoire, un événement dont nous pouvons, à bon droit, être fiers. Un grand nombre d'habitants de la colonie se réunirent à la Nouvelle-Orléans, et une pétition fut envoyée au Conseil Supérieur pour demander l'expulsion du gouverneur espagnol. Lafrénière, un créole louisianais, prononça un discours véhément et patriotique devant le Conseil, et dit: "Sans la liberté il n'y a plus de vertus. Du despotisme naissent la pusillanimité et l'abîme des vices. L'homme n'est reconnu pécher vis-à-vis de Dieu, que parce qu'il conserve le libre arbitre.....Le Conseil Supérieur, boulevard de la tranquillité des citoyens vertueux, ne s'est soutenu que par la probité, le désintéressement des magistrats, et la confiance réunie des citoyens en eux." Après avoir entendu les belles paroles de Lafrénière, le Conseil Supérieur décréta l'expulsion d'Ulloa, et le gouverneur espagnol se retira de la colonie.

Par la Révolution de 1768, les Louisianais se libérèrent du joug de l'Espagne et ils pensèrent à établir un gouvernement républicain sur les rives du Mississipi. Ce ne fut qu'un rêve, mais un rêve d'héroisme dont nous sommes fiers, nous les descendants des hommes de 1768. Huit ans avant 1776, qui marque l'indépendance des colons anglais de l'Amérique, les colons français de la Louisiane, nos héroïques ancêtres, eurent l'idée de l'indépendance. Honneur aux chefs de la Révolu-

tion: Lafrénière, Villeré, Marquis, Caresse, Milhet, Noyan, Doucet, Mazant, Petit et Boisblanc; honneur aux 560 vaillants hommes qui demandèrent au Conseil Supérieur l'expulsion d'Ulloa, honte à l'Espagne qui permit au général O'Reilly de mettre à mort six des héros louisianais et de condamner six autres à l'exil et à la prison!

La domination espagnole commença en réalité en 1769, lors de l'arrivée d'O'Reilly, et dura jusqu'en 1800. Hâtons-nous de dire qu' à part O'Reilly, tous les gouverneurs espagnols furent éclairés et humains. Presque tous, ainsi que leurs principaux officiers, épousèrent des créoles louisianaises, et l'influence française se fit sentir pendant toute la domination espagnole. D'ailleurs, l'armée avec laquelle le gouverneur Galvez conquit sur les Anglais Bâton Rouge, Mobile et Pensacole, en 1779, 1780 et 1781, était composée, en grande partie, de créoles d'origine française, dont Galvez loua hautement la bravoure. Nos ancêtres aidèrent donc les Américains dans leur lutte héroïque pour leur indépendance et prirent part à la grande guerre de la Révolution.

La dernière année du XVIIIe siècle, pendant lequel eurent lieu la Révolution américaine et la Révolution française, fut marquée par un grand événement. Bonaparte, le conquérant de l'Italie et de l'Egypte, l'homme du dix-huit Brumaire, le Premier Consul et le futur empereur, écrasa l'armée autrichienne à Marengo, le 14 juin 1800, et prévoyant la paix avec l'Autriche et l'Angleterre, voulut reconstituer l'empire colonial que la France avait perdu sous le misérable roi Louis XV. Par le traité de St. Ildephonse, le 1er octobre 1800, l'Espagne rendait la Louisiane à la France, et Bonaparte donnait la Toscane et le titre de roi d'Etrurie au duc de Parme, gendre de Charles IV.

Le premier consul nomma le général Victor capitaine-général de la Louisiane et Laussat, préfet colonial, et eut de grands projets pour le développement de l'immense territoire qu'il rendait à la France. Victor ne partit pas pour la Louisiane, mais Laussat arriva à la Nouvelle-Orléans le 26 mars 1803. Les créoles louisianais exprimèrent le bonheur qu'ils éprouvaient à redevenir Français, mais rendirent justice à l'administration espagnole. La Louisiane, cependant, ne fut pas longtemps française. Le 30 avril 1803 Bonaparte en fit

la cession aux Etats-Unis. La guerre avec l'Angleterre allait recommencer, et le premier consul voulut donner à son ennemie une rivale digne d'elle. Il céda donc aux Etats-Unis pour une somme infime l'immense province de la Louisiane.

Si nous sommes aujourd'hui citoyens de la grande République du Nouveau Monde nous le devons certainement à la sagesse de Jefferson, de Monroe et de Robert Livingston, mais n'oublions pas ce que Napoléon Bonaparte fit pour nous. Il écrivit lui-même l'article 3 du traité de cession, par lequel il était stipulé que les Louisianais deviendraient, aussitôt que possible, citoyens des Etats-Unis et qu'ils seraient protégés dans la jouissance de leur liberté, de leur religion et de leurs biens. A St. Louis, en 1903, on va célébrer par une Exposition Universelle le centenaire de la cession de la Louisiane, et au centre de l'exposition on érigera la statue de Jefferson. M. Pierre Chouteau, un créole distingué de St. Louis, ville située dans l'ancienne Haute Louisiane, a suggéré de placer la statue de Napoléon à côté de celle de Jefferson. Nous approuvons hautement l'idée de M. Chouteau et nous espérons qu'elle sera mise à exécution.

Le 30 novembre 1803, les commissaires espagnols, Salcédo et Casa Calvo, présentèrent à Laussat les clefs de la Nouvelle-Orléans et le mirent en possession de la province de la Louisiane. Laussat abolit le cabildo espagnol et établit un gouvernement municipal composé presque entièrement de créoles, et dont le chef fut Etienne de Boré, qui, en 1795, avait repris la culture de la canne à sucre et avait enrichi par cette industrie toute la Basse Louisiane.

Le 20 décembre 1803 eut lieu le transfert de la Louisiane aux commissaires américains. Cet acte important, ainsi que celui du 30 novembre, eut lieu dans notre bâtiment du cabildo à la Nouvelle-Orléans, et dans cet édifice historique nous allons célébrer le centenaire du grand événement qui rendit la Louisiane américaine et, par conséquent, libre. Les créoles ont gardé un grand amour pour la langue et le pays des Français, leurs ancêtres, mais ils sont heureux et fiers d'être Américains. Ils ont prouvé, en 1815, sur le glorieux champ de bataille de Chalmette, qu'ils étaient de loyaux citoyens des Etats-Unis, et ils ont fait preuve d'héroïsme dans la guerre du Mexique, dans la guerre Civile, et dans la guerre de 1898 contre l'Espagne.

Les deux soldats les plus illustres que la Louisiane ait produits ont été deux créoles. Aubert-Dubayet, le héros des grandes guerres de la Révolution américaine et de la Révolution française, et Beauregard, le Vauban louisianais.

Les créoles ont occupé de hautes positions dans le gouvernement de notre état et des Etats-Unis, et ils en ont toujours été dignes. Ils ont toujours eu l'amour de la liberté et de l'indépendance et, comme nous l'avons vu, les premiers martyrs sur ce continent pour la cause de la liberté furent les créoles de 1768. On ne peut douter du courage et du patriotisme de mes compatriotes, mais on a osé les accuser de manquer d'énergie. Qu'on se rappelle quelle était la vie sur une grande plantation avant la guerre Civile. Quels sont ceux qui ont abattu les arbres gigantesques et défriché les terrains fertiles? Qui a mis un frein à la puissance du plus grand des fleuves? Qui a combattu et vaincu les sauvages Indiens? Quels ont été les pionniers de la Louisiane? Les colons français et leurs fils, les créoles. Qui a cultivé la canne à sucre, malgré l'opposition de sa famille et de ses amis? Etienne de Boré, un créole. Qui a été le premier à raffiner le sucre en Louisiane? Valcour Aime, un créole. Ne fallait-il pas avoir de l'énergie pour réussir dans toutes les entreprises avant la guerre et pour se remettre bravement au travail, après que Lee eut rendu à Grant sa vaillante épée à Appomatox? Les créoles ne sont plus riches mais ils ont conservé, j'ose le dire, les manières élégantes et l'esprit chevaleresque de leurs pères. Ils gagnent leur pain à la sueur de leur front et enseignent à leurs nombreux enfants que le travail est honorable et sacré. Quant aux femmes créoles elles sont belles et douces et elles ont le coeur aussi brave que leur âme est pure.

On a prétendu que les créoles n'étaient pas Américains parce qu'ils veulent conserver la langue française au foyer de famille. Cette assertion est absurde. On peut parler le français en Amérique et être excellent citoyen américain. Les Suisses ne sont-ils pas patriotes, dans le pays desquels l'on parle quatre langues différentes? Les hommes du midi de la France, les hommes de Languedoc, n'ont-ils pas toujours été dévoués à leur patrie, ainsi que les Bretons de langue celtique?

Les créoles ont donné à la Louisiane une grande distinction, celle de posséder deux littératures, une en français et une en

anglais, et ils ont contribué avec honneur à toutes deux. Audubon, le célèbre naturaliste et artiste, était un créole, ainsi que Charles Gayarré, l'homme de lettres le plus distingué que la Louisiane ait produit. Parmi nos écrivains d'origine française nous avons eu des poètes, des historiens, des romanciers, de grand mérite, et nous pouvons être fiers d'Etienne Viel, de Dominique et d'Adrien Rouquette, d'Oscar Dugué, de L. Placide Canonge, d'Alexandre Latil, du Dr. Alfred Mercier, du Colonel Alfred Roman, de Mme. de la Houssaye, de John Augustin et de beaucoup d'autres. Je crois pouvoir ajouter que le goût de l'es thétique, le sentiment artistique si développé en Louisiane est dû, en grande partie, à l'influence française, aux traditions françaises conservées par les créoles.

Je suis arrivé à la fin de ce discours, et je n'ai plus qu'un mot à ajouter. Je ne voudrais pas, mesdames et messieurs, que vous crussiez, un instant, que les créoles font bandé à part, en Louisiane, qu'ils forment un parti politique. Ils ne prétendent être que des Louisianais, que des Américains, et tous les Louisianais de race caucasienne sont leurs frères, quelle que soit leur origine.

Voici le gouverneur Heard, le chef de notre état, demandez lui s'il n'a pas pleine confiance en notre dévouement, en notre patriotisme. Nous ne voulons différer des autres Louisianais que par notre amour pour la France et pour la langue française. Nous voulons conserver parmi nous la langue des premiers colons de la Louisiane, et ce sera toujours en français que nous prierons Dieu de protéger nos enfants, notre Etat natal, et notre patrie, les Etats-Unis.

JOHN FOX, JUNIOR

[1863—]

JOHN PATTERSON

ON the sixteenth of December, 1863, at Stony Point, Bourbon County, Kentucky, was born the idyllist of 'The Mountain Europa' and novelist of 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.'

The author of this sketch of Mr. Fox knew him in his home when they were boys, and knows him now, in the world of his literary success, to have been fortunate both in that home and in his ancestors. The first John Fox, a major in the English Army, after being concerned in a conspiracy to rescue Charles I, fled to Virginia in 1649 and was given a colonial appointment by Governor Berkeley.

The father of John Fox, Junior, was a man of refined taste and old-time culture, a dignified and kindly gentleman schoolmaster. The impression that his mother makes on me at this distant day, when I come to reflect and to remember, is that of a woman of sweetness and wit; and it is a pleasure to recall her with this slight tribute. Mr. Fox's native village is in that bluegrass region of Kentucky which he and its other sons love, and the beauty of its setting cast as true and productive a love of Nature over the boy as environment has ever cast over any author. So, to use his own words in 'Crittenden', "the little touch of magic that makes success seemed not to have been denied him at birth," for heredity, birthplace, and training supplied it.

While in college at the Kentucky University and at Harvard Mr. Fox ranked high as a student, but he was never the typical bookworm and "grind." He was a fine gymnast, and possibly the strongest mental picture which I now have of him in our old Harvard days is that of his swinging and gyrating aloft on a trapeze, or diving through a hole in a canvas, imitating, to my admiring eyes, the pose and the enchanting motion of the circus-ring "acrobatic artist." Why, he could even do the "giant-swing!" What were paltry high marks, honors, and indications of future literary success to this wondrous physical feat! Another factor in my admiration of my friend was the charm of his personality and his winning laugh. No one who has heard John Fox laugh will forget it. He laughed his way into the hearts of his comrades in his youth with as certain a success as, with his forceful and graceful pen, he has written his way into the hearts of his contemporaries in his manhood.

Mr. Fox was guided in his first literary preparation and efforts by the distinguished Kentucky author, Mr. James Lane Allen. He worked especially in English in his college career with a view to making literature his profession, and took honors in English on graduation. So his productions cannot impress us as fortunate literary windfalls, like so many novels of to-day, but as the result of a deliberate preference, training, and purpose.

When he was graduated at Harvard in 1883, Mr. Fox, after some desultory newspaper employment, began to work near Cumberland Gap, on the mining property of his brother, Mr. James Fox, a Kentuckian of culture and reputation. Incidentally, he afterwards did a little teaching, but it was always in the tentative and casual way of a young man who is conscious that his real leaders in life are not to be Heracles and the centaur, but Apollo and the Muses. When Mr. Fox came to live in the Kentucky mountains, and to know the Kentucky mountaineer, on a sudden he was captive to the influence of both, and found the theme for his heart and his pen. He yields himself in his best work to the imaginative appeal of the Cumberlands in their changeful moods—their melancholy in misty autumn, their laziness in sunburned summer, their melodious mirth in early spring. At one time the tender verdure of their woods, at another the gorgeous flame of their fall-stained leaves, at another their snow-covered heads or their tempest-tost locks are all seen and felt in his stories. And moving on the Cumberland slopes are his flesh and blood mountaineer men and women, born to live and love and hate as the sparks fly upward.

The great point in criticism is to know what the author tried to do, and to judge how well he has succeeded in doing it. In so far as Mr. Fox has tried to depict in literature the mountaineers of Kentucky in their homes and dialect, he has succeeded brilliantly, and in a way that will give his stories more than transitory appreciation. When he deals with the people of the Bluegrass it seems to me, though many critics would reverse my opinion, that his *dramatis personæ* and dramatic incidents are somewhat well known types, like those of the ancient Greek drama, and less distinctly individual, though more internally evolved than those of his mountain stories. The rough sketch of the Dillons in 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' is the work of a master, and appeals to me more in its unconscious art than even so carefully finished a character as Crittenden. Mr. Fox possesses in a marked degree the high literary quality, like Meredith or Stevenson, of giving a single significant detail which will light up a character instantaneously.

Mr. Fox's first published work was 'The Mountain Europa,' a

delightful idyll of the Cumberlands, saddened by the tragedy of a remote and simple life. The picturesqueness of the opening incident discovering the mountain Europa, Easter, on her bull as she appears before Clayton on the mountain side, like a fantastic creature from the realm of myth brought down to the borderland of humanity, appeals strongly to the reader and sets his curiosity on edge. The sad story of her love for the city man and her tragic death, the fineness of Clayton's character, the contrast of sweetness and roughness and sadness in the dramatic setting, make this, in some respects, one of the best stories Mr. Fox has ever written.

The 'Cumberland Vendetta' is a story of a mountain feud between the two families of Lewallens and Stetsons. There is strength in this tale from the beginning, and it is stamped on every page. The bitter hatred of the families is artistically brought out in the very antithetical situation of their homes: "So there were times when the one could not turn to the sunrise, nor the other to the sunset, but with a curse in his heart, for his eye must fall on the home of his enemy." As in Stevenson's 'Master of Ballantrae,' so in 'The Cumberland Vendetta' blood almost follows the cutting of the pages, and yet without leaving on the reader the impression of an ordinary "blood and thunder" tale. Its tragic background is relieved by the rude, but intense, love story of Rome Stetson and Martha Lewallen. In this tale the author moves his figures, cast in their alien mould of the Cumberland mountaineer, a little farther toward the footlights of conventionality.

In 'The Kentuckian' Mr. Fox changes completely the setting and characters of his work. He has abandoned the mountains and their crude, primitive, strange type of life for the beauty and chivalry of the Bluegrass region. His field is wider and his characters are more complex. His work is now the work of a novelist, dealing with internals. The mountaineer Boone Stallard moves awkwardly, but with native power and nobility as he measures strength with the eloquent, imperious, gentlemanly Marshall; and Mr. Fox lets them, under the guidance of his impelling hand, work out their own salvation, each in his own generic way.—"The old fight—patrician against plebeian, crude force against culture."

Anne Bruce is a true woman of the fine cultured, romantic, Southern type, and serves as an admirable incentive to the lustration of Randolph Marshall. In 'Crittenden' the pen of Mr. Fox depicts his scenes in concentric circles around the Bluegrass region as a center, reaching out to the horizon of the Spanish War. Clay Crittenden is even a more pronounced type of the chivalrous Bluegrass gentleman than Marshall. He fights, like the true gentleman of all times

and races, the fight of life against the odds of despised love, failure, loss of fortune and his own weaknesses; "And as his father and uncle had fought, so he would try to do, and as they had lived, so he, with God's help, would live henceforth to the end."—"And God was good that Christmas!" The minor characters in 'Crittenden' are drawn with skill. Phyllis is a delightful, fresh, trusting, Southern girl, and Basil is just the kind of manly, unselfish, impulsive boy, rapidly developing in the mould of his ancestors, that we love to think of as not unusual to our State. Judith Page, the heroine, is rather delicately drawn, with much less distinct strokes than Crittenden, and she reminds us a little too typically, perhaps, of Anne Bruce.

In 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' Mr. Fox has created his masterpiece so far. Dear Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, making that simple and pathetic apostrophe to his God, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now!" All of us have loved him from those words on, as he acted his part in the pages of Mr. Fox's romance, fighting his way to success. In the vivid and harmoniously finished sentences of the author the vital action is foreshadowed in the battle of the elements which gives its lesson of life to the young outcast. He learns his lesson well and weathers his storm till the rainbow shows.

The central figure is that of a little mountain waif ignorant of his parentage, and left alone by the death of the kindly mountaineers who had sheltered him. The boy and his dog Jack start forlornly down the mountain side to escape from a rough and cruel neighbor who intended to have Chad bound to him for seven years by law. Chad finds shelter in the Turner's cabin, far down the mountain slope; and around its friendly log-fire, and in its neighborhood of barnyard, schoolhouse, and river of Kingdom Come, took place those emotional and humorous, but always fascinating, incidents in the life of the Little Shepherd.

The change of setting in the story is the far cry from the mountains to the center of the Bluegrass, and the Little Shepherd gradually changes as externally as his environment; for it is here that, in the course of time, he evolves from Chad, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, into Chadwick Buford, gentleman. And poor old Jack, the faithful, lovable, pathetic dog, must be left up in the mountains to the care of that ideal Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, whose spirit never really left them.

In the background of the rise and height of this romance is the war between the North and the South; and, more than any other romance of this historic epoch, Mr. Fox has interwoven the action of this contest into the development of his story with effective re-

sult. He has brought out the influence of the divided feelings of his State between the great "Lost Cause" of Lee and the great "Won Cause" of Grant, without once violating national sympathy, or appealing to local prejudice. He has displayed the pageant of its thrilling incidents in a dazzling yet lucid way, and always in a manner that lets us see through the flash of bayonet, the glint of sword and the smoke of musket, the colors and bearing of his *dramatis personæ*.

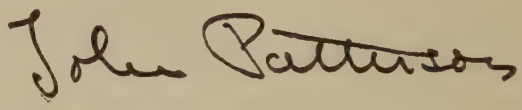
There may be a difference of opinion among critics on the artistic propriety of such complicated diorama for the scenic effect of the main story, but there can be none on the taste and effect of interest with which the author combines its pictures. The minor characters have become much more distinct in this romance than in Mr. Fox's previous writings, notably those of the mountain girl Melissa and the Dillons, who have received just the stroke here and there to make them vivid. Margaret is beautiful, brave and noble, with that touch of coquetry which embellishes the girl of the Southland, and she is the best of Mr. Fox's women of the upper caste.

Mr. Fox's collections of short stories are 'Bluegrass and Rhododendron'; 'Hell for Sartin and Other Stories'; 'Following the Sun Flag'; 'Christmas Eve on Lonesome,' and the story published under a separate cover, 'A Knight of the Cumberland.' 'Hell for Sartin' has been pronounced by many prominent literary men as the best short story ever written by an American. In his short mountain stories Mr. Fox is past-master, and we Arabs of the plain are willing to sit in our tents and listen eagerly to him as long as he cares to tell them. The genealogy and the life of the Kentucky mountaineer is traced through most of Mr. Fox's sketches. As mountains have always given love of liberty, isolation of customs, and necessity for executing the law outside of courts, so the Cumberlands have given their sons this heritage, and, besides, that of extreme hospitality, loyalty, orthodoxy and the spirit of the vendetta surviving in the mountain fastnesses from the codes of Chivalry, the Reformation, and the Clan. The dialect survivals are specially interesting, and the dialect itself of these mountaineers is admirably handled by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox was not only a war correspondent in Cuba during our war with Spain, but he also visited, in the interests of *Scribner's Magazine*, the theater of the Russo-Japanese War, and has written his experiences there in 'Following the Sun Flag.'

Mr. Fox's style is fresh, vigorous, and penetrating as the prickles of the shrub he loves to sing, and, when occasion demands, it is graceful and delicate and finely-colored like the rhododendron's blos-

soms. Humor, pathos, fancy and congruity give literary charm to the realistic faithfulness of these stories. Mr. Fox's latest work, 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,' is being published at the time of the writing of this sketch, as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine.*



THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

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ELSEWHERE the Southern mountaineer holds human life as cheap; elsewhere he is ready to let death settle a personal dispute; elsewhere he is more ignorant and has as little regard for law; elsewhere he was divided against himself by the war and was left in subsequent conditions just as lawless; elsewhere he has similar clannishness of feeling, and elsewhere is an occasional feud which is confined to family and close kindred. But nowhere is the feud so common, so old, so persistent, so deadly, as in the Kentucky mountains. Nowhere else is there such organization, such division of enmity to the limit of kinship.

About thirty-five years ago two boys were playing marbles in the road along the Cumberland River, down in the Kentucky mountains. One had a patch on the seat of his trousers. The other boy made fun of it, and the boy with the patch went home and told his father. Thirty years of local war was the result. The factions fought on after they had forgotten why they had fought at all. While organized warfare is now over, an occasional fight yet comes over the patch on those trousers and a man or two is killed. A county as big as Rhode Island is still bitterly divided on the subject. In a race for the Legislature not long ago, the feud was the sole issue. And without knowing it, perhaps, a mountaineer carried that patch like a flag to victory and sat under it at the capital—making laws for the rest of the State.

That is the feud that has stained the highland border of

the State with blood, and abroad has engulfed the reputation of the lowland bluegrass, where there are, of course, no feuds —a fact that sometimes seems to require emphasis, I am sorry to say. Almost every mountain county has, or has had, its feud. On each side is a leader whose authority is rarely questioned. Each leader has his band of retainers. Always he arms them; usually he feeds them; sometimes he houses and clothes them, and sometimes, even, he hires them. In one local war, I remember, four dollars per day were the wages of the fighting man, and the leader on one occasion, while besieging his enemies—in the county court-house—tried to purchase a cannon, and from no other place than the State arsenal, and from no other personage than the governor himself.

It is the feud that most sharply differentiates the Kentucky mountaineer from his fellows, and it is extreme isolation that makes possible in this age such a relic of mediæval barbarism. For the feud means, of course, ignorance, shiftlessness, incredible lawlessness, a frightful estimate of the value of human life; the horrible custom of ambush, a class of cowardly assassins who can be hired to do murder for a gun, a mule, or a gallon of "moonshine."

Now these are the blackest shadows in the only picture of Kentucky mountain life that has reached the light of print through the press. There is another side, and it is only fair to show it.

The feud is an inheritance. There were feuds before the war, even on the edge of the bluegrass; there were fierce family fights in the backwoods before and during the Revolution—when the war between Whig and Tory served as a pretext for satisfying personal animosities already existing, and it is not a wild fancy that the Kentucky mountain feud takes root in Scotland. For, while it is hardly possible that the enmities of the Revolution were transmitted to the Civil War, it is quite sure that whatever race instinct, old-world trait of character, or moral code the backwoodsman may have taken with him into the mountains—it is quite sure that that instinct, that trait of character, that moral code, are living forces in him to-day. The late war was, however, the chief cause of feuds. When it came, the river-bottoms were populated, the clans were formed. There were more slave-holders among them

than among other Southern mountaineers. For that reason the war divided them more evenly against themselves, and set them fighting. When the war stopped elsewhere it simply kept on with them, because they were more isolated, more evenly divided; because they were a fiercer race, and because the issue had become personal. The little that is going on now goes on for the same reason; for while civilization pressed close enough in 1890 and 1891 to put an end to organized fighting, it is a consistent fact that after the failure of Baring Brothers, and the stoppage of the flow of English capital into the mountains, and the check of railroads and civilization, these feuds slowly started up again. When I left home for the Cuban War two companies of State militia were on their way to the mountains to put down a feud. On the day of the Las Guasimas fight these feudsmen fought, and they lost precisely as many men killed as the Rough Riders—eight.

Again: while the feud may involve the sympathies of a county, the number of men actually engaged in it are comparatively few. Moreover, the feud is strictly of themselves, and is based primarily on a privilege that the mountaineer, the world over, has most grudgingly surrendered to the law, the privilege of avenging his private wrongs. The non-partisan and the traveler are never molested. Property of the beaten faction is never touched. The women are safe from harm, and I have never heard of one who was subjected to insult. Attend to your own business, side with neither faction in act or word, and you are much safer among the Kentucky mountaineers when a feud is going on than you are crossing Broadway at Twenty-third Street. As you ride along, a bullet may plough through the road ten yards in front of you. That means for you to halt. A mountaineer will come out of the bushes and ask who you are and where you are going and what your business is. If your answers are satisfactory you go on unmolested. Asking for a place to stay all night, you may be told, "Go to So and So's house; he'll pertect ye;" and he will, too, at the risk of his own life, when you are past the line of suspicion and under his roof.

There are other facts that soften a too harsh judgment of the mountaineer and his feud—harsh as the judgment should be. Personal fealty is the cornerstone of the feud. The

mountaineer admits no higher law; he understands no conscience that will violate that tie. You are my friend or my kinsman; your quarrel is my quarrel; whoever strikes you, strikes me. If you are in trouble I must not testify against you. If you are an officer you must not arrest me, you must send me word to come into court. If I'm innocent, why, maybe I'll come.

Moreover, the worst have the list of rude virtues already mentioned; and, besides, the mountaineer is never a thief nor a robber, and he will lie about one thing and one thing only, and that is land. He has cleared it, built his cabin from the trees, lived on it, and he feels that any means necessary to hold it are justifiable. Lastly, religion is as honestly used to cloak deviltry as it ever was in the Middle Ages.

A feud leader who had about exterminated the opposing faction, and had made a good fortune for a mountaineer while doing it, for he kept his men busy getting out the timber when they weren't fighting, said to me, in all seriousness:

"I have triumphed agin my enemies time and time agin. The Lord's on my side, and I gits a better and better Christian ever' year."

A preacher, riding down a ravine, came upon an old mountaineer hiding in the bushes with his rifle.

"What are you doing, my friend?"

"Ride on, stranger," was the easy answer. "I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Johnson, and with the help of the Lawd I'm goin' to blow his damn head off."

Even the ambush, the hideous feature of the feud, took root in the days of the Revolution, and was borrowed, maybe, from the Indians. Milfort, the Frenchman, who hated the backwoodsman, says Mr. Roosevelt, describes with horror their extreme malevolence and their murderous disposition toward one another. He says that whether a wrong had been done to a man personally, or to his family, he would, if necessary, travel a hundred miles and lurk around the forest indefinitely to get a chance to shoot his enemy.

But the Civil War was the chief cause of bloodshed; for there is evidence, indeed, that though feeling between families was strong, bloodshed was rare and the English sense of fairness prevailed, in certain communities at least. Often you

shall hear an old mountaineer say: "Folks usen to talk about how fer they could kill a *deer*. Now hit's how fer they can kill a *man*. Why, I have knowed the time when a man would hev been druv outen the country fer drawin' a knife or a pistol, an' if a man was ever killed, hit wus kinder accidental by a Barlow. I reckon folks got used to weapons an' killin' an' shootin' from the bresh endurin' the war. But hit's been gettin' wuss ever sence, and now hit's dirk an' Winchester all the time." Even for the ambush there is an explanation.

"Oh, I know all the excuses folks make. Hit's fair for one as 'tis fer t'other. You can't fight a man f'ar and squar who'll shoot you in the back. A pore man can't fight money in the courts. Thar hain't no witnesses in the lorrel but leaves, an' dead men don't hev much to say. I know hit all. Looks like lots o' decent young folks hev got usen to the idee; thar's so much of it goin' on and thar's so much talk about shootin' from the bresh. I do reckon hit's wuss'n stealin' to take a feller critter's life that way."

It is also a fact that most of the men who have been engaged in these fights were born, or were children during the war, and were, in consequence, accustomed to bloodshed and bushwhacking from infancy. Still, even among the fighters there is often a strong prejudice against the ambush, and in most feuds one or the other side discountenances it, and that is the faction usually defeated. I know of one family that was one by one exterminated because they refused to take to the "bresh."

Again, the secret of the feud is isolation. In the mountains the war kept on longer, for personal hatred supplanted its dead issues. Railroads and newspapers have had their influences elsewhere. Elsewhere court circuits include valley people. Civilization has pressed slowly on the Kentucky mountains. The Kentucky mountaineer, until quite lately, has been tried, when brought to trial at all, by the Kentucky mountaineer. And when a man is tried for a crime by a man who would commit that crime under the same circumstances, punishment is not apt to follow.

Thus the influence that has helped most to break up the feud is trial in the Bluegrass, for there is no ordeal the mountaineer more hates than trial by a jury of bigoted "furriners."

Who they are—these Southern mountaineers—is a subject of endless conjecture and dispute—a question that perhaps will never be satisfactorily solved. While there are among them the descendants of the old bond servant and redemptioner class, of vicious runaway criminals and the trashiest of the poor whites, the ruling class has undoubtedly come from the old free settlers, English, German, Swiss, French Huguenot, even Scotch and Scotch-Irish. As the Germans and Swiss are easily traced to North Carolina, the Huguenots to South Carolina and parts of Georgia, it is more than probable, from the scant study that has been given the question, that the strongest and largest current of blood in their veins comes from none other than the mighty stream of Scotch-Irish.

Briefly, the theory is this: From 1720 to 1780, the settlers in southwest Virginia, middle North Carolina and western South Carolina were chiefly Scotch and Scotch-Irish. They were active in the measures preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, and they declared independence at Abingdon, Virginia, even before they did at Mecklenburg, North Carolina. In these districts they were the largest elements in the patriot army, and they were greatly impoverished by the war. Being too poor or too conscientious to own slaves, and unable to compete with them as the planter's field hand, blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright, and man-of-all-work, especially after the invention of the cotton-gin in 1792, they had no employment and were driven to mountain and sand-hill. There are some good reasons for the theory. Among prominent mountain families direct testimony or unquestioned tradition point usually to Scotch-Irish ancestry, sometimes to pure Scotch origin, sometimes to English. Scotch-Irish family names in abundance speak for themselves, as do folk-words and folk-songs and the characteristics, mental, moral, and physical, of the people. Broadly speaking, the Southern mountaineers are characterized as "peaceable, civil, good-natured, kind, clever, naturally witty, with a fair share of common sense, and morals not conscientiously bad, since they do not consider ignorance, idleness, poverty, or the excessive use of tobacco or 'moonshine' as immoral or vicious."

Another student says: "The majority are of good blood, honest, law-abiding blood." Says still another: "They are

ignorant of books, but sharp as a rule." Says another: "They have great reverence for the Bible, and are sturdy, loyal, and tenacious." Moreover, the two objections to this theory that would naturally occur to anyone have easy answers. The mountaineers are not Presbyterians and they are not thrifty. Curiously enough, testimony exists to the effect that certain Methodist or Baptist churches were once Presbyterian; and many preachers of these two denominations had grandfathers who were Presbyterian ministers. The Methodists and Baptists were perhaps more active; they were more popular in the mountains as they were in the backwoods, because they were more democratic and more emotional. The backwoodsman did not like the preacher to be a preacher only. He, too, must work with his hands.

Scotch-Irish thriftiness decayed. The soil was poor; game was abundant, hunting bred idleness. There were no books, no schools, few church privileges, a poorly educated ministry; and the present illiteracy, thriftlessness, and poverty were easy results. Deed-books show that the ancestors of men who now make their mark often wrote a good hand.

Such, briefly, is the Southern mountaineer in general, and the Kentucky mountaineer in particular. Or, rather, such he was until fifteen years ago; and to know him now you must know him as he was then, for the changes that have been wrought in the last decade affect localities only, and the bulk of the mountain-people is, practically, still what it was one hundred years ago. Still, changes have taken place and changes will take place now swiftly, and it rests largely with the outer world what these changes shall be.

The vanguard of civilization—railroads—unless quickly followed by schools and churches, at the ratio of four schools to one church, have a bad effect on the Southern mountaineer. He catches up the vices of the incoming current only too readily. The fine spirit of his hospitality is worn away. He goes to some little "boom" town, is forced to pay the enormous sum of fifty cents for his dinner, and when you go his way again, you pay fifty cents for yours. Carelessly applied charity weakens his pride, makes him dependent. You hear of arrests for petty thefts sometimes, occasionally burglaries are made, and the mountaineer is cowed by the superior numbers or

superior intelligence of the incomer, and he seems to lose his sturdy self-respect.

And yet the result could easily be far different. Not long ago I talked with an intelligent young fellow, a young minister who had taught among them many years, exclusively in the Kentucky mountains, and is now preaching in them. He says they are more tractable, more easily moulded, more easily uplifted than the people of a similar grade of intelligence in cities. He gave an instance to illustrate their general susceptibility in all ways: When he took charge of a certain school, every boy and girl, nearly all of them grown, chewed tobacco. The teacher before him used tobacco and even exchanged it with his pupils. He told them at once they must stop. They left off instantly.

It was a "blab" school, as the mountaineers characterized a school in which the pupils study aloud. He put an end to that one day, and he soon told them they must stop talking to one another. After school they said they didn't think they could ever do that, but they did. In another county, ten years ago, he had ten boys and girls gathered to organize a Sunday-school. None had ever been to Sunday-school and only two knew what a Sunday-school was. He announced that he would organize one at that place a week later. When he reached the spot the following Sunday there were seventy-five young mountaineers there. They had sung themselves quite hoarse waiting for him, and he was an hour early. The Sunday-school was founded, built up and developed into a church.

When the first printing-press was taken to a certain mountain town in 1882, a deputation of citizens met it three miles from town and swore that it should go no farther. An old preacher mounted the wagon and drove it into town. Later the leader of that crowd owned the printing-press and ran it. In this town are two academies for the education of the mountaineer. Young fellows come there from every mountain county and work their way through. They curry horses, carry water, work about the houses—do everything; many of them cook for themselves and live on four dollars a month. They are quick-witted, strong-minded, sturdy, tenacious, and usually very religious.

Indeed, people who have been among the Southern mountaineers testify that as a race they are proud, sensitive, hospitable, kindly, obliging in an unreckoning way that is almost pathetic; honest, loyal, in spite of their common ignorance, poverty, and isolation; that they are naturally capable, eager to learn, easy to uplift. Americans to the core, they make the Southern mountains a storehouse of patriotism; in themselves they are an important offset to the Old World outcasts whom we have welcomed to our shores; and they surely deserve as much consideration from the Nation as the negroes, for whom we have done, and are doing so much, or as the heathen, to whom we give millions.

I confess that I have given prominence to the best features of mountain life and character, for the reason that the worst will easily make their own way. It is only fair to add, however, that nothing that has ever been said of the mountaineer's ignorance, shiftlessness, and awful disregard of human life, especially in the Kentucky mountains, that has not its basis perhaps, in actual fact.

First, last and always, however, it is to be remembered that to begin to understand the Southern mountaineers you must go back to the social conditions and standards of the backwoods before the Revolution, for practically they are the backwoods people and the backwoods conditions of pre-Revolutionary days. Many of their ancestors fought with ours for American independence. They were loyal to the Union for one reason that no historian seems ever to have guessed. For the loyalty of 1861 was, in great part, merely the transmitted loyalty of 1776, imprisoned like a fossil in the hills. Precisely for the same reason, the mountaineer's estimate of the value of human life, of the sanctity of the law, of a duty that overrides either—the duty of one blood kinsman to another—is the estimate of that day and not of this; and it is by the standards of that day and not of this that he is to be judged. To understand the mountaineer, then, you must go back to the Revolution. To do him justice you must give him the awful ordeal of a century of isolation and consequent ignorance in which to deteriorate. Do that and your wonder, perhaps, that he is so bad becomes a wonder that he is not worse. To my mind, there is but one strain of American

blood that could have stood that ordeal quite so well, and that comes from the sturdy Scotch-Irish who are slowly wresting from Puritan and Cavalier an equal share of the glory that belongs to the three for the part played on the world's stage by this land in the heroic rôle of Liberty.

TWO RUNAWAYS FROM LONESOME

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THE days of that April had been days of mist and rain. Sometimes, for hours, there would come a miracle of blue sky, white cloud, and yellow light; but always between dark and dark the rain would fall and the mist creep up the mountains and stream from the tops—only to roll together from either range, drip back into the valley, and lift, straightway, as mist again. So that all the while Nature was trying to give lustier life to every living thing in the lowland Bluegrass, all the while a gaunt skeleton was stalking down the Cumberland—tapping with fleshless knuckles, now at some unlovely cottage of faded white and green, and now at a log cabin, stark and gray. Passing the mouth of Lonesome, he flashed his scythe into its unlifting shadows and went stalking on. High up, at the source of the dismal little stream, the point of the shining blade darted thrice into the open door of a cabin set deep into a shaggy flank of Black Mountain, and three spirits within were quickly loosed from aching flesh for the long flight into the unknown.

It was the spirit of the plague that passed, taking with it the breath of the unlucky and the unfit: and in the hut on Lonesome three were dead—a gaunt mountaineer, a gaunt daughter, and a gaunt son. Later the mother, too, "jes' kind o' got tired," as little Chad said, and soon to her worn hands and feet came the well-earned rest. Nobody was left then but Chad and Jack, and Jack was a dog with a belly to feed and went for less than nothing with everybody but his little master and the chance mountaineer who had sheep to guard. So, for the fourth time Chad, with Jack at his heels, trudged up to the point of a wooded spur above the cabin, where, at

the foot of a giant poplar and under a wilderness of shaking June leaves, were three piles of rough boards, loosely covering three hillocks of rain-beaten earth; and, near them, an open grave. There was no service sung or spoken over the dead, for the circuit-rider was then months away; so, unnoticed, Chad stood behind the big poplar, watching the neighbors gently let down into the shallow trench a home-made coffin, rudely hollowed from the half of a bee-gum log, and, unnoticed, slipped away at the first muffled stroke of the dirt, doubling his fists into his eyes and tumbling against the gnarled bodies of laurel and rhododendron until, out in a clear sunny place, he dropped on a thick, velvet mat of moss and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke Jack was licking his face, and he sat up dazed and yawning. The sun was dropping fast, the ravines were filling with blue shadows, luminous and misty, and far drowsy tinkling from the valley told him that cows were starting homeward. From habit, he sprang quickly to his feet, but, sharply conscious on a sudden, dropped slowly back to the moss again, while Jack, who had started down the spur, circled back to see what the matter was, and stood with uplifted foot, much puzzled.

There had been a consultation about Chad early that morning among the neighbors, and old Nathan Cherry, who lived over on Stone Creek, in the next cove but one, said that he would take charge of the boy. Nathan did not wait for the burial, but went back home for his wagon, leaving word that Chad was to stay all night with a neighbor and meet him at the death-stricken cabin an hour by sun. The old man meant to have Chad bound to him for seven years by law—the boy had been told that—and Nathan hated dogs as much as Chad hated Nathan. So the lad did not lie long. He did not mean to be bound out nor to have Jack mistreated, and he rose quickly and Jack sprang before him down the rocky path and toward the hut that had been a home to both. Under the poplar, Jack sniffed curiously at the new-made grave, and Chad called him away so sharply that Jack's tail dropped and he crept toward his master as though to ask pardon for a fault of which he was not conscious. For one moment Chad stood looking. Again the stroke of the falling earth smote his ears and his eyes filled; a curious pain caught him by the

throat and he passed on, whistling—down into the shadows below to the open door of the cabin.

It was deathly still. The homespun bedclothes and the hand-made quilts of brilliant colors had been thrown into a heap on one of the two beds of hickory withes; the kitchen utensils—a crane and a few pots and pans—had been piled on the hearth, along with strings of herbs and beans and red pepper-pods—all ready for old Nathan when he should come over for them next morning, with his wagon. Not a living thing was to be heard or seen that suggested human life, and Chad sat down in the deepening loneliness, watching the shadows rise up the green walls that bound him in, and wondering what he should do, and where he should go, if he was not to go to old Nathan; while Jack, who seemed to know that some crisis was come, settled on his haunches a little way off, to wait, with perfect faith and patience, for the boy to make up his mind.

It was the first time, perhaps, that Chad had ever thought very seriously about himself, or wondered who he was, or whence he had come. Digging back into his memory as far as he could, it seemed to him that what had just happened now had happened to him once before, and that he had simply wandered away. He could not recollect where he had started from first, but he could recall many of the places where he had lived, and why he had left them—usually because somebody, like old Nathan, had wanted to have him bound out, or had misused Jack, or would not let the two stray off into the woods together when there was nothing else to be done. He had stayed longest where he was now, because the old man and his son and his girl had all taken a great fancy to Jack, and had let the two guard cattle in the mountains and drive sheep and, if they stayed out in the woods over night, struck neither a stroke of hand nor tongue. The old mother had been his mother, and once more Chad leaned his head against the worn lintel and wept silently. So far, nobody had seemed to care particularly who he was or was not—nor had Chad. Most people were very kind to him, looking upon him as one of the wandering waifs that one finds throughout the Cumberland, upon whom the good folks of the mountain do not visit the father's sin. He knew what he was thought to be, and it

mattered so little, since it made no discrimination against him, that he had accepted it without question. It did not matter now, except as it bore on the question as to where he should start his feet. It was a long time for him to have stayed in one place, and the roving memories stirred within him now took root, doubtless, in the restless spirit that had led his unknown ancestor into those mountain wilds after the Revolution.

All this while he had been sitting on the low threshold, with his elbows in the hollows of his thighs and his left hand across his mouth. Once more, he meant to be bound to no man's service, and at the final thought of losing Jack the liberty-loving little tramp spat over his hand with sharp decision and rose.

Just above him and across the buck antlers over the door lay a long flint-lock rifle; a bullet-pouch, a powder-horn, and a small raccoon-skin haversack hung from one of the prongs: and on them the boy's eyes rested longingly. Old Nathan, he knew, claimed that the dead man had owed him money; and he further knew that old Nathan meant to take all he could lay his hands on in payment; but he climbed resolutely upon a chair and took the things down, arguing the question meanwhile:

"Uncle Jim said once he aimed to give this rifle gun to me. Mebbe he was foolin', but I don't believe he owed ole Nathan so much, an' anyways," he muttered grimly, "I reckon Uncle Jim 'ud kind o' like fer me to git the better of that ole devil—jes' a *leetle,* anyways."

The rifle, he knew, was always loaded; there was not much powder in the horn and there were not more than a dozen bullets in the pouch, but they would last him until he could get far away. No more would he take, however, than what he thought he could get along with—one blanket from the bed and, from the fireplace, a little bacon and a pone of corn-bread.

"An' I *know* Aunt Jane wouldn't 'a' keered about these leetle fixin's, fer I have to have 'em, an' I know I've earned 'em anyways."

Then he closed the door softly on the spirits of the dead within, and caught the short deer-skin latch-string to the

wooden pin outside. With his Barlow knife he swiftly stripped a bark string from a pawpaw bush near by, folded and tied his blanket, and was swinging the little pack to his shoulder, when the tinkle of a cow-bell came through the bushes, close at hand. Old Nance, lean and pied, was coming home; he had forgotten her, it was getting late, and he was anxious to leave for fear some neighbor might come; but there was no one to milk, and when she drew near with a low moo he saw that her udders were full and dripping. It would hurt her to go unmilked, so Chad put aside his things and took up a cedar piggin from a shelf outside the cabin and did the task thoroughly—putting the strippings in a cup and, so strong was the habit in him, hurrying with both to the rude spring-house and setting them in cool running water. A moment more and he had his pack and his rifle on one shoulder and was climbing the fence at the wood-pile. There he stopped once more with a sudden thought, and wrenching loose a short axe from the face of a hickory log, staggered under the weight of his weapons up the mountain. The sun was not yet an hour high and, on the spur, he leaned his rifle against the big poplar and set to work with his axe on a sapling close by—talking frankly now to the God who made him.

"I reckon You know it, but I'm a-goin' to run away now. I hain't got no daddy an' no mammy, an' I hain't nuver had none as I knows—but Aunt Jane hyeh—she's been jes' like a mother to me an' I'm a-doin' fer her jes' whut I wish You'd have somebody do fer my mother, ef You know whar she's a-layin'."

Eight round sticks he cut swiftly—four long and four short—with these he built a low pen, as is the custom of the mountaineers, close about the fresh mound, and, borrowing a board or two from each of the other mounds, covered the grave from the rain. Then he sunk the axe into the trunk of the great poplar as high up as he could reach—so that it could easily be seen—and, brushing the sweat from his face, he knelt down:

"God!" he said, simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now. I'm a-goin' now. I don't believe you keer much and seems like I bring ever'body bad luck: an' I'm a-goin' to live up hyeh on the mountain jus' as long

as I can. I don't want you to think I'm a-complainin'—fer I ain't. Only hit does seem sort o' curious that You'd let me be down hyeh—with me a-keerin' fer nobody now, an' nobody a-keerin' fer me. But Thy ways is inscrutable—least-wise, that's whut the circuit-rider says—an' I ain't got a word more to say—Amen."

Chad rose then and Jack, who had sat perfectly still, with his head cocked to one side and his ears straight forward in wonder over this strange proceeding, sprang into the air when Chad picked up his gun, and with a joyful bark circled a clump of bushes and sped back, leaping as high as the little fellow's head and trying to lick his face—for Jack was a rover too.

The sun was low when the two waifs turned their backs upon it, and the blue shadows in valley and ravine were darkening fast. Down the spur they went swiftly—across the river and up the slope of Pine Mountain. As they climbed, Chad heard the last faint sound of a cow-bell far below him and he stopped short, with a lump in his throat that hurt. Soon darkness fell, and on the very top the boy made a fire with his flint and steel, cooked a little bacon, warmed his corn-pone, munched them and, wrapping his blanket around him and letting Jack curl into the hollow of his legs and stomach, turned his face to the kindly stars and went to sleep.

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

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By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back, he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog

since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking-time. Since then no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet—

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at old Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost —an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour—trying to think out a defence for Jack and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying, the night before, that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. But the old hunter cried with an oath:

"You've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—*he would try him;* each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free: if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff, to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin that morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "ole Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the schoolmaster. The cabin was left deserted—the hospitable door held closed by a deer-skin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's

side, other than the boy's own command—but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground: he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road, a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with blue benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light—and, high above, great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping in the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely. "Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel-huntin'?" he asked; and, as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from *me?*"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly—"but I'm a-goin' to *have* it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had: and what he had was very little—for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And then, Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground—fearing not man, nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform. while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The

crowd, men and women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad, little Tad, Daws, Nance, and the others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a centre—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all, facing the Squire with grave dignity and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the school-master. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury—giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons: and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside " 'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one o' our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy and old Joel said, kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked sharply.

"You can't ax that question," said the Squire; "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he

was climbing over the Turner dog jumped the fence, and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

" 'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Hump!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you ax that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrevelant?"

"What's irrevelevant?" the boy asked, bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire, testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still I'll fine him for contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear case against poor Jack the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness and how one night Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg—until daybreak—and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose:

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog.

I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to ax some questions."

He turned to Daws:

"I want to ax you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly. Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the *fust* one he kills! *He sucks it!*" Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire! The fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh and Jack whopped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whopped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me and they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now you said somethin' I axed just now was irrevelant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack *ain't,* I know the Dillons' dawg naturally *is,* and I tell you, if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—ortern't—to let—that sheriff—thar—shoot my dog—until the Dillons answer what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"*Whar's Whizzer?*"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evenin' afore the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand. "Ax the Turners, Squire," he said, as the school-master on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd; the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Ax the school-teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightaway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated; but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arm around the dog: then he rose up and walked out the opening while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside, and without looking up went on: he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him, and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by ——, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes, that he might not hear Jack's death-shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws

was at the foot of the hill, and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the Sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the Sheriff saying, kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay fifty yards beyond. If the Sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one forefoot on it and with the other bent in the air, looked without shame into the Sheriff's eyes —as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing *me* here?"

The Sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa, he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless Sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath the Sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, and Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the Sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them, the crestfallen Sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack; but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do—to get to Chad—and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the Sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek.

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing

and, at his feet, Jack sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the Sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The Sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got something to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, Sheriff, Turners, Dillons and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only *Whizzer* killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head and pointed at the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip in the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had that same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only old Joel,

but many of his neighbors knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent; and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

And yet another wonder was in store for Chad. A strange horse with a strange saddle was hitched to the Turner fence; beside it was an old mare with a boy's saddle, and as Chad came through the gate a familiar voice called him cheerily by name. On the porch sat Major Buford.

ALICE FRENCH

[1850—]

CLIO HARPER

ALICE FRENCH was born in Andover, Massachusetts, March 19, 1850. Her parents were George Henry French and Frances Wood Morton. Her mother was the daughter of Governor Marcus Morton, a staunch old Democrat who was elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of one vote after several years of fruitless candidacy. On her father's side Miss French is descended from the Puritans, her earliest ancestor in this country being Lieutenant William French, first captain of the town of Billerica, who came over in 1630 and became deputy to the Colonial Council or Legislature, a deacon, and a famous Indian fighter. A letter from him to a friend in England is still preserved in the Historical Society's archives. One of his sons married a Mr. Danforth's daughter and from this union descended George Henry French. On her father's side she is a Puritan, on her mother's side a Pilgrim through George Morton, and the Winslows, Mayhews, Tillinghasts, and many others.

In early childhood she removed West with her parents, on account of her father's health, and the family settled in Iowa. Her father was a successful manufacturer, a man of great culture, keen appreciation of literature and art, and great personal charm. He died in 1888, and his wife in 1900. Probably no woman in their home city of Davenport was ever more deeply and lastingly mourned. "She was a wise and beautiful woman," said one who knew her, "and who shall measure the influence of her sympathy and her noble sanity?" Six of her children lived to become men and women. Of Robert, the youngest, who died in 1897 after a life of only twenty-six years, during which he had displayed most remarkable and brilliant promise, his sister made a loving portrait in Johnny-Ivan, the hero of 'The Man of the Hour.' Two of the other brothers are associated in the manufacturing business of their father at Davenport, Iowa, and elsewhere, and the third is in California. They are men of national as well as state influence, and it may readily be seen how their sister became so well acquainted with the world of business. She is financially interested in the manufacturing concerns of the family, and through her family connections in the East she has made acquaintances and intimate friendships with many of

the men who are shaping the industrial world anew. At the same time she has known workingmen, and some of the friends she values most are the sons of toil. These intimate friendships have served her as a valuable literary asset, upon which she has drawn extensively in her writings.

Miss French was educated in the East and has lived much of her life there. She has been abroad only a few times, and then not for long, and she frankly admits that she would not stay away longer than six months from "her children," meaning her nephews and nieces, to whom she is devotedly attached. Twenty years ago she and a friend, Mrs. J. A. Crawford, the widowed daughter of the builder of the Iron Mountain Railroad, became interested in the possibilities of Clover Bend, Lawrence County, Arkansas, as a summer home. Here, on an elevation commanding the Black River, and about three hundred yards from its banks, she and Mrs. Crawford built an old-fashioned Southern mansion, which was destroyed by fire about 1900. Then she built a more modern home, where she spends several months each year. She is much attached to this Southern home, and from its environment secured much of the local color for her stories, especially her early work. Her home, "Thanford," is a delightfully quiet and attractive retreat, set in the midst of a three-acre lawn, where the author spends a part of her life in perfect repose. Her affection for this section of country has influenced her whole life. Her plantation and its surroundings, and some of the quaint characters of the vicinity, have been portrayed frequently in the writings, notably in 'Whitsun Harp, Regulator,' 'Expiation,' 'Ma' Bowlin,' 'Otto the Knight,' and 'The Mortgage on Jeffy.'

Miss French began writing as a whim, while still attending school. Being too modest to disclose her identity, she sought a euphonious and deceptive pseudonym, that might be regarded either as masculine or feminine, and is one of the few writers who has made her nom-de-plume better known than her own name. She saw the name Thanet on a freight car, and Octave was the name of her room-mate at school. At the beginning of her career she did not write stories, but as a close student of German philosophy and history, wrote politico-economical articles and philosophical essays that were warmly commended by the New York *Nation,* "this brilliant young Frenchman," as she was termed by that review, being encouraged to proceed with *his* original treatment. While at school at Andover, Massachusetts, she wrote her first stories; but her first serious work was two articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* on the Indian question, suggested by the late Senator Dawes, whose family were her intimate friends. Since then she has scarcely laid down her pen for twenty years and has never had a manuscript rejected. She is inspired by po-

litical, social and economic topics rather than romance, although she has a keen sense of humor, a deep sentiment and a vivid imagination. Having an independent fortune, she can choose her own subjects, but her loyalty to her coworkers in literature will not permit her to offer her work in money competition with theirs. She devotes a large part of her earnings to charity, and she has done much good and accomplished many reforms at Davenport.

In the campaign of 1896 she went into the field, *incognito,* and lived among the working people to study and catch their spirit and to absorb their sentiments so that she might write sympathetically from their viewpoint. Over an Irish name she produced a series of fifteen or twenty articles which were widely copied and had a powerful influence upon the class to whom she appealed.

Her first story to attract attention was a Southern narrative, "The Bishop's Vagabond," the scene of which was laid at Aiken, South Carolina. This was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1880. Two years later she had enough stories accepted to fill a book, which was published in 1882 by Houghton and Mifflin, and a year or two later the same house published 'Otto the Knight' and other stories. The first book bore the rather baffling title of 'Knitters in the Sun.' Miss French wanted to explain the title in a preface; she wanted to say it bore reference to the persistent optimism of her countrymen. She was dissuaded from this, however, and a quotation from Shakespeare, which hardly throws any light upon the subject, was used instead.

In 1890 'Expiation' (*Scribner's*), an Arkansas novelette, appeared. "Montaigne," the plantation named in the story, is really Clover Bend. Colonel Rutherford, the old rustic aristocrat and gallant gentleman, is a compound of many memories, as are the other characters. 'Stories of a Western Town,' those "delicate masterpieces of realism," as a great critic has termed them, was published in 1893. They have been translated into French, German and Russian. The first story in the book, "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders," which deals with the persistent attempts of a German artist to commit suicide, is a wonderful study of the artistic temperament. "The Face of Failure," a Frenchman once said, might have been written by De Maupassant, "and he would have felt proud of it." It is the story of an unsuccessful dreamer, who in his bitterest moment is saved by a woman's sympathy, which later (we may infer) grows into love. The general verdict of the Westerners is that these stories are "so true that they hurt."

'A Heart of Toil' (*Scribner's,* 1898), deals with laboring men and manifests the wide and deep vision, the sanity and sympathy which this author has preëminently shown in the treatment of mod-

ern industrial problems. 'The Missionary Sheriff' and 'A Captured Dream' (*Harper's*) both have mid-Western themes. The latter is a story republished, a story of love; not the love of beautiful youth but of the later years, a love that has conquered poverty and struggle and grief. It is most simply and touchingly told in pure English, a characteristic of all of Miss French's work.

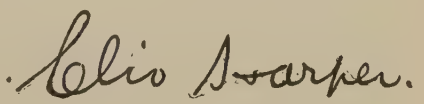
'A Book of True Lovers' was published in the nineties by Way and Williams of Chicago, and later, in 1898, purchased by Doubleday and McClure of New York. As the title implies, it is a record of true lovers. One of the tales, "Why Abbylonia Surrendered," is one of the grimmest revelations ever penned of the dismal monotony and bareness of a woman's life on the farm. It is ghastly not so much in what it tells as what it hints. A critic speaking of it said that an author "less sure of touch might have hesitated to throw in the broad farce of the scene in the church and the congregation sticking to the freshly varnished pews; yet so admirably is it handled that it is like a high light on the shadows of the poor woman's struggle, and seems absolutely necessary to the story."

'The Slave to Duty' (Stone and Company), was published later. 'An Adventure in Photography' the same year as 'A Heart of Toil.' One very notable story in it, probably below the author's standard, is, "On the Blank Side of the Wall," a story which has comforted many a saddened and uncertain heart. It has in it that note of the occult which appears in a few other stories, and is in striking contrast to the general sunny, open-air atmosphere of Octave Thanet's work. Other short stories of this volume are, "If It Could Be," the queer tale of a man who forms a warm friendship with the ghost of the man whom he has killed; "The Rented House," that singular precursor of the many dual-personality stories by other writers, few of which probably surpass it in uncanny and morbid power; "The Apparition," a Harvard story of a live ghost, and "Not Honorably Discharged."

Between 'A Slave to Duty' and the long novel, which is generally regarded as the author's strongest and best work, there elapsed seven years. In 1905 appeared 'The Man of the Hour,' and in 1907 'The Lion's Share,' both published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company. E. H. Harriman by many has been thought to be the model of Keatcham, the railway king in the latter book, although Miss French says she "never thought of such a thing." Miss French has written only the two long stories, and she considers 'The Man of the Hour' her masterpiece. It is particularly strong in its handling of the labor problem. 'The Lion's Share,' a San Francisco story, is shorter, and written only to entertain, and reveal some of the modern prac-

tices of high finance. Miss French believes that the short story is the great story, and says that the trouble with the great American novel is that no one will know it or have time to read it when it arrives—it will be too long. Her work is sought eagerly by the magazine publishers, and she has orders enough to keep her busy for several years.

Admirers of Miss French's general work are most struck by her sureness of touch. She knows the human heart; she views it without sentiment, but not without sympathy. She has a wide vision and that sexless quality of comprehension which distinguishes the real artist from the merely gifted woman writer. "As much as any living writer," declares one critic, "she sees things as they are." "To show an evil," says Miss French, "is the first half of curing it. And only the first half of the work belongs to an author; the remainder is the reformer's and the statesman's and the preacher's job, which we have no right to take."



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THE GOLDEN AGE

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THE Fairport mothers sometimes looked at Johnny-Ivan with a pity which (had he perceived it) would have bewildered him.

"Poor little lonesome chap!" said they. Really, however, Johnny-Ivan was not lonesome—not even before Peggy came; of course, after she came he was as contented as a child could be. Besides his own resources, which were considerable, owing to an imagination of power and the healthy energy of his years which finds joy in any exercise, there were four people whom he loved.

Paramount was his mother. He worshipped his mother. As a rule, children have no acute perception of human beauty; but Johnny-Ivan loved the sight of his mother as he loved the sunset or the flowers or the waving grass. Dimly he realized that her charming figure in its invariable white of a morning, summer or winter, and its flashing jewels and rich, soft, shimmering stuffs of an evening, was something of a quality more delicate and precious than belonged to the other ladies who came to the house. Merely to be in her presence was a deep and exquisite content. He would nestle against her soft skirts by the hour, like a happy little dog, while she read or wrote or embroidered or played on the grand piano in the hall. He would patter by her side on her long walks until his tiny legs wabbled under him and his face was pale with fatigue, and with caressing Russian diminutives, she would turn remorsefully to clasp him in her arms and make him sit down to rest.

"Oh, I'm all right," Johnny-Ivan would swagger; "I could run if I wanted to."

He invested her with every attribute of splendor or loveliness. Once he broke out: "Mamma, I wisht you was a queen!" His mother laughed, but very tenderly. "In Russia I was a princess once," she said. Johnny caught his breath: "Oh, let's go back and you be a princess again."

"No, dear. It is wrong that there should be princesses,

or queens or any such people. They only oppress the poor. They have no right to have their beautiful palaces and live in luxury while the poor people toil for them, who haven't even black bread enough to eat."

Johnny-Ivan's sigh was weighted with disappointment. "I 'pose not," he acquiesced sorrowfully. But he offered his own compromise in his evening's petitions. Every evening he said his prayers, taught him by the cook, who was of the Roman Catholic faith, amended by Hilma, a staunch Lutheran, and audited, as it were, by his father, who went regularly to the Episcopal church of a Sunday, carrying Johnny. Josiah Winslow had not gone to church before his marriage, and his later church-going was a most unexpected result of matrimony, since Mrs. Winslow never attended any church whatever. She smoked her cigarettes peacefully at home and read Russian pamphlets. Nevertheless, he did go, and his little son stayed to Sunday school, and said his prayers at night at his mother's knee, while she listened, thinking her own thoughts.

That night he added a private postscript to his customary punctilious intercessions for "papa and mamma and Peggy and Aunty Winter and all my dear friends and relations and Michael and Lena and Hilma and Nora Halloran and Teresa and the woman who comes to wash (I forgot her name) and Tim and Jerry and all papa's men at the works and the President of the United States and Father O'Brien and all those in authority." He made a slight pause, then said reverently: "And please God, don't let there be any princes or kings or princesses to oriss the poor; but if they've got to be some, please let mamma be one of them."

All times near his mother were lovely, so lovely that did he hear his nurse call: "Your mamma, sie want you, Yonny-Ivan!" he would even leave off helping Michael curry the horses, without a pang, and race to the tortures of Hilma's Swedish movement cure; yet these were truly formidable, because Hilma always washed up, with a torturing assault on the nose; she also used a strong lather of suds which no tightest shutting of a boy's eyes could oppose.

"Well, den, you don' git so dirty, I don' must wash you mit soap!" was her stern retort if the sufferer whimpered. It

shows, therefore, the strength of his mother's attraction that Johnny-Ivan should dare all the terrors of the toilet to reach her side.

THE STRIKE AT THE FOUNDRY

From 'The Man of the Hour.' Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company. By permission of the publishers.

THE car landed them on the corner opposite Weathers' shops. It was an unsavory neighborhood, filled with mean shops and lean rookeries, grimy with soft coal, and fluttering the ragged laundry of the occupants over the rickety platforms and staircases which made fire-traps in the rear. The signs of the shops were in strange languages and grotesque lettering, and the polyglot din rolled out of any shop-door. The uneven pavement was diversified by a few raw piles of brick, which showed, by their presence, an intention of the corporation to repair, but, by their battered condition, and the veil of mud and litter over them, the remoteness of their coming and the uncertainty of their final end.

Over everything lay the shadow of the great, dingy bulk of factories. The foundry chimney rose out of the pile, volleying black smoke, such as a raw fireman always spouts from his furnace. City clouds hung low over the stained thoroughfare, roaring, now, with a crowd of boys and disheveled women. The women were bareheaded in the sharp air; barearmed, occasionally, as they rushed out from their household toil; all feminine softness, as well as feminine vanity, ground off them in the fierce attrition of the daily conflict for life. The boys were mostly half-grown lads who had learned English and deviltry at the public schools; but the women shrieked out their fury in their native tongue; wherefore an undistinguishable Babel swelled above the roofs, pierced continually by one English word, "Scab! scab!"

"They're at it," said Billy, shrugging his shoulders; "they've mashed the stockade."

Johnny had seen more than one such scene of mob passions breaking their leash; he looked for the center of the storm, and discovered it; one man with glaring eyes and white face, fleeing before a crowd down the middle of the street,

darting under the horses' feet and worming himself between the wagons. His hat was gone, his clothes were torn, there was blood on his face, but he ran with the swiftness of fear.

"Here!" yelled Johnny; "here, we'll protect you!" all the while he was forging his way through the crowd, Billy at his elbow.

The fugitive turned. His eyes, staring like bits of glass, went to Johnny's. Whether he had heard or not, he suddenly swerved in his course, dove like a rabbit under a wagon, and made straight for the two friends. But the pursuers were hot on his heels, and the leader, a lad of eighteen who worked at Weathers', in Johnny's own shop, sent out a shout, "The bricks! Give him it with the bricks!" Instantly a dozen hands were at the convenient pile, and a shower hurtled over the wagons. More than one of the missiles went astray, but one hit the mark. The fugitive toppled over at Johnny's feet.

A horse was plunging, a woman screaming, and Billy Bates's robust tones penetrated the confusion, calling a halt to the fusilade. Johnny was on his knees beside the fallen man. He lifted the head, which sagged on his arm. A tiny thread of blood trickled down the matted hair from one temple. The hair was red and stiff, and on the features was fixed a ghastly caricature of that twitching, eager smile Johnny had seen before.

Billy threw a glance behind him, and turned a grim and white face to the nearest of the crowd. "Keep back!" said he. "He's dead; you've killed him, all right!" Then as he, too, knelt beside the limp figure, he uttered an exclamation: "Hell! if it ain't Bloker."

Johnny, with pale lips that stiffened, was fumbling about the man's ragged shirt.

"Only one shirt," muttered Billy; "ain't he dressed poor for this weather. Oh, damn them!"

"Haven't you got any whiskey?" said Johnny, in an even little voice. "Don't you worry, Bloker! You're all right. We won't let them touch you."

"They're skipping fast enough," muttered Billy, "leaving us to be pinched. Don't rub him, Ivan; all the whiskey in the world won't help him. Look at his eyes!"

Johnny shifted the head to an easier position. He did not

speak. Billy looked helplessly about him; half the crowd had vanished, but the shops and windows were full of them, gesticulating and chattering, and a black-haired, white-toothed fruit-vender was volubly and politely convoying two policemen to the scene.

"Three lives," said Johnny in the same small, dry voice, "three lives—thrown away because I made a fine speech! It's a good deal for a man who tries to be decent to carry on his conscience all the rest of his life."

* * * * * *

Tyler swung through a side door almost opposite the group with his accustomed jovial swagger. His toilet had been made for the occasion, which he anticipated would be one for display rather than for action. Therefore, he had a red silk handkerchief peeping out of his coat pocket, a new tweed suit and tan-colored shoes to be seen across the shop. Instantly he took in the trio in the big doorway. He knew Rivers, whom he respected as a good fighter, and whose gruffness put him rather at his ease, being quite comprehensible to him; he knew Hopkins, of whose quality he was yet in doubt; and he knew the Chicago man. Their presence was an unexpected tidbit for his vanity. He felt sure of at least three-fourths of the busy hammers dropping at his whistle. He hoped for more. All the men leaving mightn't remain out; indeed, he had passed the tip that there would not be a long strike, and if the non-union men would but walk out they could go back in a few days, should the strike not succeed as he felt it must. He calculated that Hopkins, who had never had serious trouble with his men, and who had rush orders of great magnitude, would be frightened by the stampede. He counted on the obscure yet enormous force of contagion and the mightier force of clan prejudice. On the whole, he was fairly sure of his stroke. His confidence curled on his mouth as he turned—and saw the young superintendent from the Edgewater.

The latter looked at him with grave, almost solemn eyes. Nothing passed between the two but the single glance. Then Tyler lifted his whistle to his mouth and blew a blast that cut, knife-like, through the vast buzz of toil. As if in answer to a magician's call, every arm fell. The very belts above slackened their mighty revolutions. The noise of the machinery dulled.

One would say that the heart of the great engine had been struck and was staggering slowly into dumbness. Like statues the men stood, holding their breath, their eyes glued on Tyler. Before Tyler could send a second blast the new superintendent (to whom Rivers had nodded, after a swift colloquy with Hopkins), strode in front of him and laid a hand of iron on his arm.

"Didn't you see that sign?" he demanded, but in the gentlest of voices. " 'No admittance.' " We mean it. You've no business here. Kindly go away."

"If I say no?"

"I'll fling you out."

Tyler looked at his antagonist, and the pith went out of his courage. He knew himself to be the weaker man, and he had no mind to be discomfited before his following. He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll all go," he gibed. "Come on, boys."

"The molders have refused to go. Don't be fooled, boys!" shouted a voice from the doorway. Tyler marched out, his shoulders back, and chest expanded. About half the men followed him. The moment Tyler's back was over the sill the door swung, and the Edgewater young man, whose movements were of exceeding swiftness, turned the key and slipped it into his pocket. This stratagem obliged the striking employees to file down the aisles and pass out the large doors under the very eyes of their employers. A clerk in his shirt-sleeves, with hair parted symmetrically in the middle and cut regularly around his girlish face, was taking down on his pad the names, which a perspiring young man in a flannel shirt, with an unintentional smudge on his nose, was repeating to him in a low voice. This proceeding had a dampening effect on the finish of the drama, since a number of the malcontents flagged, a few even slipped back to their benches; only about a third of the men held steady. These walked doggedly past Hopkins, staring straight ahead. But one halted, and turned his face, where toil and years had whitened the bristle of a stubby beard, and the tears rose to his tired blue eyes.

"That man broke his leg and was laid up for three months, and the company paid his doctor's bills and full wages," the clerk recited. "Look at him now!"

"I'm sorry to see you quitting, Dennis," said Hopkins.

The man drew his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty years," he muttered; "I never quit before, never. You mind that. But I belong to the union, and the word's gone out."

"Oh, damn your union!" snapped the Chicago man; "much your union would do for you if you were in trouble."

"The union's all right," called a cheerful voice; "the thing to do is to get the union to send all you boys back in a hurry." The young superintendent had crossed the room and was standing behind the elders. The words drew from the Chicago man a freezing look, but Rivers clapped him on the back.

"Right, sonny; you've sized up the situation," his deep bass grumbled.

The young man sent back a bright smile and a "Thank you, sir," as he took his own way outside. He could hear Hopkins thanking the machinists and the others who had remained, in the language of a man who had not forgotten that once he had worked with his own hands. The young fellow linked his arm in that of one of the strikers, a man he knew, who had recently been in trouble.

"I was sorry to hear about it, Ellison," he said. "I knew what a good wife she was and what a good woman." The man's chin quivered.

"That's right," he muttered. "Say, I ain't thanked you for the flowers. Say, they give me the day off, and jest the same in the envelope, Wednesday."

"Too bad you had to go out," the young man continued; "get the boys out of this ridiculous notion as soon as you can."

"I didn't know but you'd be mad, me going out—"

"When a man belongs to the union, he has to obey orders; but you can do your best to get them back—" He stopped, perceiving Tyler in front of him, a man on either side.

"You—damn—renegade!" he drawled with a kind of ferocious simper. "I'll be even with you for this deal, Ivan Gleetzin!"

"I'm no renegade, and you know it," William Hopkins, in the doorway, heard the voice with its neat, clipped Eastern modulations strike every word clearly, although its pitch was

not raised—"and don't call me Ivan; my name is John Winslow."

None of the men quite took in the significance of the speech except Rivers and Hopkins. Rivers wagged his great head without a sound, but Hopkins strode up to Johnny, extending his hand.

"Glad to see you back, Johnny," said he heartily; "will you come round this evening and dine with Mrs. Winslow and us—or ain't you quite ready for that?"

"Not yet," said Johnny; "but thank you. Thank you, awfully."

APPEAL FOR RESTORATION

From 'Stories of a Western Town.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

Mr. Lossing, will you please save me my Kurt from killing himself?"

"What do you mean?" Lossing's voice had not thawed.

"It is for you that he will kill himself, Mr. Lossing. This is the third time he has done it. It is because he is so lonesome now, your father is died and he thinks that you forget, and he has worked so hard for you, but he thinks that you forget. He was never tell me till yesterday; and then—it was—because I would not let him hang himself—."

"Hang himself?" stammered Lossing, "you don't mean—"

"Yes, he was hang himself, but I cut him, no I broke him down," said Thekla, accurate in all the disorder of her spirits; and forthwith, with many tremors, but clearly, she told the story of Kurt's despair. She told, as Lieders never would have known how to tell, even had his pride let him, all the man's devotion for the business, all his personal attachment to the firm; she told of his gloom after the elder Lossing died, "for he was think there was no one in this town such good man and so smart like your fader, Mr. Lossing, no; and he would set all the evening and try to draw and make the lines all wrong, and then he would drow the papers in the fire and go and walk outside and he say 'I can't do nothing righd no more

now the old man's died; they don't have no use for me at the shop, pretty quick!' and that make him feel awful bad!" She told of his homesick wanderings about the shops by night; "but he was better as a watchman, he wouldn't hurt it for the world! He telled me how you was hide his dinner pail onct for a joke, and put in a piece of your pie, and how you climbed on the roof with the hose when it was afire. And he telled me if he shall die I shall tell you that he ain't got no hard feelings, but you didn't know how that mantel had ought to be, so he done it righd the other way, but he hadn't no righd to talk to you like he done, nohow, and you was all righd to send him away, but you might a shaked hands, and none of the boys never said nothing nor none of them never come to see him, 'cept Carl Olsen, and that make him feel awful bad, too! And when he feels so bad he don't no more want to live, so I make him promise if I git him back he never try to kill himself again. O, Mr. Lossing, please don't let my man die!"

Bewildered and more touched than he cared to feel, himself, Lossing still made a feeble stand for discipline. "I don't see how Lieders can expect me to take him back again," he began.

"He ain't expecting you, Mr. Lossing, it's me!"

"But didn't Lieders tell you I told him I never would take him back?"

"No, sir, no, Mr. Lossing, it was not that, it was you said it would be a cold day that you would take him back; and it was git so cold yesterday, so I think, 'Now it would be a cold day to-morrow, and Mr. Lossing he can take Kurt back.' And it is the most coldest day this year."

Lossing burst into a laugh; perhaps he was glad to have the Western sense of humor come to the rescue of his compassion. Well, it was a cold day for you to come all this way for nothing," said he. "You go home and tell Lieders to report to-morrow."

Kurt's manner of receiving the news was characteristic. He snorted in disgust: "Well, I did think he had more sand than to give in to a woman!" But after he heard the whole story he chuckled: "Yes, it was that way he said, and he must do like he said; but that was a funny way you done, Thekla.

Say, mamma, yesterday, was you look out for the cat or to find how cold it been?"

"Never you mind, papa," said Thekla, "you remember what you promised if I git you back?"

Lieder's eyes grew dull; he flung his arms out, with a long sigh. "No, I don't forget, I will keep my promise, but —it is like the handcuffs, Thekla, it is like the handcuffs!" In a second, however, he added in a changed tone. "But thou are a kind jailer mamma, more like a comrade. And no, it was not fair to thee—I know that now, Thekla."

THE WAY OF AN ELECTION

From 'The Heart of Toil.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

Harry shook his head. His heart sank within him like a water-logged boat. He had come to be convinced, to hear logic, facts, what he himself called, "the horse sense of the situation." What he heard was a hash of exaggeration and falsehood, gilded platitudes, hysterical wrenchings at the emotions, and frantic appeals to the wolfish prejudices of class against class. But how magnificently the orator acted his sorry part! Convincing himself with his own molten passion! Swaying himself and his audience in the same breath!

"I call upon you to rebuke these Shylocks who eat the poor as it were bread!" he shouted; "I might—so powerfully have my feelings been stirred by our friend's simple, pathetic story of his wrongs—I might ask you to tear their luxurious roofs from the heads of these blood-sucking plutocrats; but I believe in the ballot. Crush them, but crush them beneath the avalanche of the American freeman which comes down upon the tyrants and their tools as white, as noiseless, and as irresistible as the storm king of the Alpine hills!"

While the room was ringing Harry arose. And honest Dick choked and clinched his fists in his nervousness. No one could help contrasting the two men. Leroy's tall shoulders stooped a little. His figure showed muscular strength and the ease of it; but it had no touch of Darcy's simple grace. His hands were large and hard with handling hot iron. They

looked strong, not shapely. He did not seem "magnetic." He had a patient, kindly, firm face, kindling now into earnestness.

"I only want to say one word, boys; I'm not going to make a speech. Mr. Darcy has been talking to you of 'the money power.'—what is the money power?" (A voice, "The banks.") "The banks have to get their money somewhere: who gives it to them?" (A voice, "The rich men.") "The rich men and the poor men, too. I have been around to every bank in town, inquiring into these things, for I like to be sure I am right before I go ahead. (Applause—mainly from Dick Williams.) Boys, the bulk of the savings bank deposits and some of the other deposits come from poor people and people of small means. I tell you the money power is just the people —the rich and the poor together. And I tell you what's more, that the banks are not oppressing the people; they lend money from $10 up; I have borrowed it; I know plenty of men have borrowed it at eight, and seven, and six per cent a year. McCann's story made my blood boil; but what's the money power got to do with that—what does Darcy want to bust the banks wide open for on account of that? He never borrowed the money of a bank; he borrowed it of a little, dirty, private usurer. I ain't no avalanche business myself, but I will go over to that robber to-morrow with Mac and his receipts, and I'll get the money that he ought to have back for him! (Great laughter and applause, led vigorously by Dick Williams.) So don't vote for his party, for it wouldn't punish him a little bit, since he isn't a banker; he is old Jack Fanning, who is—" An immense uproar took the words off his tongue. Fists and open hands were waving in the air; and half a dozen fiery patriots were demanding, "Did he lend you the money? Did he? Did he?" of the bewildered McCann.

"Yes, he did, gentlemen," faltered McCann; "but I didn't know he belonged to us."

"Very likely not," said Leroy, coolly: "and you don't know a good many other things any better. Before you boys decide to turn the country upside down you better find out whether you ain't jumping on the wrong people just as you were this time."

THE CAPTURED DREAM

From 'A Book of True Lovers.' Copyright by Doubleday and McClure. Used by permission of the publishers.

SOMERS rode slowly over the low Iowa hills, fitting an air in his mind to Andrew Lang's dainty verses. Presently, being quite alone on the country road, he began to sing:

"Who wins his love shall lose her;
Who loses her shall gain;
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And mem'ry still pursues her,
With longings not in vain.

"He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

"Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

The gentle strain of melancholy and baffled desire faded into silence, but the young man's thoughts pursued it. A memory of his own that sometimes stung him, sometimes plaintively caressed him, stirred in his heart; "I am afraid you hit it, Andy," he muttered, "and I should have found it only a dream had I won."

At thirty Somers fancied himself mighty cynical. He consorted with daring critics, and believed the worst both of art and of letters. He was making campaign cartoons for a daily journal instead of painting the pictures of the future; the panic of '93 had stripped him of his little fortune, and his sweetheart had refused to marry him. Therefore he said incessantly, in the language of Job, "I do well to be angry." The rubber tires revolved more slowly as his eye turned from the wayside to the smiling hills. The corn ears were sheathed in silvery yellow, but the afternoon sun jewelled the green pastures, fresh as in May (for a rain had fallen in the morning), and maples, oaks and elms blended exquisite gradations of color and shade here and there among the open fields. Long rows of poplars recalled France to Somers, and he sighed. "These houses are all comfortable and all ugly," thought the artist. "I never saw anything less picturesque. The life hasn't even the dismal interest of poverty and revolt, for they are all beastly prosperous; and one of the farmers has offered me a hundred dollars and my expenses to come here and make a pastel of his wife. And I have taken the offer, because I want to pay my board bill and buy a second bicycle. The chances are he is after something like a colored photograph, something slick and smooth, and every hair painted—oh, Lord! But I have the money and I won't sign the cursed thing! What does he want it for, though? I wonder, did he ever know love's young dream? Dream? It's all a dream—a mirage of the senses or the fancy. Confound it! Why need I be harking back to it? I must be near his house. House near the corner, they said, where the roads cross—maybe this is it. Ugh! how it jumps at the eyes!"

The house before him was yellow, with pea-green blinds; the great barns were Indian red; and a white fence glittered in front of an old-fashioned garden a-riot with scarlet salvias and crimson coxcomb. Two men were talking, hidden to the waist by a thicket of marigolds, out of which the sun struck orange spangles. One of the men smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist as he talked—not vehemently, but with a dogged air. His checked shirt and brown overalls were as coarse and soiled as the other man's, yet even a stranger could perceive that he was the master. There was a composure

about the rugged gray face, a look of control and care, that belongs to the ruler, whether of large affairs or small.

He made an end of the talk by turning on his heel, whereupon the other flung an ugly word after the sturdy old back and slunk off. At the gate he was joined by a companion. They passed Somers, who caught a single sentence: "Nit. I told him you wouldn't give no more. He's close as the bark of a tree."

Somers wheeled by, up to the gate and the old man, who was now leaning on the fence. He asked where Mr. Gates lived.

"Here," said the old man, not removing his elbows from the fence bar.

"And may I ask, are you Mr. Gates?" said Somers, bringing his wheel to a halt with one foot on the curb-stone.

"Yes, sir. But if you're the young man was around selling 'Mother, Home and Heaven,' and going to call again to see if we liked it, we don't need it; you needn't git off. My wife can't read, and I'm taking a Chicago paper now, and ain't got any time."

Somers smiled and dismounted. "I'm not selling anything but pictures," said he, "and I believe you want me to make one for you."

"Are you Mr. Somers? F. J. S.?" cried the farmer, his face lightening in a surprising manner. "Well, I'm glad to see you, sir. My wife said you'd come this afternoon, and I wouldn't believe her; I'm always caught when I don't believe my wife. Come right in. Oh, got your tools with you?"

Somers having released his hand from a mighty grasp, was unstrapping a package on the upper side of his saddle.

"I see. Handy little fixing. Ever in Ioway before?"

"Never," said Somers.

"Finest corn state in the Union; and second in production of flax. And lowest in percentage of illiteracy. Hope they treated you well in town."

"Very well indeed, thank you."

"Generally do treat strangers well. We try to, anyhow. What do you think of our city?"

"Very pretty town."

"I'm glad you like it. Say, can't you stay over night here

and let me drive you around a little? We've got some of the prettiest brick pavements in the country, and our system of waterworks can't be beat; and the largest arsenal in the world is on the island—"

"You are awfully good," protested Somers deceitfully; "but I must leave for Chicago to-night; I'm not a free man, you know. The paper—"

"Say! that paper is smart enough. I like it. I took it jest to please my wife, so's to have something to read her in the evenings, and now I'd be lost without it. The man that writes them editorials, I tell you he's sound on the money question; he rakes them well. But I don't know but the best things yet is your pictures. You know that Columbia?"

Somers nodded and put the released portfolio under his arm, awaiting his host's pleasure.

"Well, the minnit I saw that drawing—the first one—I said, 'Mother, if that feller had you to set to him, he wouldn't have made it much more like.' About the same height, too, only fatter; but so like the way she looked when we was courting, it gave me a start. I've been seeking somebody to paint a picter for me of her for a long spell. The minnit I seen that, I says, 'There's my man.' I drawed the money out of bank this morning; it's all ready. Guess you best take your bike along. Come right in and set down, and I'll give you a glass of buttermilk off the ice. We churned to-day. Paper says you wheelmen are great on buttermilk."

He guided Somers into the house, and into a room so dark that he stumbled.

"There's the sofy; set down," said Gates, who seemed full of hospitable cheer. "I'll git a blind open. Girl's gone to the fair and mother's setting out on the back piazza, listening to the noises on the road. She's all ready. Pastel like them pictures on the wall's what I want. My daughter done them." His tone changed on the last sentence, but Somers did not notice it; he was drinking in the details of the room to describe them afterwards to his sympathizing friends in Chicago. He smiled vaguely; he said, "Yes, certainly;" and his host went away, well content.

"What a chamber of horrors," he thought; "and one can see he is proud of it." The carpet was soft to the foot, cov-

ered with a jungle of flowers and green leaves—the pattern of carpet which fashion leaves behind for disappointed salesmen to mark lower and lower, until it shall be pushed into the ranks of shop-worn bargains. The cheap paper on the walls was delicately tinted, but this boon plainly came from the designers, and not the taste of the buyer, since there was a simply terrible chair that swayed by machinery, and had four brilliant hues of plush to vex the eye, besides a paroxysm of embroidery and lace, to which was still attached the red badge of courage of the county fair. More embroidery on the cabinet organ and two tables, and another red ticket peeped coyly from under the ornate frame of a pastel landscape displaying every natural beauty of forest, mountain, sun-lit lake and meadows—at their bluest and greenest. There were three other pictures in the room—two very large colored photographs, one of a lad of twelve, the other of a pretty girl of sixteen, in a white gown, with a roll of parchment in her hand tied with ribbon; and the photograph of a cross of flowers.

The girl's dark, wistful, timid eyes seemed to follow the young artist as he walked about the room. "Poor little girl," he thought, "to have to live here!" Then he heard a dragging footfall and there entered the mistress of the house. She was a tall woman who stooped. Her hair was gray and scanty, and so ill arranged on the top of her head that the mournful tonsure of age showed under the false gray braid. She was thin with the gaunt thinness of years and toil, not the poetic, appealing slenderness of youth. She had attired herself for the picture in a black silken gown, sparkling with jet that tinkled as she moved; the harsh, black, bristling line at the neck defined her withered throat brutally. Yet Somers's sneer was transient. He was struck by two things—the woman was blind; and she had once worn a face like that of the pretty girl—not her face but a face like it. With a sense of pity he recalled Andrew Lang's verses; inaudibly, while she greeted him, he was repeating:

"Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that still enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away."

Her eyes were closed, but she came straight toward him, holding out her hand. It was her left hand that was extended; her right closed over the top of a cane, and this added to the impression of decrepitude conveyed by her whole presence. She spoke in a gentle, monotonous, pleasant voice. "I guess this is Mr. Somers, the artist. I feel—we feel very glad to have the honor of meeting you, sir."

No one had ever felt honored to meet Somers before. He thought how much refinement and sadness were in a blind woman's face. In his most deferential manner he proffered her a chair. "I presume I am to paint you, madam," he said.

She blushed faintly. "Ain't it rediculous?" she apologized. "But Mr. Gates will have it. He has been at me to have somebody paint a picture of me ever since I had my photograph taken. It was a big picture, and most folks said it was real good, though not flattering; but he wouldn't hang it. He took it off, and I don't know what he did to it. 'I want a real artist to paint you, mother,' he said. I guess if Kitty had lived she'd have suited him, though she was all for landscape; never did much figures. You noticed her work in this room, ain't you?—on the table and chair and organ—art needlework. Kitty could do anything. She took six prizes at the county fair; two of 'em come in after she was in her last sickness. She was so pleased she had the picture—that's the picture right over the sofy; it's a pastel—and the tidy—I mean the art needlework—put on her bed, and she looked at them the longest while. Her pa would never let the tickets be took off." She reached forth her hand to the chair near her and felt the ticket, striking it absently, her chin quivering a little, while her lips smiled. "Mr. Gates was thinking," she said, "that maybe you'd paint a head of me—pastel like that landscape—that's why he likes pastels so. And he was thinking if—if maybe—my eyes was jest like Kitty's when we were married—if you would put in eyes he would be awful much obliged, and be willing to pay extra, if necessary. Would it be hard?"

Somers dissembled a great dismay. "Certainly not," said he, rather dryly; and he was ashamed of himself at the sensitive flutter in the old features.

"Of course, I know," she said, in a different tone than she had used before—"I understand how comical it must seem to

a young man to have to draw an old woman's picture; but it ain't comical to my husband. He wants it very much. He's the kindest man that ever lived, to me, caring for me all the time. He got me that organ—me that can't play a note, and never could—just because I love to hear music; and sometimes, if we have an instrument, the neighbors will come in, especially Hattie Knight, who used to know Kitty, and is a splendid performer; she comes and plays and sings. It is a comfort to me. And though I guess you young folks can't understand it, it will be a comfort to him to have a picture of me. I mistrusted you'd be thinking it comical, and I hurried to come in and speak to you, lest, not meaning anything, you might, just by chance, let fall something that might hurt his feelings—like you thought it queer, or some sech thing. And he thinks so much of you, and having you here, that I couldn't bear there's be any mistake."

"Surely it's the most natural thing in the world he should want a picture of you," interrupted Somers, hastily.

"Yes, it is," she answered, in her mild, even tones, "but it mightn't seem so to young folks. Young folks think they know all there is about loving. And it is very sweet and nice to enjoy things together; and you don't really seem to be in the world at all when you're courting, your feet and your heart feel so light. But they don't know what it is to need each other. It's when folks suffer together that they find out what loving is. I never knew what I felt toward my husband till I lost my first baby; and I'd wake up in the night and there'd be no cradle to rock—and he'd comfort me. Do you see that picture under the photograph of the cross?"

"He's a pretty boy," said Somers.

"Yes, sir. He was drownded in the river. A lot of boys in playing, you know, and one got too far, and Eddy, he swum out to help him. And he clumb up on Eddy, and the man on shore didn't git there in time. He was a real good boy, and liked to play home with me 'most as well as with the boys; and he'd tell me the things he was going to get me. He was the greatest hand to make up stories of what he would do. But only in fun; he never told us a lie in his life—and it come hard sometimes for him to own up, for he was mischievous. Father was proud as he could be of him, though

he wouldn't let on. He was real bright, too; second in his class. I always felt he ought to have been head, but teacher said behavior counted, too, and Eddy was mischievous. That cross was what his schoolmates sent; and teacher she cried when she told me how hard Eddy was trying to remember and win the prize, and please his pa. Father and I went through that together. And we had to change all the things we used to talk of together, because Eddy was always in them; and we had to try not to let each other see how our hearts were breaking, and not shadder Kitty's life by letting her see how we missed him. Only once father broke down; it was when we give Kitty Eddy's colt." She stopped, for she could not go on.

"Don't—don't distress yourself," Somers begged, lamely. His cheeks were hot.

"It don't distress me," she answered, "only jest for a minnit; I'm always thinking of Eddy, and of Kitty, too. Sometimes I think it was harder for father when his girl went than anything else. And then my blindness and my rheumatism come; and it seemed he was trying to make up to me for the daughter and the son I'd lost, and be all to once to me. He has been, too. And do you think that two old people that have grown old together, like that—do you think they ain't drawed closer and kinder and tenderer to each other, like the Lord to His Church? Why, I'm plain and old and blind and crooked—but he don't know it. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes," said Somers, "I understand."

"And you'll please excuse me for speaking so free; it was only so father's feelings shouldn't git hurt by noticing maybe a look like you wanted to laugh."

"God knows I don't want to laugh," Somers burst in. "But I'm glad you spoke. It—it will be a better picture. Now may I ask you something? I want you to let me dress you—I mean, put something about your neck, soft and white; and then I want to make two sketches of you, one as Mr. Gates wishes, the head alone; the other, of you sitting in the rustic chair outside."

"But—" she looked troubled—"it will be so expensive; and I know it will be foolish. If you'd jest the same—"

"But I shouldn't. I want to do it. And it will not cost you anything. A hundred dollars will repay me well enough. I wish—I truly wish I could afford to do it all for nothing."

She gasped. "A hundred dollars! Oh, it ain't right! That was why he wouldn't buy the new buggy. And just for a picture of me." But suddenly she flushed like a girl and smiled.

At this instant the old man, immaculate in his heavy black suit and glossy white shirt, appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray.

"Father," she said, "do you mean to tell me you are going to pay a hundred dollars jest for a picture of me?"

"Well, mother, you know there's no fool like an old fool," he replied jocosely; but when the old wife turned her sightless face toward the old husband's voice, and he looked at her, Somers bowed his head.

He spent the afternoon over his sketches. Riding away in the twilight, he knew that he had done better work than he had ever done in his life, slight as its form might be; nevertheless he was not thinking of his work, he was not thinking of himself at all. He was trying to shape his own vague perception that the show of dainty thinking and the pomp of refinement are in truth amiable and lovely things, yet are they no more than the husks of life; not only under them, but under ungracious and sordid conditions, may be the human semblance of that "beauty most ancient, beauty most new," that the old saint found too late. He felt the elusive presence of something in love higher than his youthful dream; stronger than passion, fairer than delight. To this commonplace man and woman had come the deepest gift of life.

"A dream?" he murmured; "yes, perhaps; but he has captured it," and he sang:

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams shall he behold her,
Still fair, and kind, and young."

Jackson Square, or the Old "Place D' Armes," New Orleans, La.

"A noted spot in Louisiana history, and was the place that Bienville marked out for the review of the French troops hence the name, 'Place d'Armes.' Here were held from the beginning all the most important public meetings in Louisiana. Here Don Antonio Ulloa received the keys [illegible] here met the resolute band of patriots under Lafreniere, and right here was [illegible] roll, for Lafreniere declared the independence of the colony in 1768, and sent the Spanish Governor back to his own country. Here Don Bernardo Galvez, one of the most heroic figures in Louisiana history appeared before a popular meeting of the citizens in 1779, and completely won their hearts. In the old square General Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, was received in 1815."

"When the monument was erected in the center of the square, taking the place of the flagstaff, from which had been unfurled successively the flags of France, Spain and the United States, the name of the hero of Chalmette was bestowed on the square by the grateful citizens. The Jackson monument, in the middle of the square, was made by Clark Mills, and was set up in 1856, at a cost of $20,000. Henry Clay made the address at the dedication of the statue."

FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOUISIANA

ALCÉE FORTIER

THE history of the literature of Louisiana is interesting and unique, as it is written in two languages. We may even note the curious fact of men writing equally well in English and in French and being thoroughly bi-lingual.

Louisiana was settled by the French, and their language has remained the mother tongue of their descendants through the Spanish and American dominations, from the year 1762 to our day. While Louisiana was a part of the Spanish empire, French continued to be the language of the colony, and Spanish was merely the official tongue. The Spaniards in Louisiana have left as traces of their domination a high and chivalric spirit, a few geographical names and a remnant of their laws to be seen in our civil code, but have exerted very little influence on the language of the country.

In 1803, when Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States, French was almost exclusively the language of the inhabitants, and for about forty years after the cession the Louisianians of French descent studied little English, and, in reality, did not absolutely need that language in their daily pursuits. In the Legislature of the State there was a regular interpreter appointed for each house, whose duty it was to translate, if required, the speeches and motions of the members. Of course such a condition of things could not last, for the population coming from the other states outnumbered the descendants of the original settlers, and English became the official language of the State. The laws, however, as well as judicial advertisements in certain parishes, are published to this day in English and in French. There are yet many persons in Southwestern Louisiana who understand very little English, and in every political campaign speeches in French are delivered by the candidates or by their friends.

The Creoles of Louisiana, that is to say the white descendants of the French and Spanish colonists, have always

occupied a high standing in the community, and they are people of energy, in spite of the calumnious assertions to the contrary. They generally speak very good French, and their pronunciation is remarkably free from any provincial accent.

Considering that our Creole authors know that in writing in French they have but little chance of being read outside of their State, their disinterested and patriotic devotion to the language of their ancestors is certainly remarkable and most praiseworthy.

During the French domination, from 1699 to 1762, the colony improved very slowly; and although the inhabitants were generally persons of culture, the population was so small that there could be no literary enthusiasm. During the Spanish domination the most warlike and popular governor was Bernardo de Galvez. It was he who drove the British from Baton Rouge, Mobile, and Pensacola, which they had acquired by the treaty of Paris in 1763, and he gave the Louisianians the glory of aiding the Americans in their heroic war for independence.

The exploits of Galvez inspired Julien Poydras, and he published in 1779 an epic poem in French, "La Prise du Morne du Bâton Rouge par Monseigneur de Galvez." The earliest work in the literature of Louisiana has no great poetic merit, but it is patriotic and is interesting as an historical document.

It is a curious fact that the French literature of Louisiana began during the Spanish domination, and also that the first French newspaper, *Le Moniteur de la Louisiane,* was published at that period in 1794. The second work in our literature, 'Poucha Houma; a Tragedy,' appeared in 1814, when Louisiana had already been a State of the American Union for two years. I shall not speak of it at present, as I wish to divide my subject into several parts: history, literary criticism and biography, the drama, poetry, novels, and miscellaneous works.

I. HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERARY CRITICISM.

As the majority of Louisianians, in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, spoke only French, a history of Louisiana in that language was very necessary, and Mr. Charles Gayarré evinced his patriotism when he published in 1830

his 'Essai Historique sur la Louisiane.' The narrative is clear and the method is good, and the author acquired a reputation which became still greater when he published in 1846 and 1847 his 'Histoire de la Louisiane' in two volumes. The work comprises only the French domination, but it is of great value, as Mr. Gayarré, who had been Secretary of State of Louisiana, had been able to procure many documents of our colonial period and had given them in full in his history. The author seemed to wish to divest his writings of his own personality, and he adopted the plan which has rendered De Barante's 'Ducs de Bourgogne' so interesting, that of giving the documents of the times and causing the personages to relate, as it were, their own history.

In 1841 Mr. Victor Debouchel published his 'Histoire de la Louisiane, depuis les premières découvertes jusqu'en 1840.' The work is interesting, and the style is clear and concise. The aim of the author was to write a history for schools, but one which might be read with profit even by men of culture.

Mr. Debouchel's history was followed in 1854 by Mr. Henry Rémy's well written 'Histoire de la Louisiane,' published in the *St. Michel,* a weekly paper in the parish of St. James. It is to be regretted that the publication of this history was discontinued when the author had only gone as far as 1731. The wars against the Natchez and the Chickasaws are related with many details and great impartiality, and we see often that justice was not always on the side of the white man.

Mme. Laure Andry imitated Lamé Fleury's simple style and succeeded in producing in 1882 a really charming 'Histoire de la Louisiane pour les enfants.' I have never read a book which pleased me more; it is so unassuming, and at the same time so entertaining.

Bernard de Marigny, whose ancestor had been a companion of Iberville, and who had played himself a part in the history of Louisiana, presented in 1854 to the Legislature of the State his 'Reflexions sur la Politique des Etats-Unis, Statistique de l'Espagne, de l'Ile de Cube, etc.' The author was then seventy years old and struggling with adversity, although he had once possessed an immense fortune, and his father had received with princely hospitality the exiled Louis-

Philippe d'Orléans. Mr. de Marigny was one of the most typical men of the ancient régime, generous, elegant, brave, and witty. His puns were as celebrated as his duels, and his eloquence was natural and pleasing. In his book he gives a rapid review of the annexations to the United States, urging on the latter to take possession of Cuba. He speaks with enthusiasm of the glorious future of the American Union and does not seem to have foreseen the terrible war which was soon to break out between the states.

'Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Attakapas' (1861), by Alexandre Barde, is a true story, but has all the interest of a romance. It relates the efforts of some valiant men to free their parishes from the bandits, who, like the *Chauffeurs* in France, were committing the greatest atrocities, and whom the law was powerless to punish. The vigilants were men of courage, wealth, and culture. Mr. Barde describes most accurately the picturesque Teche country, immortalized by the "Evangeline" of Longfellow.

'Esquisses Locales; par un Inconnu' (Cyprien Dufour). This work was published in 1847 and excited the greatest interest. The author presented a series of pictures of the most prominent men of the day and displayed the most consummate tact and skill in his criticisms. 'Esquisses Locales' is a very useful work for the student of the history and literature of Louisiana. He can see in looking over the pages of this little book all manner of men of sixty years ago: lawyers, politicians, journalists, prose writers, and poets.

In the parish of St. James there is at a distance of five miles from the Mississippi River a settlement in the woods. It is called "la Grande Pointe" and is very prosperous. The inhabitants are all descendants of the Acadian exiles and have retained the energy of their fathers. The men are great deer and duck hunters and cultivate the land. The women are very pious and industrious. It is there that old Périque manufactured the famous tobacco which bears his name. 'Le Destin d'un Brin de Mousse' (1877), by Mlle. Désirée Martin, is an autobiography and reveals to us the daily life of the simple and worthy people of "la Grande Pointe."

To complete my bibliography, I take the liberty to mention here my principal works in French: 'Le Château de Cham-

bord' (1886); 'Le Vieux Français et la Littérature du Moyen Age' (1885); 'Les Conquêtes des Normands' (1889); 'Sept Grands Auteurs du XIXe Siècle' (1889); 'Histoire de la Littérature Française (1893); 'Voyage en Europe' (1895); 'Précis de l'Histoire de France' (1899); La Politique Française Contemporaine jugée par les Etudiants Américains' (1902), and 'Les Planteurs Sucriers de l'Ancien Régime en Louisiane' (1906).

II. THE DRAMA.

The second work in the literature of Louisiana, as we have said, is 'Poucha Houma; a Tragedy.' It was written by Le Blanc de Villeneufve, an ex-officer in the French army, who says that while he was among the Choctaws, from 1752 to 1758, he heard the story of the father who had sacrificed his life to save that of his son. Many years later Mr. de Villeneufve thought of writing a drama on this episode of Indian life to defend the Indians from the accusation of having been savages without human feeling. The work is a regular classical tragedy of the school of Corneille and Racine, and observes the unities of time, place and action. The style is somewhat too pompous for Indian personages, and the drama is more interesting as a description of the customs of the Indians than as a work of art.

In 1839 A. Lussan published "Les Martyrs de la Louisiane," a drama in five acts, in verse. It is worthy of notice, as the personages are the heroes of the celebrated Revolution of 1768, when the Louisianians, abandoned by Louis XV, expelled the Spanish governor, Ulloa, and thought of establishing a republican form of government in New Orleans. Mr. Lussan's drama belongs to the romantic school; it does not observe the unities of time and place. The verse is good, and the work has patriotic enthusiasm and literary merit. "Sara, la Juive," in five acts and in prose, by the same author, is far inferior to "Les Martyrs de la Louisiane."

On the same subject as the last named work Mr. L. Placide Canonge wrote a drama in four acts in prose which was played with success at the Théâtre d'Orléans in 1850. The year before Mr. Canonge had produced a delightful comedy in one act, "Qui Perd Gagne." He wrote also in 1856 a

drama in five acts in prose, "Le Comte de Carmagnola," which has numerous incidents and is very romantic. It is as thrilling as 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo' and 'Le Bossu.'

Among our Louisiana authors Dr. Alfred Mercier is one of the best known. He was a dramatist, a poet, a novelist, an essayist, a philosopher, and a scientist. His views were always original, and his style, both in prose and in verse, is elegant and correct. He published in Paris, in 1842, "L'Ermite du Niagara," a poetic drama in verse, which the author calls a mystery, and in 1888 "Fortunia," a pathetic story in dramatic form.

"Mila; ou, la Mort de La Salle" (1852), by Charles Oscar Dugué, is a work in three acts and in verse. It is well written and interesting, but the love of La Salle, the stern explorer of Louisiana, for an Indian princess in Texas hardly agrees with the well-known character of the heroic Frenchman. Mr. Dugué published in 1852 another drama in verse, "Le Cygne ou Mingo."

"L'Ecole du Peuple" (1877), by Dr. Charles Deléry, is a comedy in verse and a keen satire on carpet-bag rule in our State.

III. POETRY.

Louisiana, with its romantic history, its stately river, its magnificent forests, its luxuriant vegetation, its numerous bayous overshadowed by secular oak trees, and its picturesque scenery on the coast of the Gulf, seemed to be a fit abode for poets. They were inspired by the climate, by the nature of the country, by patriotism, by the chivalry and bravery of the men, and, above all, by the beauty and grace of the women. Our literature, therefore, is rich in poets, richer perhaps than that of any other state. We have many verses published in Louisiana, and probably more still which their authors have not given to the public.

Often has the father or the mother recited touching lines, which have been treasured by the children of the family as most precious legacies, and which were yet to remain unseen by alien eyes. I am familiar with many Creole poets whose works, though unknown to the great world of literature, would be read with emotion and pleasure, their themes being

the most sacred feelings of humanity. Indeed, the gift of verse seems a not uncommon endowment among a people characterized by so much sensibility and vivacity as our Creoles.

Two of our earliest poets were Tullius St. Ceran and Urbain David. They took for their theme the battle of New Orleans and were patriotic if not very talented. We may mention also among the writers in the first half of the Nineteenth Century Félix de Courmont, Camille Thierry, and Constant Lepouzé. The latter may be considered our most correct and classical poet. He translated beautifully the odes of Horace and his ninth satire, "Le Fâcheux."

'Les Lazaréennes, Fables et Chansons, Poésies Sociales,' by Joseph Dejacque, is the only work of its kind published in Louisiana, where it had little success, although it contains poems of great literary merit. The author seems to have been a Socialist, and attacks family ties and property, repeating with emphasis Proudhon's celebrated words: "La propriété, c'est le vol."

One of the best volumes of poems written by a Louisianian is 'Essais Poétiques' (1847), by Charles Oscar Dugué. The author was less successful with "Homo" in 1872. It is a long and uninteresting didactic poem.

It is with pleasure that I mention again the name of Dr. Alfred Mercier. His "Rose de Smyrne" is a graceful *orientale* and relates the love of Hatilda, the Moslem, for a young and handsome *giaour* and the sad fate of the lovers. 'Erato' is a volume of harmonious poems, and 'Rêditus et Ascalaphos' is a long and beautiful philosophical poem.

Louisiana produced an elegiac poet of great talent. In 1841 Alexandre Latil published his tender and melancholy verses, 'Ephémères, Essais Poétique.' He was an invalid and a prey to an incurable disease, and his poems are a lamentation and a prayer. 'Les Echos' (1849), by Dr. Charles Testut, are generally sad but are always graceful. His subjects are principally meditations or descriptions of touching domestic scenes. His verses to Latil are among his finest. He was a thorough master of versification, and his rhymes are remarkably rich.

In our Creole population many ladies write French ad-

mirably, but few of their works have been published. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we read 'Une Couronne Blanche, Roman Poétique' (1859) by Mme. Emilie Evershed. The plot of the romance is simple and poetic, and we recognize the delicate touch of a woman in the charming pictures presented to us.

We now see the names of two brothers more widely known outside of Louisiana than any other of our poets: Dominique and Adrien Rouquette. To them may truly be applied *poeta nascitur non fit*. From their earliest youth they held in their hands the lute and the lyre, and in old age the language of poetry seemed to be natural to them. Poetry was a passion in the two brothers and both have written many poems. Born in Louisiana, they were educated in France, in old Armorica, the land of druidical legends, where everything recalled poetical souvenirs. On their return to their native State they lived in solitary Bonfouca, in the magnificent pine forests watered by those romantic rivulets, the Tchefuncte, the Bogne-Falaya and Bayou Lacombe. Around them were the remnants of the Choctaws, the faithful allies of the French; and in the wigwams of the Indians the brothers used to sit and smoke the calumet with the chiefs, or to look at the silent squaws skilfully weaving the wicker baskets which they were to sell at the noisy "Marché Français." It is thus that Adrien and Dominique Rouquette learned how to love nature and solitude, and that they were impregnated with the sentiment of poetry. When they write about the prairies, and the forests, and the Indians, their descriptions are most realistic, and it seems to us that we see the graceful Choctaw girl in her canoe or swimming in the limpid waters of the bayous, that we hear the cry of the whip-poor-will, and that we are permeated with the perfume of the mélèze, of the boisfort and of the resinous pine tree.

We may perhaps regret that the Rouquette brothers did not vary their themes a little more, but their poems have *un goût du terroir* which cannot fail to be appreciated.

Dominique Rouquette's first work was 'Les Meschacébéennes,' published in 1835. He published also in 1857 a large volume, 'Fleurs d'Amérique.'

Adrien Rouquette was a priest; his principal work is 'Les Savanes,' a book of poems on Louisiana subjects. He also

wrote 'L'Antoniade; ou, la solitude avec Dieu,' a long eremitic poem, and 'La Thébaïde en Amérique.' Both works contain beautiful verses but are rather tedious.

Of the Louisiana poets now living the best are Mr. J. Gentil, Mr. George Dessommes, and Mr. Edgar Grima. "Elle," by the first named, is a tender poem dedicated to a daughter lost by the author, and reminds us of some of the most beautiful verses in Hugo's "Contemplations," where the great poet expresses his grief at the death of his daughter. 'Geoffroy le Troubadour,' by Mr. Dessommes, is a charming romance of the times of Chivalry. Mr. Grima's poems are graceful and witty, and "Pour un Nickel" is a masterpiece of gentle humor. Boileau would have called it *"un élégant badinage."*

In concluding this review of our principal poets, I may truly say that a selection of their works would compare favorably with those of many French writers whose reputations are much greater.

IV. THE NOVEL.

We have in Louisiana but few novels written in French, but these are generally interesting. Dr. Charles Testut published in 1873 'Le Vieux Salomon,' which he had written in 1858. It is to be regretted that the author should have introduced in his work a planter worthy to be compared with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Legree, presenting thus as a type what was really an exception, a planter cruel to his slaves. In 'Les Filles de Monte Cristo' (1876), Dr. Testut wished to continue Dumas's interesting novel, but remains very inferior to his model. Mme. S. de la Houssaye, of the Attakapas country, wrote several novels, of which the best are 'Le Mari de Marguerite' (1883), and 'Pouponne et Balthazar' (1888). The latter gives an admirable picture of the life of the Acadians in Louisiana, describing some of their peculiar customs in a very interesting manner.

Father Adrien Rouquette published in 1879 'La Nouvelle Atala,' an Indian legend. The work is beautifully written, and one can see the great enthusiasm of the author for his subject. As in "L'Antoniade," Father Rouquette speaks of solitary life, and exalts the sacrifice of a young girl who leaves the world to live in a forest. The descriptions of nature

are very poetic, and Chatah-Ima's "Atala" is no unworthy sister of Chateaubriand's.

Dr. Alfred Mercier's first work of fiction, 'Le Fou de Palerme' (1873), is an interesting novelette. 'La Fille du Prêtre' (1877) is a philosophical work. The author attacks the celibacy of priests and pleads his case with boldness and talent. 'L'Habitation St. Ybars' (1881) is a Louisiana story, in which life before the war on a large plantation is very well described. Dr. Mercier, who was a master of the Creole patois, used it freely in his book and kept thus a pleasing local color. 'Lidia' (1888) is an idyl. The plot is very simple; it is the romantic love of two noble and pure hearts. In an age of realism it is good to have before one's eyes persons whose ideal is kindness, beauty, and intelligence. 'Johnelle' (1891) is also a work of high philosophy, in which the author attacks infanticide, this monstrous and yet too frequent crime. 'Henoch Jedesias' (1893) was Dr. Mercier's last novel. It is the story of a miser and relates many thrilling incidents.

'Tante Cydette' (1888), by Mr. George Dessommes, is a novel of New Orleans life, and depicts very accurately the customs of a certain class of our society. The character of the matchmaking aunt is quite lifelike. Mr. Edward Dessommes published in Paris 'Femme et Statue' (1869), an interesting and learned archæological study, and in New Orleans a short story, 'Madeleine et Bertha,' and a novelette, 'Artiste et Virtuose' (1902), which are exceedingly well written and remind us of Maupassant.

'Le Macandal' (1892), by Miss Marie Augustin, is a strong novel based on an episode of the revolution of the negroes at Santo Domingo, and 'Gabriel d'Ennerich' (1886), by the writer, is an historical novelette of Eighteenth Century life in France.

V. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

The contemporary French literature of Louisiana is contained in great part in the "Comptes Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais," a society which was founded in 1876 by Dr. Alfred Mercier in order to encourage the study of the French language and literature. The Athénée is the group of the Alliance Française in Louisiana, and has been very successful.

Dr. Alfred Mercier was perpetual secretary of the society until his death in 1894. He was succeeded in that office by Mr. Bussière Rouen, who is a correct and graceful writer. The presidents of the Athénée, from its foundation to the present time, have been Dr. Armand Mercier, General G. T. Beauregard, and Professor Alcée Fortier.

It is impossible to mention all the papers published in the *Comptes Rendus*. Many of them are of real value. The principal essayists, of whom several are also short story writers, are Dr. Alfred Mercier, Dr. Charles Turpin, Dr. O. Huard, Mr. Bussière Rouen, Mr. Gustave Daussin, Mr. Gaston Doussan, Judge Emile Rost, Mr. Charles Bléton, Mr. Gustave V. Soniat, Mr. John L. Peytavin, Dr. G. Dell'Orto, Mr. Edgar Grima, Miss Marie Augustin, Mrs. L. Augustin Fortier, Mrs. Aimée Beugnot, Dr. J. G. Hava, Mr. Edward Dessommes, Mr. U. Marinoni, Mrs. Eulalie Aleix, Miss Ermance Robert, and Judge Joseph Breaux.

The poets are Mr. Onésime Debouchel, Dr. Alfred Mercier, Mr. J. Gentil, Mr. Edgar Grima, Mr. Jules Choppin, Mr. George Dessommes, Mr. Henri A. Bernard, and Mr. Florent Fortier.

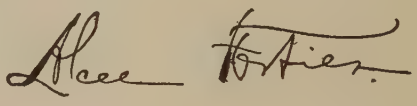
The historians are Mr. Charles Gayarré, General G. T. Beauregard, Dr. Gustave Devron; and the dramatists are Mr. Félix Voorhies and Dr. Alfred Mercier.

Many French newspapers were published in Louisiana, but only one daily is now in existence. It is *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans*, founded in 1827, and ably edited at present by Mr. Armand Capdevielle, a native Louisianian. *L'Abeille* is very useful in maintaining in Louisiana the French language and traditions. The French consuls in New Orleans have generally coöperated zealously with the Louisianians of French descent in their efforts to preserve in their State the language of their ancestors, and Ambassadors Jules Cambon and J. J. Jusserand visited New Orleans and encouraged the members of the Athénée Louisianais to continue their disinterested and filial labors. We may say, therefore, that the French language will long continue to live in Louisiana.

Outside of the State two native Louisianians have greatly distinguished themselves. They are Albert Delpit, the novelist, and Mr. Henry Vignaud, who has been for many years first

secretary of the American Embassy in Paris. Mr. Vignaud has published scholarly works on Columbus which have been widely noted in Europe and America.

In conclusion I wish to say that the French literature of Louisiana is no unworthy daughter of that of France. It is modest and simple, but above all sincere in its love for Louisiana, the United States, and France.



EDWIN WILEY FULLER

[1847—1875]

ROBERT WATSON WINSTON

IN Edwin W. Fuller the State of North Carolina found an interpreter of her domestic virtues, of her simple living, and of her trust in God. Like his native State, he was slow to action and sought not his own, content to do the thing nearest at hand and to leave the rest to an over-ruling Providence. There was little in his local surroundings to stimulate literary pursuits. Louisburg, where he was born in 1847, thirteen years before the Civil War began, and where he saw the old Tar hurrying on its bubbles to the sea, was a small village with good schools for boys and girls, but remote and slow, the most stirring events in its simple annals being court weeks, circus days, and muster days. His home was in the center of the town. The old mansion-house with its stained glass windows, situated in a grove of massive oaks and elms, dispensed a generous hospitality, while to the rear was the latticed summer house, a fairy bower,

> "O'er which was spread the jasmine's leafy net,
> To snare the straying winds."

The father, Jones Fuller, a prosperous merchant and a man of generous impulses, and his sweet-spirited consort, Ann Thomas, presided over this "home of perfect peace; no envious spite or hatred within its sacred walls, but all pure love toward our fellows and gratitude to God." The bent of the young man's mind was fixed by the atmosphere of this home. Having received such education as the town academy afforded, he entered the University of North Carolina, where he remained two years and then went to the University of Virginia. When one considers the present literary activity of these institutions he cannot conceive of their meager equipment or of their dead literary calm forty years ago. Rarely did a Virginia or North Carolina book then make its appearance, and the prevailing literary style was windy and verbose. In spite of this sterile atmosphere we find our young poet looking forward to the loud applause of nations as a simple thing of time. To compensate for the lack of systematic training in literary studies the students at Chapel Hill organized clubs, now called fraternities, where literature was discussed. Edwin

Fuller became a member of the Delta Psi Club and if reports can be accredited, his hebdomadal productions of prose and poetry were the admiration of his brethren. His squibs and essays, however, did not impress the students, many of whom had just surrendered at Appomattox, one tithe so much as his own lofty character. He took little interest in college politics or athletic sports, but he loved to wander alone under the Southern sky or in the stillness of the forests.

His physical stature was below the average, but it did not seem so, for his large, lustrous blue eyes, his broad, prominent forehead and his kind, generous nature made an impression of strength and bigness. Like most men of a poetical temperament he had few intimates, though his sunny disposition, his witty and keenly sympathetic nature made him a favorite with his associates. Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' exerted a lasting influence upon his life, "paring off from his conscience the thick rind of carelessness and revealing the sad fact that the purity of life there enjoined and his own course were a vast distance apart." He became a leading spirit for good in his community. At his own expense he built and equipped a country school-house, where for years he taught the Bible to poor children. He lived only until he was twenty-seven, when, like Timrod and Lanier, he passed away of consumption, "having worn the girdle of the world about his loins so loosely that a moment did suffice to break the clasp and lay it down."

Edwin Fuller's letters to his wife are full of poetic imagery and abound in quaint humor, while a certain warmth and richness pulsate in every line. He undertook but one work of prose, 'Sea-Girt,' a novel. For a boy of eighteen years it is quite a remarkable production. It is a love-story filled with the incidents of his college days and with the events of the Civil War. The style of it is sophomoric and the sentences, after the fashion of that day, roll along in sonorous measure, wasting much effort upon "the God of day, and the fleecy racks flushing with his good-night kiss, while a purple bank, with silver fringe lay beneath him, like the pillow of his couch!" Several of his short poems have little merit and should not have found a place in his published works. "Out in the Rain" is a touching outpouring of his heart as within his chamber, all bright and warm, he hears the storm and the dismal wind, with now a fierce wild shriek and now a hollow moan, as if in pain, beating upon the grave of Ethel.

He did not, like Timrod and Father Ryan, strike a martial or heroic note. Those poets came from states that rushed joyously into war; but not so the old North State. The roar of Fort Sumter's guns fell but harshly upon her ears, and our gentle poet and his

kindred were for the Union and the old flag till called upon to fight for their own people or against them. Then they gave freely of blood and treasure. The dying words of Edwin Fuller, a memorial ode for Decoration Day at Wilmington, were

> Thou, who in the war-stained years
> Saw our heroes' life-blood shed,
> Consecrate our flowers and tears—
> Incense to our memorial dead!

His name as a poet, however, rests mainly upon one poem, "The Angel in the Cloud," a very long poem, written in blank verse. Poe declared that it was impossible to write a long poem, and Dr. Johnson said of blank verse that it was verse only to the eye, tuneless. This poem is philosophical; it deals with a problem and enforces a doctrine of life. It is divided into two parts. The philosophy of skepticism is clearly stated, the unbeliever is not only allowed to record his fallacies, but he is helped to clothe them with characteristic ingenuity and subtlety. He is answered by the angel in the cloud with a strong argument, in which the difficulties that had puzzled the philosopher are explained and his doubts are resolved into faith.

> Man cannot judge the eternal mind by his,
> But must accept the mysteries of life,
> As purposes divine, with perfect ends,
> And in our darkest clouds God's angels stand
> To work man's present and eternal good.

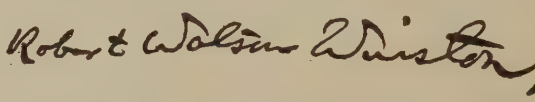
The poem opens with a descriptive scene, "Noon in August."

> The bees work lazily, as if they long to kick
> The yellow burdens from their patient thighs,
> And rest beneath the ivy parasols.

His imagery at times is majestic in its beauty. His description of Heaven is highly poetical and imaginative, and his style throughout is chaste and classic. One cannot help feeling that he might have employed the heroic couplet to better advantage than blank verse, as that form of verse is especially adapted to his striking antitheses of thought.

'The Angel in the Cloud' cannot be classed with great poems such as 'Paradise Lost,' but it invites comparison with Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Blair's 'Grave' and Pollock's 'Course of Time.' The poetry that lives in the hearts of the many is simple, sensuous,

passionate; it advances no philosophical problems, but sweetens our feelings towards humanity and lures us on to the golden clime of imagination. This witchery of verse, this irresistibleness of style, this ultimate truth to life, which are of the essence of great poetry, can only be produced by men who have native genius, rich and mature experience and consummate mastery of the art of expression. Edwin Fuller had the first but did not live to attain the others.



See also the preface to the third edition of The Angel in the Cloud; *The Knoxville Tribune,* April 28, 1876; *The Franklin Courier,* June 9, 1876; *The News and Observer,* Raleigh, July 13, 1887; and The Biographical History of North Carolina, Vol. VII.

THE MIND OF MAN

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And such is Man!
The puzzle of the Universe! Within,
A giant to himself; without, a babe.
A giant that we cannot but despise,
A babe we must admire for his power.
His mind, Promethean spark divine, can pierce
The shadowy Past, and gaze in rapturous awe
Upon the birth of worlds, that from the Mind
Eternal spring to blazing entities,
And whirl their radiant orbs through cooling space;
Or place the earth beneath its curious ken,
And with an "Open Sesame!" descend
Into its rocky chambers; there unfold
The stone archives, and read their graven truths—
Earth's history written by itself therein—
How age by age, a globe of liquid fire,
It dimmer grew, and dark and stiff,
And drying, took a rough, uneven face;
Above the wave, the mountain's smoking top
Appeared, beneath it gaped the valley's gorge;
But smoking still, it stood a gloomy globe,

Naked and without life. And how the trees
And herbs their robes of foliage brought; their form
And life adapted to their heated bed.
And how a stream of animation poured
Upon its face, when ready to sustain;
Great beasts who trod the cindered soil unscathed,
And tramped the fervid plains with unscorched soles.
Great fish whose hardened fins hot water churned
That steamed at every stroke. How periods passed
And fields and forests teemed with gentler life,
The waters wound in rivers to the sea,
Then spread their vap'ry wings and fled to land.
The oceans tossed in bondage patiently;
Volcanic mountains closed their festering mouths,
And earth made ready for her master, Man.

It traces Man, expelled from Paradise,
Along the winding track of centuries.
It marks its slow development, from two
To families, and tribes, and nations vast.
It gazes on the wondrous scenes of war,
And peace, and battle plain, and civic game;
And lives through each, with all of real life,
Except the body's presence there. It turns
From man to beasts and birds, and careless strokes
The lion's mane, the humbird's scarlet throat;
It tracks the mammoth to his jungle home,
Or creeps within infusoria's cell.
It measures earth from pole to pole, or weighs
The bit of brass, that lights the battery spark.
Is Earth too small, it plumes its flight through space;
From world to world, as bird from twig to twig,
It flies, and furls its wing upon their discs
To tell their weight, and giant size, or breathe
Their very air to find its gaseous parts.
Now bathing in pale Saturn's misty rings,
Or chasing all the moons of Jupiter
Behind his darkened cone. The glorious sun,
With dazzling vapor robe, and seas of fire,
Whose cyclones dart the forkèd flames far out,

To lap so hungrily amid the stars,
Is but its playhouse, where it rides the storms,
That sweep vast trenches through the surging fire,
In which the little Earth could roll unseen;
Or bolder still, beyond our system's bounds,
It soars amid the wilderness of worlds;
Finds one condemned to meet a doom of fire,
And makes its very flames inscribe their names,
In dusky lines, upon the spectroscope.
With shuddering thought to see a world consumed,
The fate prepared for ours, it lingers there
Until the lurid conflagration dies.
And then seeks Earth, and leaves the laggard, Light,
To plod its journey vast.
The smallest mote
Of dust that settles on an insect's wing,
It can dissect to atoms ultimate.
With these, too small for sight, may Fancy deal,
And revel in her Liliputian realm.
These atoms forming all, by Boscovitch
Are proved, in everything, to be alike;
And ultimate, since indivisible.
Each in its place maintained by innate force
And relatively far from each, as Earth
From Sun.
Suppose, then, each to be a world,
Peopled with busy life, a human flood,
As earnest in their little plans as we,
As grand in their opinion of themselves!
Oh! what a depth of contrast for the mind!
The finest grain of sand, upon the beach,
Has in its form a million perfect worlds!
Or take the other scale, suppose the Earth,
Our great and glorious Earth, to only form
The millionth atom of some grain of sand,
That shines unnoticed on an ocean's shore,
Whose waves wash o'er our whirling stars and sun
Too insignificant to feel their surge.
Another step on either side, and mind,
In flesh, shrinks from the giant grasp.

Yet noble are its pinions, strong their flight;
Thrice, only, do they droop their baffled strength,
Before the Future, Infinite, Abstract!
The first is locked, the second out of reach,
The third a maze that none can penetrate.
The first, alone to inspiration opes;
The second dashed to earth her boldest wing,
Spinoza's, who essayed the idea of God,
And grappling bravely with the grand concept,
So far above the utmost strength of Man,
Placed God's existence in extent and thought;
And filled all space with God. The Universe,
A bud or bloom of the Eternal Mind,
That opens like a flower into this form,
And may retract Creation in Itself!
Alas! that effort so sublime should end
In mystery and doubt.
A Universe,
How vast so ever, has its bounds somewhere,
But space possesses none, and God in Space,
Would be so far beyond Creation's speck,
He scarce would know it did exist. That part
Of Mind, expressed in matter, would be lost
Amid the Infinite domains of thought.

Yet Man in flesh, the casket of the mind,
Whose wondrous power I've told, is ever chained,
A grovelling worm, to Earth, and never leaves
The sod where he must lie. No time is his
But present; not a mem'ry of the past.
His very food, while in his mouth, alone,
Tastes good. He stands a dummy in the world,
That only acts when acted on. How great
The mystery of union 'tween the two!
A feather touches not the body, but the mind
Perceives it; yet the mind may live through scenes
The body never knew, nor can. Yet not
With vivid life—the sense is lacking there.
The memory of a banquet may be plain,
So that the daintiest dish could be described,

As well as if the eye and tongue were there;
The eye and tongue alone the present know,
And find no good in anything that's past.
All thought is folly, every path is dark;
Truth gleaming fairly in the distant haze,
On near approach becomes the blackest lie.
Man and his soul may go, nor will I fret
To learn their mystic bonds. A worm I am,
And worm I must remain, till Death shall burst
The chrysalis, and free the web-wound wings.
Yet, oh! 'twere grand to spurn the clogging Earth
And cleave the air towards yonder looming cloud;
To stand upon its red-bound crest and dare
The storm-king's widest wrath.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

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Along the walls, twelve gates of pearl were seen,
So great their breadth, and high their jewelled arch,
That Earth could almost trundle in untouched,
And in each arch was fixed a giant bell
Of silver, with a golden tongue that hung,
A pendant sun. So wide the silver lips,
That Chimularee plucked up by the roots,
And as a clapper swung within its circ,
Would tinkle, like a pebble, noiselessly
Against the rigid side. And as the saved
Were brought in teeming host, by Angel bands,
Before the gates, the bells began their swing;
And to and fro the ponderous tongue was hurled,
Till through the portals marched the shouting throng,
And then it fell against the bounding side.

And loud and long their booming thunder
Rends the golden air asunder,
While the ransomed, passing under

Fall in praise beneath the bells,
Whose mighty throbbing welcome tells;
And the Angels hush their harps in wonder—
Bells of Heaven, glory booming bells!

Gentler now, the silver's shiver
Purls the rippling waves that quiver
Through the ether's tide forever,
Mellow as they left the bells,
Whose softening vibrate welcome tells;
And the quavers play adown the river—
Bells of Heaven, softly sobbing bells!

Then the dreamy cadence dying,
Sings as soft as zephyrs sighing;
Faintest echoes cease replying
To the murmur of the bells,
Whose stilling tremor welcome tells,
Faintly as the snowflakes falling, lying—
Bells of Heaven, dreamy murmuring bells!

THE WEAVERS

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"And now, to close thy lesson, look through this!"
He gave to me a strangely fashioned glass,
Through which, when I had looked to Earth, I saw
A long black wall, that towered immensely high,
So none might see beyond. Before its length,
Mankind were ranged, all weaving busily;
The young and old, the maiden and the man;
The infant hands unconscious plied the thread,
The aged with a feeble, listless move.
They wove the warp of Life, and drew its thread
From o'er the wall; none knew how far its end
Was off, nor when 'twould reach the busy hand,
Nor did they care, in aught by action shown,
But bending o'er their work, without a glance

Towards the thread, that still so smoothly ran,
They threw the shuttle back and forth again,
Till suddenly the ravelled end appeared,
Fell from the wall, and to the shuttle crept;
And then the weaver laid his work aside,
With folded hands, was wrapped within his warp,
To wait the Master's sentence on his task.
I saw the thread, in passing through their hands,
Received the various colors, from their touch,
And tinged the different patterns that they wove.
And oh! how different in design! Some wove
A spotless fabric, whose pure simple plan
Was always ready for the ending thread;
Come when it would, no part was incomplete;
But what was done, could bear th' Inspector's eye.
And others wove a dark and dingy rag,
That bore no pattern, save its filthiness;
Fit garment for the fool who weaves for flames!
Some wove the great red woof of war,
With clashing swords, and crossing bayonets,
With ghastly bones, and famished widows' homes,
With all the grim machinery of Death,
To gain a paltry crown, or curule chair;
Perchance, before the crown or chair is reached,
The thread gives out, the work is incomplete,
And in the gory cloak his hands have wrought,
With all its stains unwashed, the hero sleeps.
Some shuttles shape the gilded temple, Fame,
And count on thread to weave its topmost dome;
But ere the lowest pinnacle is touched,
The brittle filament is snapped. Some weave
The bema, with its loud applause; and some
The gaudy chaplet of the bacchanal,
And other sweated bays of honest toil.
But all the fabrics bear the yellow stain
Of gold, o'er which the sinner and the saint
Unseemly strive, and he seems happiest
Whose work is yellowest.

Along the wall,
"A fountain filled with blood," plays constantly,

Where man may cleanse the fabric as he weaves;
Yet few avail themselves; the waters flow,
While Man works on, without regard to stains,
Till thread worn thin arouses him to fear,
Or breaks before the damning dyes are cleansed.
And down the line I ran my anxious eyes,
To find a weaver I might recognize,
And saw, at last, a form by mirrors known.
Oh! 'twas a shameful texture that I wove,
So dark its hue, so little saving white,
Such seldom bathing in the fountain stream,
I could not look, but bowed my blushing face,
And like the publican of old, cried out,
"Be merciful to me a sinner!"
"Rise!"
The Angel said, "And worship God alone;
Return to Earth, enjoy an humble faith,
Whose simple trust shall make thee happier
Than all the grandeur of philosophy.
Should doubts arise, remember, God's designs
Above a finite comprehension stand,
And finite doubts, about the Infinite,
Assume absurdity's intensest form.
Man, from the stand-point of the Present, looks,
And disappointed, bitterly complains
Of what would move his deepest gratitude,
Could he the issue of the morrow know.
God sees the future, and in kindness deals
To every man his complement of good.
Remember then the weakness of thy mind,
Nor doubt because thou canst not understand.
To gather scattered jewels thou must kneel;
So on thy knees seek truth, and thou shalt find;
The nearer Earth thy face, the nearer Heaven
The heart. And now farewell!"

OUT IN THE RAIN

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The night is dark and cold, a beating rain
Falls ceaselessly upon the dripping roof;
The dismal wind, with now a fierce, wild shriek,
And now a hollow moan, as if in pain,
Circles the eaves, and bends the tortured trees that wring
Their long, bare hands in the bleak blast.
Within
Our chamber all is bright and warm. The fire
Burns with a ruddy blaze. The shaded lamp
Softens the pictures on the wall, and glows
Upon the flowers in the carpet, till they seem
All fresh and fragrant. Stretched upon the rug,
His collar gleaming in the fire-light, little Pip
Is sleeping on, defiant of the storm without.
The very furniture enjoys the warmth,
And from its sides reflects the cheerful light.
Up in his painted cage, the little bird,
His yellow head beneath his soft, warm wing
Is hiding. Oh! my God, out in the storm
Our little yellow head is beaten by the rain.
So lonely looks that precious little face
Up at the cold, dark coffin's lid above,
In the bleak graveyard's solitude!
Oh! Ethel darling, do you feel afraid?
Or is Christ with you in your little grave?
When last we gazed upon those lovely eyes
They looked so tranquil, in their last repose,
We knew that Christ's own tender hand had sealed
Their lids with His eternal peace.
Oh! darling, are you happy up in heaven?
And do the angels part that golden hair
As tenderly as we? O Saviour dear,
Thou knowest childhood's tenderness. Amid
The care of countless worlds, sometimes descend
From Thine almighty throne of power, and find
That little yellow head, and lay it on Thy breast,

And smooth her brow with Thine own piercèd hand;
She'll kiss the wound and try to make it well.
And tell her how we love her memory here;
And let her sometimes see us, that she may
Remember us. O Jesus, we can trust
Her to thy care; and when we lay us down
To rest, beside that lonely little grave,
Oh! let her meet us with her harp.
God help us both to make that meeting sure!

LINES

Written after having a hemorrhage from the lungs.
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Written a short time before his death and handed to his wife with the request, "Do not open until I am well, or until my death."

Life bloomed for me as if my path thro' Eden
Led its flowery way. Success had crowned
In many ways my efforts. No dark strife
With adverse Fate its portent shadows cast
Across the calm blue scope of heaven.
And though
Pride often chafed at plain commercial life,
It was but transient, for ambitious Hope
Kept ever in my view Fame's gilded dome,
Upon whose highest pinnacle I chose my niche
For vain conceit had whispered in my ear
That I had Genius to encharm the world,
And I looked forward to the loud applause
Of nations as a simple thing of time.
Of death I thought but as a fright for those
Who have no destiny but dying. Mine
Would come in age, but as a pallid seal
To Honor gained, and Life's long labors done.
Yet I had felt the breath of Asrael's wing
When from my youthful head he took my father's hand,
And from my manhood's arms my only child,
And down the past a little mound of earth,
Tombed with the darkest sorrow of our hearts,
Still stands, though veiling in the folds of time.

Of heaven I thought but as a distant home,
A place of sweetest rest that I would gain,
When weary of the burden of the world.
Thus gay of thought and bright of hope, I moved
Amid the flowers of my way.
At once,
With scarce a rustle in the rose-leaves, came
A shadowy form, and standing silently
Before my pathway, breathed a whispered sigh,
As if it loathed its office to perform;
Then laid Consumption's ghastly banner on my breast,
Its pale folds crossed with fatal red.
The sky
Grew dark, the rose-leaves withered, as the form
Withdrew, still silently; while I, alone
Upon the roadside, kneeled to pray for light.
The stunned surprise of sudden-shattered hopes,
The faith of self-appointed destiny,
Still turned my eyes toward the Temple Fame.
Across its gilded dome a spotless cloud
Had drifted, hiding it from view, but lo!
The cloud, unfolding snowy depths, disclosed
The glories of that "House not made with hands,"
And bending from it, so full of tenderness,
I could discern the loved ones "gone before."
And over all I recognized the Form
Whose brow endured Gabbatha's shameful crown,
Whose woe distilled itself in trickling blood,
By Cedron's murmuring wave.
As tenderly
As ever mother touched her babe, He bore
Within His arms a little angel form,
With golden hair and blue expressive eyes,
One dimpled hand lay on His willing cheek,
While He bent down to meet the sweet caress.
The other, with that well-remembered look
She kissed, and threw the kiss to me.
Then down
I bowed my face, and longed to know mine end.
'Twere very sweet to leave all toil and care

And join the blessèd ones beyond the tide;
And still 'twere sweet beyond compare to wait
Till eventide with loved ones here, and share
Their weal or woe.
Then came a flute-like voice
That thrilled the solemn air:
"Pursue thy way,
Yet humbly walk and watch, and if I come
At midnight, or at noon, be ready."
Thus
I wish to live, life's aims subserved to God;
And each continued day and hour regard
As special gifts to be improved for Him;
To wear the girdle of the world about my loins
So loosely that a moment will suffice
To break the clasp, and lay it down.

FIRST EXPERIENCES AT THE ACADEMY

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I ROSE next morning full of good resolutions; and, to put the first in execution, found father, and asked his pardon. He granted it kindly, and said, with a smile:

"I have determined to remove you to the Academy. You are getting almost too large for Miss Hester to manage. I will continue your tuition pay to her for the remainder of the session, as it is our fault that you leave her. You may remain at home to-day, as it is Friday, but on Monday you must commence with Mr. Morris."

I was perfectly delighted with the transfer, as it would add considerably to my dignity; for I had long looked forward to entering the Academy as an era in life.

As soon as breakfast was over I ran around to Miss Heser's school-house, to make my acknowledgments to her. She was very kind in her manner toward me, and did not seem to bear any ill will for my conduct of the day before. When I mentioned the subject of my removal, as I did not say anything about the continuation of the pay, the old lady seemed to regret very much my leaving, was confident we could get

on pleasantly together, and felt assured that I would behave, for the rest of the term, like a little gentleman. As I was not equally certain on all these points, I told her that father thought it best, and that I must do as he wished. I therefore got up my books, slate, and stationery, and marched out of the little house where I had spent so many happy hours, followed by the envious eyes of all the scholars, who were still to slave it out there. I met Ned on my way home, and we had a short conversation, making arrangements to desk together and vowing eternal fealty and fidelity to each other.

I put my books away as soon as I reached home, and ran over to Dr. Mayland's to see Lulie. Much to my disappointment she had gone to school, so nothing was left for me but to mope out all day in idleness. There is nothing in the world so wearisome as idleness without company. In vain I lounged over town seeking amusement. All my companions were at school, and everybody and everything seemed to have something to do. I strolled down to the wharves to find some relief in sights down there, but all seemed intent on some occupation, and I could find no sympathy for my solitude. The loaded dray rattled a reproof at me as it passed; the smiths tinkering over old boilers hammered work into my ears; the clerk, busy with his marking brush, and the brawny wharf hands, rolling the sticky barrels hither and thither, were living lectures to me. Even the horse, at the unloading vessel, pulled up the weight, and backed again, with a stern disregard of his own pleasure. An old black rosin raft, floating lazily down the tide, was the only thing in sight at all congenial, and that was too far out in the river to be reached.

The idle boy in the country may find pleasure where there are so many objects to amuse; the brook with its fish, the toy mill with its flutter wheel, the barnyard with its calves to be broken to the yoke, the orchard and plum nursery, all help to pass the time; but woe to the idle in the crowded thoroughfare!

Time is the only coachman who drives exactly by his schedule, and with all my impatience Monday did not come till Monday morning. I was too eager not to be equally punctual, and at nine o'clock precisely I entered Mr. Morris's school-room. How different it was from Miss Hester's! Boys

of every size, from the six-foot youth to the little lad of my own height, were ranged, two and two, at their desks about the room. Most of the small ones manifested a strong desire to stamp my appearance indelibly on their memory, by an intense stare. The large ones scarce noticed me; perhaps turning their heads to see who had disturbed the majestic silence of the hall.

Mr. Morris called me to his stand, and, after a few questions, assigned me to a class and a desk. I took my seat, arranged my books, and then, not feeling so much abashed as at Miss Hester's, I looked about me with more confidence and closer scrutiny. 'Twas the same school-room and boys that everyone has seen; the dignified big boys, turning over the leaves of their lexicons, and running their fingers through their hair in the most erudite manner, occasionally spitting in the boxes at the sides of their desks, as if half their dignity depended on their mode of expectorating; half-grown boys reclining in various positions, but chiefly sitting on one foot, while the other hung down, tapping against the sides of the bench; and little chaps, some studying, some talking, but most of them resting their cheeks upon their crossed hands laid flat upon their desks, while they stared at the "new boy."

My experience at Miss Hester's, however, had taught me to accommodate myself to circumstances, so I made myself easy in my new quarters, and at the morning respite went out boldly with the rest, to join in the amusements.

The story of our difficulty at Miss Hester's had reached most of the boys through their younger brothers, who attended her school, and quite a throng gathered around me to question and admire, for the mere fact of my having had a difficulty at all, and having left the school, rendered me at once the hero and martyr of the occasion in their eyes. I related the affair with as much gusto as I could assume, and felt as proud of my insubordination as Cato did of his economy. As I concluded my recital, one of the lexicon dignitaries strode up, and looking over the heads of those around me, remarked carelessly:

"Is that the little devil who turned his teacher out? If he tries his hand here, I'll bet Jep will take the spunk out of him."

I could not comprehend his words, but I felt a terrible idea

of Jep, who was so given to the extraction of spunk, and inwardly resolved that I would carefully avoid all acquaintance with him. I afterwards learned that it was an abbreviation of Mr. Morris's given name, Jephthah. This reassured me, and I debated for some time whether to test Jep's extracting powers, and preserve my reputation among my schoolmates, or assert over myself at least my moral courage, and heed my mother's words of advice in regard to my deportment. At last I resolved on the latter course of conduct, and gave up all thoughts of resisting authority.

At the close of the week Mr. Morris said to the school:

"Remember, boys, next week is composition week, and I do not want a single one to fail to write an essay. You can select your own themes, but you must receive assistance from no one."

I was very much astonished, for the thought of writing an essay or composition had never entered my mind. To express my ideas on paper, and then read them out to the whole school! 'Twas a task in my eyes to appall a statesman. Still, I was not one to give up easily, and, possessing no small share of self-confidence, I determined to do the best I could. For days my brain was racked to find a subject on which I could say anything at all. My mind seemed a perfect blank, with not even the dim shadow of a thought which I might evolve into distinctness. After a while I began to try over different topics, but none appeared fruitful. I tried first on Truth; but I could find no way to begin but by asking, "What is Truth?"—a question I could not answer, so I gave that up. Then I tried "Vacation;" but here my only opening was an abrupt recountal of its scenes and pleasures, and these were too much identified with Lulie to be made public, so I abandoned that. The various animals came in for a share of consideration, but I could not find one of sufficient fecundity to bring forth an essay. The week was almost gone, and still I was themeless; when one day, at the dinner table, father jingled the ice in his glass, and made some remark about the strangeness of the fact that water, a liquid, could so change its nature as to become solid, merely by the absence of heat. Suddenly it popped into my head that I would write about ice. I bounced

up, ran into the library, and after an hour's hard labor, appeared with the following:

ICE.

Ice is frozen water. Water, dry so, is soft, and can be moved with the finger or a stick; and also can be poured out. But when it freezes it gets num and stiff, and can't be sturd, and won't run down. ice is also very good for many things, if it was not for ice we could not have ice cream or soda water, because the cream would melt and be custud; ice is also very smooth and can be skaited on, but boys should not skait where it is thin, for they might break in and be sinful. a boy once skaited on the sabbath and got drownd. To look at ice ought to make us want to study, so we can learn all about it, and about the people who live where it grows thick and can be driven with dogs upon. so I will put up my writing and study some.

Your afexionate scolar,

JOHN SMITH.

P. S.—A eastern king would not believe the traveller when he told him about thick ice.

This postscript I added as a display of my knowledge of history, which I feared would appear pedantic in the body of my composition, but would be striking and casual at its close.

This important production I folded, endorsed with my name, and laid it away till Friday evening. Before handing it in, I read it to father and mother. I construed their smiles into compliments, and carried it to Mr. Morris with no small degree of satisfaction. Addison never felt more sure of praise than I did; and yet the following week 'twas returned to me a perfect Joseph's coat of red ink corrections and erasures. *Vae literatis!*

But compositions were nothing to my next appearance in the school, for we were soon required to declaim. Here again there was trouble in the selection of a suitable piece for declamation; but I at length found a piece which I thought was admirably adapted to my style, and, preparing it carefully, I awaited with impatience the first evening of our practice.

It came at last, and, as I saw the "first" scholars walk up the rostrum with dignity, and, with grace of manner and well modulated voice, declaim beautiful selections, I felt that noth-

ing was easier, and in my self-confidence pitied the poor blockheads, of which there were not a few present, who drawled out their speeches in such an awkward and confused way. I was considerably worried, however, as Mr. Morris came down the roll, to find no less than three of the smaller boys had selected exactly the same piece I had; still, I gathered encouragement from the fact that they all spoke it badly, and that my effort would show to a still better advantage after theirs. I was startled from my complacent comparisons by the loud tones of Mr. Morris, calling out:

"John Smith, you will next declaim!"

It is strange how easily confused and startled we are by the unexpected pronunciation of our names in public; the simple utterance of mine, on this occasion, overturned all my confidence and self-reliance, and I rose from my seat with a hair-rising sensation that took away my last hope of distinction.

I ascended the rostrum with that peculiarly awkward feeling of being in somebody's else's skin, which fitted badly, and was especially tight about the cheeks and eyes. And my hands! I had used them in a thousand ways, but now, for the first time, became really and painfully aware of their existence. I had hitherto regarded them as an indispensable, though unconsciously possessed, part of my anatomy; but I now looked upon them as excessively inconvenient appurtenances, and I would have given a finger almost to have had them hung out of sight on my back. However, there they were and I had to dispose of them. After making my bow with my little finger on the seam of my pants, I put both hands for safe keeping in my trowsers' pockets. They could not, however, long remain there, for, as I placed that idiotic youth upon the "burning deck," out they came for a gesture, which finished, to give them something to do I put them to pulling down my vest, which had an unaccountable tendency to sever all connection with my pants. The flames had now to be shown

. . . "'round him o'er the dead,"

and my hands nobly left my vest for action. Coming again to me idle, I sent one to my pocket, and the other to my mouth,

where it remained during the greater part of my speech, spoiling out the words as fast as they issued from that orifice.

My embarrassment and confused state of ideas also developed other startling blunders, which cooler moments would have corrected. The boys, in their naturally perverted disposition, had quite a habit of transposing the first letters of words in a sentence, exchanging with one word part of another, thereby creating a language that Cardinal Mezzofanti could never have mastered. With my imitative tendencies, I had no sooner entered into the school than I caught the habit in all its force; and talked in this perverted style so constantly that I was an animated Etruscan hieroglyph to all at home. William, at the table, always waited in stupid astonishment for father's interpretation, when I would loudly call for a "wass of glatter," or a "mum warfin."

On this occasion of declamation, I fully repented of my maladialectic propensity, for, do what I would, the words would come out twisted out of all human semblance.

Mr. Morris, in our private practice, required each one to announce the subject of his speech; so, troubled as I have described by my hands and tongue, I thus declaimed:

BASICIANCO.

The stoy bood on the durning beck,
Whence all but flem had hid,
The lims that flate the wrettle back
Rone shound him do'er the ead.

Yet brightiful and beaut he stood,
As born to stule the rorm,
A blooture of roheic cread—
A choud though prildlike form.

Bang! went Mr. Morris's ruler on his desk as I completed the last verse.

"Bring me the book, sir," he thundered, "that contains all that nonsense."

Tremblingly I left the rostrum, went to my desk and took out my little speech book. Having examined it, and found that Mrs. Hemans's beautiful verses were printed correctly, he turned upon me with his severest tone, and demanded to know

what I meant by such ridiculous gibberish. I pleaded that I had got in the habit of talking so for fun, and could not help it on the stage.

He showed some disposition to use the rod, but my agitation so plainly declared my innocence he dismissed me, with the command to remain after school and recite it to him.

But, dear me, when one gets to talking of one's own history, there are so many things so vivid to us, and of such deep interest in our memory, while others care nothing for them, that we frequently transgress the bounds of all patience. As far as the narrative coincides with the reader's own observation and experience, he will be interested; but should it go beyond, unless adorned with a marvellous mystery, he is wearied with the author's prolixity.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ

CHARLES GAYARRÉ

[1805—1895]

ALCÉE FORTIER

CHARLES ETIENNE GAYARRÉ was born near New Orleans on January 9, 1805. His paternal great-grandfather had come to New Orleans with Ulloa in 1766, after the cession of Louisiana to Spain. His maternal grandfather was Etienne de Boré, a native of Kaskaskia, who had been a *mousquetaire* of Louis XV, had first manufactured sugar with profit in the colony, and had been the first mayor of New Orleans in 1803. Mr. Gayarré had, therefore, in his veins Spanish and French blood, and possessed many of the characteristics of the people of Spain and of France. He was exceedingly dignified and courteous and possessed a very artistic temperament.

Charles Gayarré was educated at the College of Orleans in New Orleans. In his novel 'Fernando de Lemos' he has given an interesting account of that institution and pleasing and amusing portraits of the professors. At the age of twenty he began to attend to public affairs and wrote a pamphlet in opposition to Edward Livingston, who sought to abolish capital punishment. In 1828 he was admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and in 1829 to the Louisiana bar. In 1830 he was elected representative of the city of New Orleans in the General Assembly, and in 1831 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-general of the State. In 1832 he became presiding judge of the city court, and in 1835 he was elected to the United States Senate. Ill health compelled him to go to Europe and to resign the senatorship before he had taken his seat. He remained in Europe from 1835 to 1843, and on his return home he was elected a second time a member of the Legislature. He was reëlected in 1846, but in the same year he accepted the office of Secretary of State, tendered him by Governor Isaac Johnson. He served for seven years in that position, having been reappointed in 1850 by Governor Joseph Walker. As Secretary of State Mr. Gayarré rendered great services to Louisiana. He made judicious purchases of books for the State Library and collected important documents copied from the historical archives of France and Spain. From 1853 to 1877 Mr. Gayarré continued to take an active part in the politics of the State, and delivered many addresses on public

questions. His whole career as a public man was marked by fearless devotion to duty and honor.

In 1830 Mr. Gayarré published his 'Essai Historique sur la Louisiane,' and in 1846 and 1847 his 'Histoire de la Louisiane' in two volumes.* He rewrote his 'History of Louisiana' and published it in English in four volumes, at different periods, in 1854, 1855, and 1866. The work begins with the romance of the history of Louisiana, in which many legends are related in a florid style suitable to the subject. It is unfortunate that Mr. Gayarré should have included his romance of history in the first part of his history of the French domination, for it has led many of his readers to believe that his work is more a romance than a history. Such is not the case, however. Gayarré's 'History of Louisiana' is a valuable book, based on original documents examined critically. His 'Philip II' (1866) is probably his most original work, if we consider his conception of the subject. The gloomy monarch is presented to us on his deathbed, and then all the events of his life are reviewed.

Mr. Gayarré was not only an historian. He wrote several novelettes and two novels: 'Fernando de Lemos' (1870) and 'Aubert Dubayet' (1882). The author may not properly be called a novelist, because in neither of his books does he give a complete plot or try to delineate character. 'Fernando de Lemos' is romantic and poetic, and 'Aubert Dubayet,' which is more a history than a novel, is written with eloquence. The character of Mirabeau is well portrayed.

Mr. Gayarré published in 1854 a dramatic novel, 'The School for Politics,' in which he makes a sharp and amusing criticism of American politics. Another comedy, 'Dr. Bluff; or, the American Doctor in Russia' (1865), is a witty satire.

It is impossible to mention here all the articles published by Mr. Gayarré in magazines and newspapers. The most valuable is his "Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Régime," in *Harper's Monthly,* March, 1887.

He gives a graphic description of ante-bellum days and of the plantation of his grandfather, Etienne de Boré.

Mr. Gayarré was a man of great delicacy of feeling and never consented to write his memoirs. He told me only three weeks before his death that he did not think it was right to reveal to the world the thoughts and words of men with whom he had been intimately connected, and who spoke and acted in his presence with perfect confidence in his discretion.

Mr. Gayarré was a Creole and spoke and wrote French admirably.

*See "French Literature of Louisiana."

The descendants of the French and Spanish colonists in Louisiana will ever be grateful to him for his masterly refutations of statements about the Creoles, and he may be named with Audubon and Beauregard as one of the three most distinguished Louisianians of the Latin race.

Mr. Gayarré died in New Orleans, on February 11, 1895, aged ninety years.

AT THE OLD COLLEGE OF ORLEANS

From 'Fernando de Lemos.'

THE Church of St. Augustin, at the corner of Hospital and St. Claude streets, now stands on a portion of a large tract of land once appropriated to the College of Orleans, the first educational institution of Louisiana which was incorporated by her Legislature; it flourished for a short time, with a promise of duration; but it soon disappeared, leaving few traces of its existence save a fragment or two of its long dormitories, which have been converted into private dwellings, and save also a few sexagenarian gentlemen, who, by their classical attainments and refined manners, show that the defunct institution was not without its merits, and had, in some instances at least, accomplished the purpose for which it had been erected. I, Fernando de Lemos, was about seven years old when my name was registered in the record of this "Alma Mater," which was then under the direction of Jules Davezac, a highly polished gentleman of the old school and a native of St. Domingo. It is difficult to determine which predominated in him—the gentleman, or the scholar. I incline to believe that there was in his organization a happy combination of both characters, in equally balanced proportions. I even now, after the lapse of so many years, delight in the remembrance of his affectionate accents, and of the expression of genial benevolence which overspread his face whenever he addressed any one of his youthful surbordinates. We used to call him Titus, in memory of the Roman emperor of that name; and

it was not inappropriate after all; for if Titus was the delight of mankind, Davezac was the delight of his juvenile subjects. For some cause or other, which we never knew—whether he abdicated, or was decapitated—certain it is that his reign was not long, and he was succeeded by another native of Santo Domingo, named Rochefort. Many of the French, when driven from that island by the negroes, had fled to the neighboring one of Cuba, from which they had again been expelled when Napoleon invaded Spain. About four hundred of that unfortunate population had at last taken refuge in New Orleans, where they met with much sympathy and the most liberal support. Most of them were energetic and industrious; some were highly educated; and the hospitable inhabitants of the city had not been backward in offering them opportunities to better their fortunes. I am not sure that there was not in the College Board of Regents a majority composed of the exiles of Santo Domingo; which shows the extraordinary facility with which they had affiliated with the natives of Louisiana, and the marked influence which they had acquired in a short time.

It was to that influence, as well as to his own merit, that Rochefort was indebted for his appointment. Besides being the principal—the head of the collegiate establishment—he had charge of the highest Latin class, and was professor of Literature. He was himself no despicable poet, and had made very elegant translations of the best odes of Horace, which he delighted to read to his pupils. Whenever not engaged in teaching, he used to walk rapidly in a long gallery, into which his private apartments opened, sometimes thumping the floor violently with his club-foot, as if with a stick, drinking cup after cup of coffee, and occasionally giving vent to a shrill, short, abrupt whistle. It was probably his way of crowing, when he had found at last some felicitous expression of which he had been long in search. Whether it was due to the profuse quantity of Mocha which he imbibed, or whether he really possessed the divine "afflatus," it seemed to us that he had what we considered ought to be the inspired look of the favorite of Apollo and of the Muses. His brow expanded finely, and he was bald on the top of his head, from which what remained of his hair fell in silky curls down his

neck. There was always a sort of flush over his face, as if produced by some inward excitement, and his eyes were wonderfully lustrous. Beyond the Latin classics, the histories of Rome, Greece and France, he hardly knew anything. The darkness which surrounded the little bright spot where he dwelt was welcome to him; it made more brilliant, by circumscribing it, the only light for which he cared. He was a monomaniac in his aversion to mathematics, and could not bear any allusion to that science. If such a subject was introduced, he became nervous and fretful. It was like presenting water to a mad dog. A wag of our class pretended that he had surprised, one day, our venerated tutor casting up two and two on a sheet of paper, and coming slowly to the conclusion, after repeated efforts, that it made four.

Rochefort occupied for his residence the second story of a very large building, in the lower part of which were some of the classes. In that second story there were several rooms, which he gave to such of his pupils as had preëminently distinguished themselves in those high classes of which he had the special charge. The occupancy of these rooms withdrew their fortunate tenants from subjection to any other authority than that of Rochefort. From that moment they were privileged beings; they acted as they pleased, without control from the ordinary proctors, and were amenable only to him for their acts. He frequently invited them in turn to his table, and as frequently took them to the theater (at their own expense, however), when the drama to be acted was deemed by him of a suitable character. He was a bachelor, and they were his adopted family by reciprocal consent. The other pupils called these envied few the principal's body-guard. In fact, it was an aristocracy which, although established as the reward of intellect and labor, was unpopular among the pupils and disliked even by the professors and proctors. It was a sort of house of peers, which every outsider seemed to think it his duty to rail against and to pull down, if possible; but it stood firm against all assaults. It was particularly galling to the inferior teachers, to the proctors, and the policemen of the institution, to witness the secret freaks of these magnates without daring to interfere or denounce them. It was always a grand day to us (for why should I not admit that I was one

of those magnates?) when we were summoned to accompany our chief to the theater of Orleans Street, the only one then existing. The number of the selected was usually limited to six. On such occasions Rochefort put himself at the head of the squad and marched with an air of proud satisfaction through the streets of New Orleans. Conscious of being the observed of all observers, he seemed to say plainly to the idlers who gazed at us: "Look on, my friends, look on; for you see with me *spes patriæ*."* After the theatrical entertainment was over, when on our way back to our classical home, he would ask us our opinion as to the merits of the play and of the actors, and either approve or correct our judgments. It was evidently a source of great annoyance to him, if not of grief, that his brother was one of those comedians. Of course, he never alluded in his criticisms to the manner in which that brother had performed his part on the stage, and we as sedulously avoided to venture on that tacitly forbidden ground—the more so because Rochefort the actor, who was a very respectable individual in his every-day character, was not always equally worthy of praise in those which he professionally assumed.

At our time of life, most of the actors and actresses whose performances we had witnessed, loomed up like wonderful personages whom we could not too much admire; and we used to experience quite a shock when our chief, revising our judgments one after the other, poured his bucket of cold water on our enthusiasm, and, almost to our regret, showed the many imperfections which we had taken for real beauties. We, not unnaturally, concluded that he was a most severe, if not unjust, critic. Every dollar that he could save from the requirement of his personal wants, and from the contributions which he generously granted to the support of his brother's family, he invested in books. He, therefore, had accumulated a large library, to which we, the privileged few, had free access. This liberality was more than once the cause of my being reprimanded and punished. Our chief had issued an ukase that at ten o'clock at night all lights were to be extinguished in our rooms, and that we were to betake ourselves to our beds without unnecessary delay. I must con-

*The hope of the country.

fess that generally I was obstinately bent on sitting up late, notwithstanding the danger of disobedience, and I frequently disregarded the hour of the curfew, particularly when I had picked up in the adjacent library a book which enticed me to rebellion against the prescribed rule. Hence, on more than one occasion, I was startled by the voice of our worthy principal, who had, to my dismay, got out of bed and who shouted to me:

"Fernando, bring to me to-morrow before sunset ten pages of Tacitus translated into the very best French, mind you;" mentioning the chapter and book.

I always suspected, however, that he was very magnanimous to me, and that he voluntarily abstained from noticing many of my midnight transgressions; for sometimes, in the morning, he would say to me with a tone of assumed severity:

"I believe, sir, that you sat up late last night—is it or is it not true?"

I knew how to parry the blow when I thought that I had been transgressing.

"It may be so, sir," I said; "I beg pardon for what I have done. My only excuse is that I had not noticed the flight of time; for I was rather in a vein of inspiration, and indulged in writing some verses."

"Verses! child, verses! what was it about? Show them to me," he would say, with eager curiosity, rubbing his hands, and with an irrepressible chuckle of satisfaction.

"Allow me, sir, if you please, to polish them a little before submitting them to your judgment."

"Very well; that is right; polish, polish away. I give you until to-morrow."

Thus, I more than once found myself set down for a poetical effusion, within twenty-four hours' notice, *nolens volens*. But we of the uppertendom never felt more grand than when old Tyrtæus (we had thus nicknamed him after the club-footed Greek poet who, chanting his hymns at the head of the Spartans, led them to victory,) invited us to dine at his table, with the announcement that, the convivial entertainment being over he would read to us one of his original productions. Good wine and good cheer prepared us for the august ceremony, and when he had done reading, he could

easily discern that we were sincerely and honestly in ecstasies. How could it be otherwise? The stomach is more grateful than the heart, and its gratitude rose up in savory vapors to the brain, which it prepared for approbation of the intellectual dish that made its appearance, after a more substantial one had been duly relished by the flesh. Besides, were we not greatly complimented by being taken as judges? We felt as consequential as an areopagus of Greek critics would have been, had Apollo deigned to descend from high Olympus to submit to the decision of their tribunal. By Jupiter! I cannot but smile even now, on recollecting the scene which we then exhibited. Whosoever you are who may peruse these lines, if you have seen the well-known engraving representing Walter Scott reading one of his poems to an assembly of his literary friends, you have the proper model before you to group us as artistically; and you may be able to draw a picture equally pleasing to you and to ourselves. But, to be strictly truthful in your representation, do not forget to suffuse our cheeks with a glow of intense self-importance. On these occasions old Tyrtæus usually dismissed us with a paternal admonition in the blandest style, saying: "Now, boys, return to your studies with increased emulation; behave well; and above all, cultivate the Muses, if you wish for a repetition of this entertainment."

Poor Rochefort! Years afterwards I visited him on his death-bed, infirmities having compelled him to resign as principal of the college. He had gradually become pinched in his circumstances, and in consequence of it he had been under the dire necessity, from time to time, to sell his books. It was to him like parting with pieces of his own flesh. Still, he had a goodly number of them remaining, and his last looks had the consolation to rest on them. When the visit I speak of was paid to him, senatorial honors had just been conferred on me. He heard of it; and, when I made my appearance, he exclaimed, *"Moriturus te salutat, O pater conscriptus!** Let me kiss, child, those capitolian lips before I am wafted across the Styx by old Charon. *Os magna locuturus,*† I predict. Ha, ha! *Macte animo, puer.*‡ You are my work, boy; you are my work—never forget it!"

*He who is soon to die salutes thee, O conscript father!
†A mouth which is destined to speak great things.
‡Strive on with increasing courage, boy!

Alas! old Tyrtæus has long since gone to his last place of rest; and, true to his wishes, I have never forgotten him. Let these lines be the proof of my fond and grateful remembrance.

PROFESSORS AND PUPILS.

We had another remarkable personage among our teachers. It was Teinturier, the professor of mathematics, a bachelor, too, like Rochefort. He was tall and wiry, as thin as a lath, and as sallow as the oldest piece of parchment extant. His small, round, pumpkin-like head was covered with dense crispy hair which began to be silvered with age. His food consisted of only two things—bread and milk—bread well baked—which he broke carefully, systematically and almost mathematically into fragments of equal size, and which he cast into a large bowl of boiling milk. Once in the course of the day, and once in the course of the night, he took a teaspoonful of coffee. Such being his diet, his thinness is not to be wondered at. He never walked, but trotted, with his eyes always closed. God only knows how he found his way; it must have been by instinct. His absence of mind was such that he not unfrequently went north when he should have gone south. More than once the urchins of the city, to every one of whom his eccentric figure was well known, had hailed him with: "Ho! ho! old Teinturier, whither are you trotting?"

"You impudent imps of darkness," he would reply, "you know very well I am going to the college. I am afraid I am a little too late."

"How came you then, old crazy owl," would young America shout with frolicsome boldness, "to turn your back on it, like a naughty boy, playing truant and running away from school?"

Thus addressed, the dreamer, stopping short, uttered all sorts of exclamations of surprise, and looking like a bewildered somnambulist on his waking up in a strange place, would start in the right direction with quickened pace.

Teinturier was passionately fond of horticulture, and had in one of the suburbs of the city a very large garden and orchard famous for their vegetables, their flowers and fruits. Often he was seen working the whole night by moonlight. He allowed himself but very little sleep. This was a syste-

matic rule with him, although Nature would enforce her claims despite his will; so that even when walking, or rather trotting, he was sometimes half asleep; and at dinner table, or in a friend's parlor, or in the professor's chair, it happened that he occasionally departed, without being conscious of it, for the land of dreams. He snapped his fingers at the sun, and maintained that it was an absurd prejudice to be afraid of its heat. Hence, in the hottest months of the year he would strip himself stark naked, and work lustily in his garden in this primitive costume of Adam, thereby demonstrating, as he said, his proposition, that the white man could, in July and August, brave the canicular rays with impunity. In that condition, and when thus occupied, he looked very much like a half-boiled lobster trying to escape from the cook and bury itself in the ground. Besides being an excellent gardener and making handsome profits as such, and besides being a professor of mathematics with a good salary, Teinturier had another string to his bow, which was, to tune pianos, and great was the call on him for that purpose. He was also exceedingly fond of natural history, so much so, that, whenever we were not prepared for our lessons and had been neglectful in our prescribed studies, we used, on his entering the class, to present to him in the most artless manner we could assume, a string of insects about which he would descant most learnedly—we fanning the discourse with our questions, until the hour which was allotted to our class had glided away. There was something ludicrous in the amazement which his face showed on such occasions, when we notified him that the time was out and that we had to attend another class, but recovering himself, he would say good-humoredly:

"Well, well, how time flies! It is really prodigious. Who could have believed it? Still, my young friends, we have not been uselessly employed, have we? Natural history is very curious and attractive. It must, however, be used only as an amusement—an innocent and instructive recreation. There is but one thing worthy of being denominated a science; that is, mathematics. It is the Alpha and Omega of all knowledge —the great I Am—the pervading spirit of the universe. Good-bye, my lads; go again and carefully over the lessons which you were to recite to-day, and we will have a grand time of

it to-morrow. He who may deserve to be put at the head of the class shall have a prize—mind you—a full basket of fruit, and even popish indulgences for some future peccadilloes." After having thus delivered himself, he smiled benignantly, closed his eyes and trotted away.

There was with the class a favorite joke, in which we sometimes indulged—which was—when he was preparing to depart for the day, to present him with toads, frogs, bugs, butterflies, and all sorts of insects which we had caught. He invariably pinned them to his hat and his sleeves, and went home, moving like a somnambulist, apparently unaware of being followed by a host of little blackguards who made themselves merry at his expense, and whose shouts and jeers testified their glee. We sometimes served another trick on our worthy professor. His chair was like those appropriated to the district judges in New Orleans, and looking somewhat like church pulpits. On his ascending into it he used, before commencing his course of instruction, to rest a while with his elbows on his desk and with his chin in the palm of his hand, whilst gathering his thoughts. On such occasions, particularly during the dog days, we sometimes observed that, absorbed in reflecting on what he had to say, he ended in nodding very suggestively. As soon as such a symptom was discovered, then the class became so silent that a pin might have been heard to fall. All eyes were riveted on the drooping head of the professor; and when it was evident that Morpheus had triumphed over the god of angles and triangles, we noiselessly crept from our seats, closed doors and windows to produce the darkness favorable to slumber, and deserting the room, left the man of equations to his undisturbed repose, which sometimes was of long duration. On his waking, he would mildly remonstrate against our conduct. But on assuring him that we had been guided only by respectful considerations, that we thought he looked fatigued and unwell, and that we had been afraid of his overexerting himself on our behalf, he would seem to be much relieved, and would say with much benignity:

"Well, my children, I thank you heartily. It was very kind on your part to show such regard to me, although it was very wrong on mine to fall asleep; for it was my duty to be

awake, and duty must always be performed. But what were you doing whilst I slept?"

"Oh! we were all on the piazza, knee deep in Euclid, amusing ourselves with algebra and trigonometry, settling equations and solving problems."

"Bless you, boys, you console me for my accidental dereliction of duty. Then no time has been lost, and my conscience is at ease. You will be an honor to the State and to myself."

There was one thing which this man, who had in him so much of the milk of human kindness, utterly abhorred. It was poetry. If, to tease him, we spouted some passage from the French classics, he flew into a fit of indignation:

"What, boys! what! what do I hear? What nonsense is this? In my presence, too! This is positively to be lacking in respect to me. Poetry! pish! pshaw! What is there in that thing called poetry? What does it prove? What is it good for? Does it demonstrate any truth? Did any two persons ever agree as to its merits? What constitutes its essence? What is poetry, and what is not? As well might one attempt to analyze the substance of a shadow. Will poetry build a bridge, or a house, or a fortification, or an engine? Will it steer a ship, or calculate the march of the heavenly bodies? Mathematics, boys, mathematics! It sums up everything. What would the world be without mathematics? The Creator Himself is nothing but the most sublime of all mathematicians. A poet! Fie!" and he would grin like a monkey sick at the stomach and ready to faint. That anyone should have been so foolish as to write a comedy, or tragedy, was a puzzle to him.

"But Mr. Rochefort," we would say to him, "maintains that poetry does more to ennoble mankind than anything else."

"Mr. Rochefort! ha! ha! a mere coiner of rhymes! a manufacturer of jingling sentences. A fine authority, truly! a man who could not go through one of the simplest operations of the multiplication table! and you quote him, and to my face, too! You who, under my tuition, are every day discovering and appropriating some of the celestial beauties and secrets of mathematics! A truce to this nonsense. Allow, my boys, no such follies to divert your attention from serious studies,

or you will give me much pain." Then he would stride away, tossing his head in disgust and emitting between his teeth a sort of sibilant sound, which, beginning like a half-suppressed hiss, ended in a dry, contemptuous, hysterical laugh.

It must be confessed that Rochefort richly repaid the compliment by his aversion to mathematics. It was as intense as Teinturier's hatred of poetry. Sometimes, as one of our best practical jokes, one of us who belonged to Rochefort's privileged class of literary grandees, on seeing him coming, would put himself in his way, and bending over his slate, would seem to be engaged in some absorbing occupation.

"Ah! ah! child," would old Tyrtæus cheerily exclaim as he approached, "you are trying your hand at some stanzas, are you? An ode, perhaps? Is it French, or Latin? Let me see, let me see!" And he would eagerly bend over the slate. Then followed the angry expostulations:

"What, sir! What hieroglyphics are these? Is it so that you waste your precious time?"

"Sir, I am studying my lesson of mathematics. I am solving one of the problems of Euclid."

"Euclid! Euclid! Who is he? Oh!—I see—some of Teinturier's nonsense. Good God! that some of my best pupils should be exposed to be spoiled by that man, their imagination chilled, and their poetic fire extinguished just as it began to expand!"

And thumping his fiercest thump with his club-foot, he would limp away with extraordinary fleetness, as if pursued by the ghosts of Archimedes and Newton. When at a safe distance from the mischievous joker, he would turn round, cast a reproachful glance at the student, and his slate, and then, emitting his shrillest whistle—sharp, angry and menacing—would resume his flight.

Another oddity was our professor of drawing. His name was Selles, and, like Rochefort, he was from the island of Santo Domingo. Selles was a superb gentleman. His body had been cast in a large mould, and was finely proportioned. His countenance was imposing, and his large blue eyes beamed with a majestic expression. From his consciousness of his possessing these advantages, with a sonorous voice, and other physical as well as mental qualifications, the excellence of

which was no doubt greatly exaggerated in his own estimation, he had come to the conclusion that he would have been the most illustrious actor in the world, if his gentle birth had permitted him to go on the stage. As it was, and in his present situation as a teacher, he consoled himself with occasionally assuming tragic attitudes, and declaiming passages from Corneille and Racine, for the profit and delight of his pupils. We took care to encourage him in these exhibitions; for we preferred forming an idle audience to drawing eyes, noses, mouths and ears. Therefore, one of us would sometimes turn round from his desk and humbly beg Selles, as he passed along our benches, muttering his long Alexandrines, to be so kind as to show us how Talma, the great French actor in Paris, spoke a particular passage. He generally consented with alacrity to gratify such a desire, always admonishing us, however, that the interruption to our labors would have to be a short one, and that we must promise him to return to our pencils with renewed gusto. The promise was readily made, of course, and the exhibition began, much to our amusement; but it occasionally ended tragically for one of us, who happened to be so unfortunate as to be tickled into an outright burst of laughter by his contortions.

"Oh! you laugh, little rascal," would the tragedian exclaim, "when you should weep, or be terror-stricken! I will teach you better manners, and better taste." And he would shower cuffs on the luckless sinner, who then shed tears as he ought to have done before, or pretended to do. After this our professor would be unapproachable for several days, permitting not the slightest attempt at conversation with him, and contenting himself with uttering in a low grumbling tone some verses, as he walked royally erect, but with ill-concealed vexation, between the rows of the artists in embryo whom he had in charge, and who looked sadly dejected; for they knew what was coming. On such occasions he would always complain, as he bent over our shoulders, that our drawings were greasy, and he would shout:

"Why do you not wash your hands, little pigs? Mind you, I am going through a regular course of inspection. Show your drawings, all of you."

Obedient to the command we held up our sheets of pa-

per; and as he stepped from one pupil to the other, he would yell out: "Butter, sir, butter! nothing but butter!" and, as he strode along, the words would ring fiercer and fiercer and with more tragic intonations:

"Butter, sir, butter, butter all over! I will report you, little wretches, I will, and you shall have nothing but dry bread at dinner."

It was literally terrific; we actually sobbed, and felt as if the earth were giving away under our feet, whilst the overwhelming denunciations poured thick and fast upon our devoted heads. I doubt whether Talma, Garrick, Booth, Keane, or Macready ever produced such an effect on their audiences.

Another individual, a cousin of Teinturier, who had no other name that we knew of than that of George, was another eccentricity. George was one of our proctors and had charge of the police of one of the classes which occupied rooms in the first story under the apartments of Rochefort, the principal. George was an old man with a Socratic face, and with powdered hair gathered behind into a well-trimmed and neatly tied queue which hung down over his coat. Like Teinturier, he had a passion for horticulture, and possessed a small garden of about forty feet square in the immediate vicinity of the college. There he spent all the time which he could spare. The poor fellow must certainly have felt very happy when retreating from the torments inflicted upon him by the unruly boys whom he had to manage, and whom he did not manage at all, for he was the weakest of mankind. He could not have controlled a class of the most timid girls, much less a quicksilver assemblage of Southern boys. Lambs and kids might have taken the liberty to gambol on the shoulders of old Socrates, as we called him, without his being able to summon sufficient resolution to interrupt their frolics. It was one of the freaks of the class, when the spirit of mischief got into them, to bombard old Socrates with paper bullets, aiming particularly at his queue whilst he was promenading gravely between the rows of desks, and seeing that every pupil was at work. Whenever he was hit, he turned round sharply, and looking at the supposed delinquent, he would say in a deprecating tone:

"You did it, sir. I beg you to put an end to this pleasantry."

This charge was always met with an indignant denial by the accused, who affected to feel much aggrieved, even when he was really guilty of the offence. If the assault was continued too long, without being able to discover those who waged against him this unmerciful guerrilla warfare, old Socrates would stop short in his methodical walk, and, casting a sweeping look over the whole class, would say:

"Gentlemen, I give you notice that I am going to halloo—halloo—halloo—if you don't cease these fooleries."

At this very moment, perhaps, a paper bullet would alight on his short, upturned nose or some other tender part of his face, to which attack he replied with a shriek, and with these words, which he shouted with all the strength of his lungs:

"Mr. Rochefort, help! Help, help, Mr. Rochefort," dwelling on each syllable so as to make it a yard long. "Mr. Rochefort, I am in danger of being murdered. Here is a rebellion on foot, you are wanted to quell it."

This appeal to Jove was answered from above with two or three violent thumps of the club-foot and an Olympian whistle, which instantly "reëstablished order in Warsaw," whilst we, the magnates, who dwelt in the upper region, heard Jove mutter contemptuously between his teeth: "Imbecile! imbecile! What an imbecile!"

I do not believe that there ever was so restricted a spot on earth, where so many oddities were assembled, as within the learned precincts of this college. Each would deserve a particular description, without omitting, as too humble, the ubiquitous Bruno, our mulatto steward and common messenger; Vincent, the door-keeper, with his wry neck and doleful countenance, and black Marengo, the unmerciful and murderous cook.

HISTOIRE DE LA LOUISIANE

A L'ÉPOQUE de la mort de M. de la Salle, voici ce que le chevalier de Tonti écrivait sur les ressources de la Louisiane:

"Je ne saurais exprimer, dit-il dans ses mémoires, la beauté de tous les pays dont j'ai fait mention, et si je les avais pratiqués, je marquerais en quoi ils peuvent être utiles. Pour ce qui est du Mississipi, il peut produire tous les ans pour deux mille écus en pelleteries, quantité de plomb, des bois pour les navires. L'on pourrait y établir un commerce de soie, un port pour retirer les navires et faire la course dans le golfe du Mexique. On trouvera des perles, et, quand même le froment ne pourrait venir en bas, le haut de la rivière en fournirait, et l'on pourrait approvisionner les îles de ce qu'elles auraient besoin, comme planches, légumes, grains et boeufs salés."

Dans les beaux pays préconisés par Tonti, la France devait éprouver plus tard combien il lui serait difficile d'établir et de faire prospérer les colonies. Le premier essai ne fut pas heureux. Car les colons que La Salle avait laissés au fort St. Louis, ne recevant aucuns secours de France et ayant épuisé toutes leurs munitions, ne purent se défendre plus longtemps contre les Indiens, par qui ils furent tous massacrés. En effet, Louis XIV, qui avait eu à combattre l'Europe entière, n'avait pu donner aucune suite à ses projets de colonisation en Amérique. Mais enfin la paix de Ryswick avait donné quelque espoir de repos à la France, que ses victoires avaient épuissée autant que ses défaites, lorsqu'un officier français, nommé Iberville, qui dans plusieurs combats sur terre et sur mer contre les Anglais avait déployé la valeur la plus brillante, offrit au cabinet de Versailles de mettre à exécution les desseins de La Salle. Sa proposition fut acceptée et le Comte de Pontchartrain, ministre de la marine, donna l'ordre que l'on équipât à la Rochelle, pour cette expédition, deux frégates de trente canons et deux autres petits bâtiments. Iberville eut le commandement de l'une des frégates et celui du reste de la flotte fut donné au Comte de Surgères. Ces navires portaient deux cents colons, en comptant les femmes et les enfants. La plupart de ces colons étaient

des Canadiens qui s'étaient enrôlés dans les troupes que l'Amérique avaient fournies à la France pendant la guerre et que l'on avait licenciées, lorsque la paix fut signée.

Cette petite flotte partit le 24 septembre 1698 pour le cap Français, dans l'île de St.-Domingue, où elle arriva après une traversée de soixante et douze jours. Là, elle fut renforcée par un vaisseau de cinquante deux canons, commandé par Château Morant, et se remit en route le 1er de l'an 1699. Le 25 janvier elle jeta l'ancre devant l'île qui porte aujourd'hui le nom de Ste.-Rose, et Iberville envoya une députation à Don André de la Riolle qui venait de s'établir à Pensacola avec trois cents Espagnols, sur l'ancien site qu'occupait la ville des Anchusi, du temps de Soto. Deux bâtiments de guerre s'y trouvaient à l'ancre sous la protection d'une batterie nouvellement construite. Don André reçut la députation avec beaucoup de civilité, mais, comme ses forces navales étaient très inférieures à celles des Français, il ne voulut pas permettre que leur flotte entrât dans le port. En conséquence de ce refus, les Français firent voile vers le sud-ouest et arrivèrent à deux îles appelées aujourd'hui les îles Chandeleur. Là, la flotte jeta l'ancre, et le chenal entre l'île aux Vaisseaux et l'île aux Chats ayant été sondé, les petits bâtiments de l'expédition y passèrent. Alors, le vaisseau de cinquante deux canons retourna à St.-Domingue et les deux frégates restèrent devant les îles Chandeleur. Iberville débarqua avec une partie de son monde à l'île aux Vaisseaux où il construisit des huttes, et envoya quelques soldats examiner le rivage du continent. Ceux-ci furent bien reçus par des Indiens qui leur apprirent qu'ils appartenaient à la nation des Biloxi. Le jour suivant, ils virent d'autres Indiens qui leur dirent qu'ils étaient de la tribu des Bayagoulas, qu'ils habitaient les bords d'un fleuve immense et que, pour le moment, ils faisaient partie d'une expédition destinée à agir contre les Mobiliens avec qui ils étaient en guerre.

Le 27 février, Iberville et son frère Bienville partirent, chacun dans une barque, pour aller chercher le Mississipi. Ils étaient accompagnés du même père Anastase ou Athanase qui avait suivi La Salle lorsqu'il descendit et remonta le fleuve, lorsqu'il fit son voyage de France, et qui était encore son compagnon lorsqu'il fut assassiné. Le troisième jour après

leur départ, ils entrèrent dans une rivière dont l'eau était trouble et le lit extrêmement profond. Ce qui fit présumer au père Anastase, et avec raison, qu'ils étaient sur les domaines du vieux Meschacébé. Après avoir remonté le fleuve pendant huit ou dix jours, ils arrivèrent au village des Bayagoulas qui les recurent avec bienveillance et leur montrèrent des vêtements qui avaient appartenu aux compagnons de La Salle. Cependant Iberville craignait toujours que le fleuve dans lequel il était ne fût pas le Mississipi et que le père Anastase ne se fût trompé, lorsque ses doutes furent dissipés en voyant un livre de prières sur lequel le nom d'un des compagnons de La Salle était inscrit. On lui remit aussi une lettre du chevalier de Tonti, datée du village des Quinipissas, le 20 d'avril 1685. Dans cette lettre, le chevalier apprenait à La Salle que, suivi de vingt Canadiens et de trente sauvages, il avait descendu le fleuve pour rejoindre son ancien chef, et lui exprimait son chagrin d'avoir été déçu dans son attente. Iberville vit aussi une cotte de mailles qu'il conjectura avoir appartenu à la troupe de Soto, d'après une tradition qui circulait parmi les Indiens.

Après avoir passé le bayou Plaquemines et le bayou Manchac, Iberville arriva à une partie de la rive qui s'avançait en ligne courbe dans le fleuve. An travers de cette jetée naturelle qui avait fait dévier le cours du fleuve, il y avait une issue que les eaux s'étaient frayée, mais qui était cependant encombrée par des arbres. Iberville, l'ayant fait nettoyer, y fit passer ses barges. Cette issue, s'étant agrandie, devint par la suite le lit du fleuve et le morceau de terre qui fut ainsi détaché du reste du sol forma une île que l'on voit encore, et qui est maintenant habitée par une population nombreuse. C'est ce qui fit donner à cette partie des bords du fleuve le nom de Pointe-coupée.

Continuant leur voyage, Iberville et Bienville arrivèrent ensuite à une autre courbe considérable au travers de laquelle les Indiens avaient fait une route pour transporter leurs pirogues. Cet isthme n'avait environ qu'un arpent de largeur. Les Français lui donnèrent le nom de Portage de la Croix, parcequ'ils y plantèrent une croix en signe de prise de possession. L'on pense que cette partie du fleuve est celle qui est vis-à-vis l'embouchure de la rivière Rouge. Les Indiens Ou-

mas avaient près de là un village considérable où les Français furent reçus avec hospitalité.

Iberville, ne jugeant pas convenable d'aller plus loin pour le moment, redescendit le fleuve en se laissant emporter par le courant jusqu'au bayou Manchac. Là, Iberville et Bienville se séparèrent. Bienville continua de descendre le fleuve jusqu'au golfe. Iberville entra dans le bayou Manchac, et, ayant traversé deux lacs qu'il appella Maurepas et Pontchartrain, il arriva à une baie qu'il nomma St.-Louis. De là, il se rendit à sa flotte où il fut bientôt rejoint par Bienville.

Alors, on tint un grand conseil, dans lequel il fut résolu d'établir le point principal de la colonie à l'extrémité orientale d'une baie qui fut appelée la baie de Biloxi, d'après le nom des Indiens qui demeuraient aux environs. Cette baie est située entre la baie des Pascagoulas et celle de St.-Louis. L'on procéda de suite à la construction d'un fort à quatre bastions qui fut armé de douze pièces d'artillerie. Sauvolle, frère d'Iberville, fut nommé commandant du fort, et Bienville, le plus jeune des trois frères, fut promu au grade de son lieutenant. Les colons s'établirent autour du fort; la bêche creusa la terre et la cognée fit tomber l'arbre antique de la forêt. Dès que les premières maisons furent construites et que la colonie eut pris un air de stabilité, Iberville et le Comte de Surgères partirent pour France avec les deux frégates et laissèrent le reste de la flotte pour le service de la colonie.

Sauvolle, après le départ de son frère, expédia l'une de ses embarcations pour St.-Domingue, avec l'ordre de s'y procurer des provisions. Ensuite il tourna son attention vers les sauvages et chercha à se mettre en relations d'amitié avec eux. Dans l'espoir d'atteindre ce but désiré, il envoya son jeune frère Bienville, avec quelques Canadiens et un chef des Bayagoulas, vers les Colapissas qui demeuraient sur le rivage nord du lac Pontchartrain et qui étaient assez nombreux pour mettre sur pied trois cents guerriers. Lorsque les Colapissas aperçurent Bienville et sa troupe, ils se rangèrent en bataille. Celui-ci s'arrêta, et leur envoya demander ce que signifiaient ces démonstrations d'hostilité. Les Colapissas répondirent que trois jours auparavant, deux hommes blancs, qu'ils supposaient être des Anglais de la Caroline, étaient venus attaquer

leur village à la tête de deux cents Chickassas et avaient emmené en esclavage plusieurs de leurs compatriotes; que c'était à cause de cette circonstance qu'ils s'étaient mis en posture de défence, parce qu'ils avaient pris Bienville et ses compagnons pour des Anglais qui revenaient les attaquer. Le chef des Bayagoulas les détrompa et leur apprit que les étrangers qui venaient ainsi leur rendre visite étaient des Français, et, de plus, ennemis des Anglais. Il leur assura que les Français n'avaient d'autre intention que celle de solliciter leur amitié et de contracter alliance avec eux. Alors, les Colapissas mirent bas les armes et chacun se disputa à qui ferait un accueil plus amical aux Français.

Bienville, après avoir cimenté par des présents son union avec les Colapissas, retourna au fort, où il se reposa quelques jours. Ensuite il remonta la rivière Pascagoulas dont les rives étaient habitées par une branche des Biloxi et par la nation des Moélobies, et poussa son voyage jusque chez les Mobiliens. Toutes ces tribus firent un accueil amical aux Français.

Depuis la navigation de La Salle sur le Mississipi, des chasseurs canadiens ou coureurs de bois étendaient leurs excursions jusqu'au bord de ce fleuve, et des missionnaires auxquels leur zèle pieux ne permettait pas un instant de repos, tant qu'il y avait des hommes qui ignoraient les bienfaits de la religion du vrai Dieu, s'étaient établis parmi les Indiens sur le Ouabache, les Illinois et d'autres rivières qui versent leurs eaux tributaires dans lu Mississipi. Il y en avait même plusieurs qui s'étaient fixés sur les bords du grand fleuve. Le 1er juillet, Sauvolle eut le plaisir inattendu de recevoir la visite de deux de ces missionnaires qui résidaient chez les Taensas et les Yazous. Ces hommes saints qui étaient venus depuis peu porter la parole de l'Evangile parmi les Oumas, ayant entendu dire qu'il y avait une colonie française sur le rivage de la mer, s'abandonnèrent au courant du fleuve et arrivèrent au fort de Biloxi, après avoir traversé les lacs. Leurs noms étaient Montigny et Davion. Ce dernier avait son humble cellule sur une éminence située sur la rive orientale du Mississipi, entre les villes actuelles de St.-Francisville et des Natchez. Cette circonstance fit que l'on appela ce monticule la roche à Davion. C'est là que fut construit, depuis, le fort Adams. Ainsi la modeste hutte du solitaire fit place

à la caserne du soldat. Sur cette éminence, le pasteur des tribus indiennes remplissait ses fonctions sacerdotales. Là, il enseignait les dogmes du christianisme aux sauvages, et lorsqu'il avait dérobé une âme à l'idolâtrie, il puisait l'eau régénératrice du baptême dans le vieux Meschacébé, et lavant la tache originelle, il versait sur le front du néophyte, l'innocence et l'immortalité du chrétien. Telle était la vénération que les Indiens avaient pour cet homme saint, que, même après sa mort, ils portaient leurs nouveau-nés sur la colline sacrée pour attirer sur leurs têtes les bénédictions du ciel.

Iberville, en remontant le fleuve, avait remarqué trois issues, l'une sur le côté oriental, et deux autres sur le côté occidental, qui furent appelés le bayou des Chétimachas et le bayou Plaquemines. A son départ, il avait recommandé à Sauvolle de les faire explorer. En conséquence, celui-ci ordonna à Bienville et à des Canadiens de partir pour cette expédition.

A son retour, Bienville rencontra un bâtiment de guerre anglais, de seize canons, commandé par le capitaine Bar, qui lui apprit qu'il avait laissé au bas du fleuve un autre bâtiment de guerre de la même force, et que le but de son voyage était de sonder le lit du Mississipi, afin de s'assurer des facilités et des avantages qu'il y aurait à établir des colonies anglaises sur le bord de ce fleuve. Le capitaine anglais demanda à Bienville si le fleuve dans lequel il se trouvait était celui qu'il cherchait. Celui-ci lui répondit que le Mississipi était beaucoup plus à l'ouest, que l'erreur dans laquelle il était tombé l'avait conduit dans une dépendance des colonies françaises du Canada, et que les Français avaient déjà un fort considérable et plusieurs autres établissements très étendus sur les bords du fleuve dans lequel il naviguait. Le trop crédule Anglais ajouta foi à ce que lui dit Bienville, et rebroussa chemin. L'endroit où Bienville fit cette rencontre était une pointe très avancée qui avait forcé le bâtiment anglais à s'arrêter, parce que le vent avait cessé d'être favorable pour la contourner. Telle fut l'origine du nom de "Détour des Anglais," que porte aujourd'hui cette partie du fleuve, à cause du détour que les Anglais auraient eu à faire pour continuer de le remonter. Bienville réussit ainsi à déjouer les projets du capitaine Bar, qui fut la dupe d'un mensonge heureux.

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE

[1831—]

WILLIAM M. THORNTON

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE, born in Charleston, South Carolina, October 23, 1831, was and is a Southerner. His mother, Emma Louisa Lanneau, was all Southern—"a loving woman of quick sensibilities," as he describes her, "who had a heart full of true religion, and a head free from theology, true or false." His father, Reverend Benjamin Gildersleeve, was a Northern man who came South in early life, taught in Georgia, removed to Charleston, where he labored as editor and evangelist, shared the life and beliefs and the toils and the adversities and the hopes of the Southerners, and grew to be one with them in political faith and in social creed. In that charming essay of "Formative Influences," written for the *Forum* (February, 1891), and in "The Creed of the Old South," given to the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1892), Dr. Gildersleeve has transmuted for us the memories of his earlier years into literature.

It is easy from these memorials to fill out the picture of the young Southerner's boyhood; the gentle mother in her nursery, teaching him so well that he could read before he was four years of age and signalized the completion of his fifth year by reading the Bible from cover to cover; the father, into whose hands he next came, his teacher and his master and his author, austere Calvinist, doughty Controversialist, finding a certain satisfaction in his boy's literary bent, but "often roused to wrath" by his "performances in construing and doing sums"; the "ungodly great-uncle" who lived on the "Neck," and recited to the truant nephew favorite passages from Shakespeare, immortal but immoral bard, and not to be tolerated in a minister's house; the dour old Scotch custodian of the apprentices' library, who substituted for the prescribed paternal doses of doleful history the stolen sweets of the Waverley novels; all these figures moving amidst a scene of walled-in gardens and shaded streets, trod by the courtly dames and chivalrous gentlemen of the old *régime,* make the setting of the first act in the drama of the life before us.

Under his father's tutelage young Gildersleeve "got through" Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, after the loose method

of that earlier day; advanced into Greek far enough to make out the New Testament and to write a prose version of Plato's "Crito" and a verse translation of "Anacreon," and "picked up French after a fashion," all before he was full thirteen years old. It is interesting to look back on the boyhood of this brilliant Hellenist of our own time and his "performances in construing" to see what inborn genius and tireless labor and unquenchable love for letters have built upon this substructure. But even more interesting is it to look below till we discern the foundations of his spiritual life, the living stones from which that life has grown; the stone of Duty, quarried from the "heroic soul" of that stern old Calvinist; the stone of Love, drawn from the breast of his Southern mother; the stone of Loyalty, part of the social order whereon his boyhood rested; and the stone of Beauty, which has created the artist in the grammarian, the man of letters in the pedagogue.

In 1845 the Gildersleeves removed from Charleston to Virginia. For a time Basil was clerk and bookkeeper to his father, who edited, in Richmond, the *Watchman and Observer*. In 1846 he was matriculated in Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; in 1847 he was transferred to Princeton, whence he was graduated in 1849. After serving for one year as classical master in Dr. Maupin's School in Richmond, Virginia, he sailed for Germany in the summer of 1850 and there studied in the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, and Bonn. In 1853 he received his degree as *Philosophiæ Doctor* from Göttingen and returned to Virginia. "To Germany and the Germans," he writes, "I am indebted for everything professionally in the way of apparatus and method; and for much, very much, in the way of inspiration." In 1903 the same university renewed his diploma as the well-merited honor of a son who

"*Artem grammaticam severe atque eleganter excolendo musis famulari et voluit et potuit, studiorum Græcorum et Latinorum trans oceanum auctor et pater floruit floretque, ingenii lepore copia sententiarum, urbano sermone antiquorum in novo mundo exemplarium felix aemulus.*"

Never was laurel crown more graciously or more worthily placed upon the scholar's head.

Not until 1856, after three years of restless waiting and deferred hopes, was the young Ph.D. admitted to his predestined sphere of work. In the fall of 1856 Gildersleeve entered upon his duties as Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia. His twenty years of service in Virginia, followed by thirty-two in Johns Hopkins, have built for him a world-wide renown. The colleges and universities of his own country have hastened to do him

honor. His is perhaps the unique distinction of receiving from both Oxford and Cambridge in the same year (1905) the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. The young Charlestonian, who learned his first Latin and Greek from a hard-working Presbyterian parson, and roused even him to wrath by his performances in construing, now adds to American scholarship an unwonted luster and gains the applause of his European *confrères* as a "successful rival of the ancient models in the delicacy of his wit, the affluence of his thought, and the polish of his diction."

This is not the place and the writer is not the man to assess the value of Gildersleeve's work as grammarian and as philologue in the broadest and truest sense of that maligned word. Nor need his labors and successes as a teacher detain us, save as these throw light on the growth of his literary style. No man who reads one of his earlier essays, such as that on "Julian the Apostate," and contrasts it with one of the later, such as the Bryn Mawr address on "The Spiritual Rights of Minute Research," will fail to see that our author has traveled far. Freedom has broken down formality, the ease of mastery has supplanted the artifice of apprenticeship. The style is more pregnant if less fluid. The rays of thought and wit and feeling illumine a narrower circle, but concentrate upon it an intenser light. When we seek the reason of this alteration, we seem to discover it in the limitations of the teacher's work. Other audiences may nod; his must be kept alive and awake. So it is that the statelier paragraph is compressed into the pointed sentence; that the flash of the witticism, the sparkle of the epigram, more often breaks in upon the steady beam of thought; and yet this beam is focused more clearly than ever on its object and floods it with a stronger radiance and a whiter light.

One other change in the literary atmosphere of these two fragmentary writings plainly comes from the same cause. The earlier essays play freely over a wide range of topics, although with rare exceptions they are the fruit of classical studies.

The "Emperor Julian," "Lucian," "Apollonius of Tyana," "Xanthippe and Socrates," the "Limits of Culture," "Classics and Colleges," and even the "Legend of Venus" have this root. Yet, even so, they testify to a breadth of culture and of sympathy which found in the vast humanism of the antique world its natural air and its wholesome food. Presently this wide horizon begins to narrow itself. The circle of vision is contracted. No longer the Greeks and their doings and sayings, but the language of the Greeks, begins to absorb his interest. Most of the later utterances reveal the deep preoccupation of his later thought, with speech as the great

art form of the human spirit. But the grammarian remains the humanist in spite of grammar, and reveals even in the "Problems of Greek Syntax" a "meadow of asphodel" bathed in the purple glow that streams from the Muses' heights.

American letters owe to Gildersleeve, the teacher, yet another service. Strict grammarian as he was, insistent upon accuracy even to the extremity of a Greek accent, merciless to blunderers, pitiless to idlers, relentless toward imbeciles, he yet contrived by the force of his genius, and the brilliancy of his exposition to convey a sense of literary form, a feeling for literary excellence, to the veriest dullard in his class. The writer of this inadequate appreciation sat also under other great teachers; but under none so stimulating, so inspiring. The charm of the Hellenic Spirit, its swift mobility, its magic flexibility, its governed freedom, its unerring rectitude, entered into Gildersleeve's thought and into his work. No man ever followed his lectures who did not learn to love letters more, and to love not with the greed of a glutton, but with discernment and with taste. Thus it is that his work, even as a teacher, has passed beyond the realm of philology into the domain of literature. It has generated in the minds of his pupils and through them in the public mind a stronger force of correct literary opinion, discriminating clearly and boldly between the right and the wrong in letters, between the sound and the unsound. If his work in Johns Hopkins has been to create an American school of accomplished Hellenists, his work in Virginia was perhaps not less useful, since it inspired in even wider circles an undying love for letters and scattered broadcast the seeds of appreciation for literary fragrance and artistic form.

This sense of a wider reach, this conviction of a hidden efficiency must be the consolation of those, who else would see in Gildersleeve one of the most brilliant and creative of American essayists, sacrificed on the altars of pedagogy. From the small bulk of his published writings we might select passages that would rival Lowell in charm, or Holmes in wit, or Emerson in insight. And yet to those who know the man and his work, these apparent graces seem the lesser part. Deep down below the surface we feel the stark sincerity, the reverence for truth transfused from the blood of the old Calvinist into the veins of his son. Penetrating his whole nature and radiating into his work we find the sense of beauty, which found in the immortal creations of the genius of antiquity its proper nutriment, the bread and the wine of its life. Conscience and culture have been the twin lamps by which his feet have been guided and his work has been done. If there be a creed in things intellectual,

which has dominated his career and moulded his teaching, it is this:

"Of all the creations of Man naught is imperishable save high thought, to which art has communicated the indestructible form of beauty."

William M. Thurston

LUCIAN

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Of all the Greek writers of the Empire, Lucian presents the most fascinating problems to the student of history. Not Plutarch, the philosophic washerwoman of Chæronea, not Antoninus, the introspective keeper of a pathological peep-show, gives us half so much to think about, gives us half so many glimpses of that world which lived such a varied life, which moved under the impulse of such a complex of forces. But the very suggestiveness of Lucian, the very multiplicity of the figures of his canvas, increases the difficulty of the study. How far is Lucian's picture of his times a portrait; how far is it a caricature? Were it not easier to find the mirror that will draw into a clear image all the blurs and blotches that we find elsewhere, than to determine how far these sharp lines of his have been distorted by perversity, how much these brilliant colors of his have been heightened by rhetorical art? But we do not set ourselves so hard, we had almost said so impossible, a task. Wider reading, deeper reflection, may hereafter lead us to more definite results; but as those results would, in all likelihood, be the outcome of other men's observations and other men's thoughts, we have preferred a more independent course—have read for ourselves and judged for ourselves. It is true that Barrow and Calamy were better preachers than Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain; yet it might have been well for Sir Roger to have deviated once in a while from his rule, and to have given the chaplain a chance to air his native crudities; and so it may be well, in this case, to shut up Wieland and Jacob for a while, and trust a far inferior guide.

If people had any gratitude they would not forget their first introduction to a favorite author any more than their first introduction to the future wife or husband. Some insignificant tea-party, some insectiferous picnic, often becomes invested or infested with portentous interest when connected with a love-affair; while, for the most part, men remember their first reading of a pet writer much less vividly than their first assumption of a tail-coat or their first absorption of a sherry-cobbler. But, as Goethe has said somewhere, ingratitude is a common fault in high-strung natures, and in claiming to be an exception to the observation just made, we are confessing the baseness of the slave that pays a debt.

Our first acquaintance with Lucian dates back to an obsolete collection called the 'Collectanea Græca Minora.' Now, school-books are things to be hated in after years by every well-regulated mind; and every author of a school-book is blessed just in proportion as he is cursed. Nor do we hesitate to say that we still cherish a mortal grudge against the little boy that roasted cockles, in the first fable of the 'Collectanea'—still detest Palæphatus and his attempts to plane away the salient figures of Greek mythology, and still yawn at Hierocles and the scholastici, him who carried a brick with him as a specimen of his house, and him who lashed himself to the anchor in a storm. But from this sweeping censure we must except the dialogues in the 'Collectanea,' which first made Lucian known to us, and gave us the first relish for an author so often mentioned and so little read by the great mass of literary people. Of course your true scholar reads Lucian; for, besides the insight which Lucian gives into the strange life of the Second Century, no author is so important as an expositor of the secrets of Hellenic diction. The Syrian barbarian learned his Greek; and as he did not learn it, parrot-like, by rote, but thought and analyzed before he combined, he who has eyes to see can gather many a lesson from the stone-cutter's apprentice. Even his deviations from Attic usage show that if he has erred he has erred on principle, and he never drops the clue of Greek thought. But while Lucian is especially interesting to the Greek scholar, there are but few of his pieces which are interesting only to the Greek scholar, such as the "Lexiphanes," the "Solecist," and the

"Great Suit of Sigma against Tau." Apart from these, there are not many ancient authors that retain for modern times so much of their essential oil; and Lucian's, we hope, will not be altogether evaporated in our transfusions.

Philostratus, the author of that strange romance, "Apollonius of Tyana," passed Lucian by in his 'Lives of Eminent Professors'; why, we cannot tell; perhaps because he was greater than all their tribe. Slighted by his contemporaries, Lucian was treated still worse by posterity; for the later Christian centuries had no love nor mercy for a man whom they counted to be a contemner of their creed. So Suidas, the old dictionary-maker, calls him a blasphemer and a broken-down lawyer, sneers at the infinite number of his writings, rejoices in the report that he went to the dogs at last by dying of hydrophobia, and winds up his notice with the comforting reflection that this arch-enemy of Chrisianity will be an heir of everlasting burnings, with Satan to bear him company. In these circumstances of neglect and hatred, our safest guide to the history of Lucian must be Lucian himself; and some of his pieces give us glimpses of his life and his training which are of no little importance for the proper appreciation of his restless and varied activity. Of these pieces, "The Dream" is generally put at the beginning of Lucian's collected works, and has often been published separately as a school-book. It tells us that a family council was held over the lad just as he was emerging from boyhood. His father was poor, a higher education was expensive, and his uncle was ready to take him as an apprentice to the statuary's craft; and though it was not a gentlemanly profession, even in its highest branches, Lucian was not disinclined to the trade, and his imagination was busy with the little figures which he was going to make for his friends. And the boy had a genius for it, they say. Why, he used to make very nice cows and horses and men out of the wax which he scraped off his tablets; and thus the naughty trick for which his teacher had thrashed him appeared at this crisis as the prophecy of future distinction. And although the distinction did not come in the expected direction, still it was not in vain that the boy moulded little figures in wax, for the arts are all interactive, and as Phidias copied his Zeus from Homer, so the later poets copied their

Zeus from Phidias. It is not necessary that the writer be a *virtuoso* in painting or in sculpture; and Goethe is a notable warning against misdirected energies. But who shall say that Goethe's power of representation was not increased and his perception of situation intensified by his assiduous practice in drawing; and who can study Lucian's characters and Lucian's groups without recognizing the trained eye of the connoisseur, if not the skilful hand of the sculptor? But a sculptor Lucian was not to be. His first morning's experience disenchanted him. He broke a marble slab which he was set to chisel, and, as the Greeks would say, his uncle rubbed it into him soundly. That night he cried himself to sleep, and in a vision he saw Sculpture and Scholarship contending for him. Of course Scholarship overcame; and at the close of the piece Lucian congratulates himself on his choice, as he reflects how he left Samosata a poor boy; how he returned with no less reputation, to say the least, than any of the tribe of sculptors.

And thus the little Syrian boy of Samosata, on the far-off Euphrates, began a career as brilliant and as unsatisfactory as any in the annals of those times. His "Dream" was written in the first flush of his return to his native country. When that flush dies away we shall have to listen to another story; and the rhetorician will revile rhetoric as sharply as the sculptor's apprentice denounced sculpture. Meanwhile we will review with him his course of life as a lawyer and as a lecturer in the masterly dialogue entitled "The Double Indictment." Zeus opens this piece, which is one of Lucian's best, with a long complaint about the hard life the Immortals lead; and he, above all, as stage-manager and property-man of the Olympic Theatre. Especially does he grumble at the vast number of suits which have accumulated in heaven's chancery; for, what with raining and hailing, thundering and lightning, watching the martial bustle in Babylon, and dining with the "blameless Ethiopians," he has not time to sleep, or to give himself up to the enjoyment of nectar and ambrosia—much less to hear the thousand-and-one quarrels of men. But Hermes tells him that the plaintiffs are importunate and must be despatched; and Zeus resigns himself to the discharge of his wearisome judicial functions—by proxy. Justice is sent to Athens to decide a number of cases, the last of which on the

docket is that of a certain Syrian, in whom we recognize Lucian himself. The first accuser is Rhetoric. "I picked up this fellow," she says, "a mere lad, a barbarian in language and a barbarian in dress, when he was knocking about Ionia and did not know what to do with himself. I took him and made a man of him. I had other loves enough, rich and handsome and high-born. I left them all and married this poor, young obscurity. I brought him a fine dowry and gave him the freedom of the republic of letters. I went with him wherever he wished to parade his lucky match—to Greece, to Ionia, to Italy, to Gaul. For a long time he was faithful, and never slept a night away from me; but when he got rich and prosperous he took up with one Dialogue, reputed son of Madam Philosophy, and now he stays with him altogether. He has chopped up his fine, flowing sentences into short, comic questions. Instead of thundering applause, he prefers the nods and grins and the "hear, hear" of his auditors; and instead of being touched by my fidelity, he has no eyes for anyone except his old billy-goat of a friend, whom, by the way, he is said to treat very badly. In view of all this, I charge this Syrian husband of mine with desertion and maltreatment; and if he dare answer, let him answer, if he can, not with the art which I taught him, but according to the precepts of his beloved Dialogue."

In his reply Lucian acknowledges all the past kindness of Rhetoric to him, but he denies her fidelity. Instead of adhering to her native simplicity and wearing the graceful, modest garb of the time of Demosthenes, she must needs play the fine lady, dress her hair after the fashion of the *lorettes* of the day, rub paint into her face, blacken her lower eyelids. Lovers began to multiply. The street was full of drunken suitors, and Madam, highly delighted with her popularity, would peep at them from the roof, or slip out to them through the door. However, with a due sense of her early love, he would not put her away openly, and was content to withdraw to the house of a quiet friend of his, one Dialogue. "The fact is," said he, "I am forty years old and more. I am tired of the noise of the real courts and the trouble of cajoling real juries. I am weary of tirades against fictitious tyrants and laudations of supposed heroes, and I want to spend the rest

of my days in cosey chat with friend Dialogue in the groves of Academe or in the walks of the Lyceum."

Acquitted of this charge by an almost unanimous vote, Lucian finds himself confronted with a new and unexpected accuser. That very Dialogue, whom he had praised so highly, turned against him. Dialogue complains that Lucian had dragged him down from the lofty regions of the sky, in which he was wont to disport himself, and had forced him to act a comic part; had changed him from a soaring eagle to a funny dog, and with a peculiar malice had left just enough of the original form to make people stare at the droll hybrid. To this Lucian replies that all these changes have been so many improvements; that he had made Dialogue walk on earth like other reasonable folk, washed his dirty face, taught him to laugh, given him some popularity, suggested common-sense subjects for discussion, and, barbarian as he was, had not robbed him of the robe of Hellenic diction.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH

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A FEW months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travelers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief and fitful to be of any value to the historian of the war. For

my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over 'The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,' and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to some one outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge—for the horse

seemed to me mainly responsible—the details are somewhat cumbrous. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kernstown a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bareheaded, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride—foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of "deboshed" younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid "deboshed," of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a doughty stock, of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one

noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign—a rude school of warfare—I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts—a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value"; and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips—the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant:

"Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn."

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of

the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up—dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well. The eighteenth of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College room-mates; on the twenty-first, the day of the great battle, the other fell—both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore; and from that day to the end, great battle and outpost skirmish brought me, week by week, a personal loss in men of the same type.

The surrender of the Spartans on the island of Sphacteria was a surprise to friend and foe alike; and the severe historian of the Peloponnesian War pauses to record the answer of a Spartan to the jeering question of one of the allies of the Athenians—a question which implied that the only brave Spartans were those who had been slain. The answer was tipped with Spartan wit; the only thing Spartan, as some one has said, in the whole un-Spartan affair. "The arrow," said he, "would be of great price if it distinguished the brave men from the cowards." But it did seem to us, in our passionate grief,

that the remorseless bullet, the remorseless shell, had picked out the bravest and the purest. It is an old cry—

"Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten."

Still, when Schiller says in the poem just quoted,

"Denn Patroklus liegt begraben
Und Thersites kommt zurück,"

his illustration is only half right. The Greek Thersites did not return to claim a pension.

Of course, what was to all true Confederates beyond a question "a holy cause," "the holiest of causes," this fight in defense of "the sacred soil" of our native land, was to the other side "a wicked rebellion" and "damnable treason," and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these *epitheta ornantia* continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honor in the Art Annex, or by whatever un-English name they called it, was given to Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist's eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued even to the end of

the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture—the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of *The Atlantic* have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, not without profit, says, "The citizen of the republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any state in the country." What it is to be a native of any state in the country, especially an old state with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "to-day" is superfluous. The Union was a word of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one state as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers. 'The University Memorial,' which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate War, two hundred in number—this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the 'Memorial' of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same

eloquence. The State was imperiled, and parties disappeared; and of the combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the states together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater—nay, as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see "the old flag" floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just

as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian War was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian Empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a state means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian War, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow-radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the states are sovereign, each state must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the Presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the

United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way—a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date—they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as the pressure of the war grew tighter the more sombre did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a 'Comic History of the War,' but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs *in esse,* but also eggs *in posse.* So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordi-

nary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Non-combatants were especially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I do not criticise, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity asserted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the fissure made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from Colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one—for military purposes.

The war began, the war went on—this politicians' conspiracy, this slaveholders' rebellion, as it was variously called by those who sought its source, now in the disappointed ambition of the Southern leaders, now in the desperate determination of a slaveholding oligarchy to perpetuate their power, and to secure forever their proprietorship in their "human chattels." On this theory the mass of the Southern people were but puppets in the hands of political wirepullers, or blind followers of hectoring "patricians." To those who know the Southern people nothing can be more absurd; to those who know their personal independence, to those who know the deep interest which they have always taken in politics, the keen intelligence with which they have always followed the questions of the day. The court-house green was the political university of the Southern masses, and the hustings the professorial chair, from which the great political and economical questions of the day were presented, to say the least, as fully and intelligently as in the newspapers to which so much enlightenment is attributed. There was no such system of rotten boroughs, no

such domination of a landed aristocracy, throughout the South as has been imagined, and venality, which is the disgrace of current politics, was practically unknown. The men who represented the Southern people in Washington came from the people, and not from a ring. Northern writers who have ascribed the firm control in Congress of the National Government which the South held so long to the superior character, ability, and experience of its representatives do not seem to be aware that the choice of such representatives and their prolonged tenure show that in politics, at least, the education of the Southerner had not been neglected. The rank and file then were not swayed simply by blind passion or duped by the representations of political gamesters. Nor did the lump need the leavening of the large percentage of men of the upper classes who served as privates, some of them from the beginning to the end of the war. The rank and file were, to begin with, in full accord with the great principles of the war, and were sustained by the abiding conviction of the justice of the cause. Of course there were in the Southern Army, as in every army, many who went with the multitude in the first enthusiastic rush, or who were brought into the ranks by the needful process of conscription; but it is not a little remarkable that few of the poorest and the most ignorant could be induced to forswear the cause and to purchase release from the sufferings of imprisonment by the simple process of taking the oath. Those who have seen the light of battle on the faces of these humble sons of the South, or witnessed their steadfastness in camp, on the march, in the hospital, have not been ashamed of the brotherhood.

There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of State Rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original states, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these states had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants.

something more than a territory transformed into a state by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its Creator.

In claiming this individuality, nothing more is claimed for Virginia and for South Carolina than would be conceded to Massachusetts and Connecticut; and we believed then that Massachusetts and Connecticut would not have behaved otherwise than we did, if the parts had been reversed. The brandished sword would have shown what manner of *placida quies* would have ensued, if demands had been made on Massachusetts at all commensurate with the Federal demands on Virginia. These older Southern States were proud of their history, and they showed their pride by girding at their neighbors. South Carolina had her fling at Georgia, her fling at North Carolina; and the wish that the little State had been scuttled at an early day was a plagiarism from classical literature that might have emanated from the South as well as from the North. Virginia assumed a superiority that was resented by her Southern sisters as well as by her Northern partners. The Old North State derided the pretensions of the commonwealths that flanked her on either side, and Georgia was not slow to give South Carolina as good as she sent. All this seemed to be harmless banter, but the rivalry was old enough and strong enough to encourage the hopes of the Union leaders that the Confederacy would split along state lines. The cohesive power of the Revolutionary War was not sufficiently strong to make the states sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticised. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild, the other day, over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider

patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In 'Gerfaut,' a novel written before the Franco-Prussian War, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian"—"*trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin,*" adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that "patriotisme de clocher." The Breton's love of his home is familiar to everyone who has read his 'Renan,' and Blanche Willis Howard, in 'Guenn,' makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provençal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorporation, what is to be said of the states that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

The example of state pride set by the older states was not lost on the younger Southern States, and the Alabamian and the Mississippian lived in the same faith as did the stock from which they sprang; and the community of views, of interest, of social order, soon made a larger unit and prepared the way for a true nationality, and with the nationality a great conflict. The heterogeneousness of the elements that made up the Confederacy did not prove the great source of weakness that was expected. The Border States looked on the world with different eyes from the Gulf States. The Virginia farmer and the Creole planter of Louisiana were of different strains; and yet there was a solidarity that has never failed to surprise the few Northerners who penetrated the South for study and pleasure. There was an extraordinary ramification of family and social ties throughout the Southern States, and a few minutes' conversation sufficed to place any member of the social organism from Virginia to Texas. Great schools, like the University of Virginia, within the Southern border did

much to foster the community of feeling, and while there were not a few Southerners at Harvard and Yale, and while Princeton was almost a Southern college, an education in the North did not seem to nationalize the Southerner. On the contrary, as in the universities of the Middle Ages, groups were formed in accordance with nativity; and sectional lines, though effaced at certain points, were strengthened at others. There may have been a certain broadening of view; there was no weakening of the home ties. West Point made fewer converts to this side and to that than did the Northern wives of Southern husbands, the Southern wives of Northern husbands.

All this is doubtless controvertible, and what has been written may serve only to amuse or to disgust those who are better versed in the facts of our history and keener analysts of its laws. All that I vouch for is the feeling; the only point that I have tried to make is the simple fact that, right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and that there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause. Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it. There were those in the South who, when they saw the issue of the war, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause.

It is perfectly possible to be fully persuaded in one's own mind without the passionate desire to make converts that animates the born preacher, and anyone may be excused from preaching when he recognizes the existence of a mental or moral color-blindness with which it is not worth while to argue. There is no umpire to decide which of the disputants is color-blind, and the discussion is apt to degenerate into a wearisome reiteration of points which neither party will concede. Now this matter of allegiance is just such a question. Open the October number of *The Atlantic* and read the sketch of General Thomas, whom many military men on the Southern side consider to have been the ablest of all the Federal generals. He was, as everyone knows, a Virginian, and it seemed to us that his being a Virginian was remembered against him in the Federal councils. "His severance," says the writer in *The Atlantic,* "from family and state was a keen trial, but 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' To his vision there was but one country—the United States of America. He had

few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold." Passing over the quiet assumption that the North was the United States of America, which sufficiently characterizes the view of the writer, let us turn to the contrast which would at once have suggested itself even if it had not been brought forward by the eulogist of Thomas. A greater than Thomas decided the question at the same time, and decided it the other way. To Lee's vision there was but one course open to a Virginian, and the pledge that he had given when Virginia was one of the United States of America had ceased to bind him when Virginia withdrew from the compact. His duty was clear from the hour when to remain in the army would have been to draw his sword against a people to whom he was "indissolubly bound."

These contrasted cases are indeed convenient tests for color-blindness. There may "arise a generation in Virginia," or even a generation of Virginians, "who will learn and confess" that "Thomas loved Virginia as well as" the sons "she has preferred to honor, and served her better." But no representative Virginian shares that prophetic vision; the color-blindness, on whichever side it is, has not yielded to treatment during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the close of the war, and may as well be accepted for an indefinite period. When social relations were resumed between the North and the South—they followed slowly the resumption of business relations—what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature and art and other elegant and uncompromising subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or

burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Everyone knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his "lashing hail" against the South and the Southern cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect, and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of 'The Bigelow Papers,' cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the Anti-Jacobin or the Twopenny Post Bag. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican War, and as my party had been successful I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the Government to which he had

sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction, as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way—the author of the line

"Virginia gave us this imperial man,"

and the follower of that other imperial man Virginia gave the world: both honest, each believing the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

Scant allusion has been made in this paper to the subject of slavery, which bulks so large in almost every study of the war. A similar scantiness of allusion to slavery is noticeable in the Memorial volume, to which I have already referred; a volume which was prepared, not to produce an impression on the Northern mind, but to indulge a natural desire to honor the fallen soldiers of the Confederacy; a book written by friends for friends. The rights of the state and the defense of the country are mentioned at every turn; "the peculiar institution" is merely touched on here and there, except in one passage in which a Virginian speaker maintains that as a matter of dollars and cents it would be better for Virginia to give up her slaves than to set up a separate government, with all the cost of a standing army which the conservation of slavery would make necessary. This silence, which might be misunderstood, is plain enough to a Southern man. Slavery was simply a test case, and except as a test case it is too complicated a question to be dealt with at the close of a paper which is already too long. Except as a test case it is impossible to speak of the Southern view of the institution, for we were not all of the same mind.

There were theorists who maintained that a society based on the rock of slavery was the best possible in a world where there must be a lowest order; and the doctrine of the "mud-sill" as propounded by a leading thinker of this school evoked mud volcanoes all over the North. Scriptural arguments in defense of slavery formed a large part of the literature of the subject, and the hands of Southern clergymen were upheld by their conservative brothers beyond the border.

Some who had read the signs of the times otherwise knew

that slavery was doomed by the voice of the world, and that no theory of society could withstand the advance of the new spirit; and if the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made indefinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem, and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed.

There were the practical men who saw in the negro slave an efficient laborer in a certain line of work, and there were the practical men who doubted the economic value of our system as compared with that of the free states, and whom the other practical men laughed to scorn.

There was the small and eminently respectable body of benevolent men who promoted the scheme of African colonization, of which great things were expected in my boyhood. The manifest destiny of slavery in America was the regeneration of Africa.

The people at large had no theory, and the practice varied as much in the relation of master and servant as it varied in other family relations. Too much tragedy and too much idyl have been imported into the home life of the Southern people; but this is not the place to reduce poetry to prose.

On one point, however, all parties in the South were agreed, and the vast majority of the people of the North—before the war. The Abolitionist proper was considered not so much the friend of the negro as the enemy of society. As the war went on, and the Abolitionist saw the "glory of the Lord" revealed in a way he had never hoped for, he saw at the same time, or rather ought to have seen, that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty; else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled, and the horrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land. For the negro race does not deserve undivided praise for its conduct during the war.

Let some small part of the credit be given to the masters, not all to the finer qualities of their "brothers in black." The school in which the training was given is closed, and who wishes to open it? Its methods were old-fashioned and were sadly behind the times, but the old schoolmasters turned out scholars who, in certain branches of moral philosophy, were not inferior to the graduates of the new university.

I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and I fear a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war—it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal—and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came

from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line—too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead Trojans:

"Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent."

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

OSCILLATIONS AND NUTATIONS OF PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES

An address delivered at the Philological Congress, Philadelphia, December 27, 1900.

THE mocking Samosatan, whom I have already cited in this discourse, has left us a famous tractate on the "True Method of Writing History," the greater part of which is taken up with the exemplifications of the different ways in which history is not to be written. Of the constructive side he has little to say, and I am afraid I have followed his example too closely. But I am content to leave to others the pleasing theme of the positive progress of philological science during the last fifty years—despite the vagaries, despite the blunders, despite the oscillations, the nutations and the whirligigs, and to a great extent because of them. That advance has indeed been prodigious, especially in the last quarter of a century; and European scholars, even the most bigoted of them, find that they have to count with a new factor and have to recognize in our philological work a national stamp. As an American I am proud of what we have done; but there is no danger that the purely scientific side of our work will suffer, and if I have recalled perhaps in too audacious fashion some of the abandoned idols, some of the forsaken fads of our science, it is because I wish to emphasize in closing the danger lest we forget that philology is not all a science, that it is an art as well. Shall I make bold to say: The things of science are temporal, the things of art are eternal? Doubtless many of you would reverse that saying, but it is to the conviction that philology is not all science, it is to the quest of art through science that I owe the joy of life in my vocation. A philosopher has been called a *poëte manqué*—and perhaps you will say that a philologian of the type that I would set up might in like manner be defined as a *litterateur manqué*. It is better to be a plodding man of science than a mouthing and phrasing rhetorician; and we have every right to show impatience with literary *bric-à-brac* in our calling, and to insist on technical training for the critic of Plato and the eulogist of Demosthenes . . . . There are alembicated stylists in vogue who are quite as hateful to those who truly love and truly

know as the most horny-eyed dullard who deals with dead facts. We are all on the side of exact, of exhaustive knowledge. But there is danger for us all in the divorce of our science from the art in which it arose and from which it still has so much to gain. Time was when the scholar, as a rule, paid strict attention to the form as well as to the contents of his message. Now slovenly English, English that is infected with German words and German idioms, is the rule rather than the exception in papers that deal with every aspect of philological study, even the most spiritual; and in order to get back to the realm of clearness and sane expression there are those who cry aloud for the lost Latin of our grandfathers, and the cry is reinforced by those who despair of mastering the tongues of the Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and all the outlying peoples that publish journals of philology. We cannot afford to neglect the regulative side of grammar and to make the name of philologian a reproach, if not a hissing, in the realm of literature. Something, nay much, is to be said in favor of the sedulous imitation of the authors whom we undertake to teach, and as I have already intimated, the old translators can give us important hints in this regard. Robert Louis Stevenson, as is well known, learned to handle the instrument which he mastered so thoroughly by the close imitation of different models of English composition, and his essay on style shows how he rediscovered the laws of ancient rhetoric. Synthesis leads to analysis as well as analysis to synthesis, perhaps more readily; and from the purely scientific point of view the practice of composition is far from being fruitless, and stylists may be the saviors of grammar as architects have been the saviors of archæology.

PROBLEMS IN GREEK SYNTAX

From *American Journal of Philology*, Vol. XXIII.

It is a droll fate that a man whose ambition for all his early years was to be a poet, or, failing that, to be a man of letters, should have his name, so far as he has a name at all, associated with that branch of linguistic study which is abhorrent to so many finely constituted souls. But when I renounced literature as a profession and betook myself to teaching, I found that there was no escape from grammar, if I was to be honest in my calling. Every teacher must spend much time in the study of grammar if he is to do his duty, for no teacher finds any grammar satisfactory at all points. Each author has a grammar of his own, written or unwritten. Each student has a grammar of his own, has his ways of adjusting the phenomena to his range of vision or *vice versa,* less frequently *vice versa.* As soon as one begins to handle the language practically, to set exercises, to correct exercises, even in the elementary form of retroversion, problems are sure to arise. The rules will not work; the facts will not fit into the scheme; analysis will not yield synthesis; the prepositions and the cases are rebellious; and the moods and tenses will not reproduce themselves when the test of retranslation is applied. It is in the very beginnings that the troubles show themselves. In Greek verse composition, in Latin verse composition, the problems are not so obtrusive. They are veiled in phraseology, and hence in the mosaic of Greek and Latin verses there are much fewer errors in grammar than might be expected from the very slender knowledge that the artists display when they come to write on grammatical subjects. One is reminded of the way in which Aristophanes mimics epic syntax. True, in almost all modern productions of this kind the eye of the student of historical syntax will detect absurd lapses, absurd anachronisms, absurd violations of sphere; but if we are to lay righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet, there will be no enjoyment of any artificial poetry, there will be no pleasure in the study of the Alexandrians or in the contemplation of the Greek anthology. There is such a thing as being too sensitive. One scholar tells us that Victor Hugo

lost somewhat of his French touch by his residence in Jersey. Another that Lysias had lived too long in the West to be considered a safe guide in the matter of Atticism. Let us not be too hard to please; let us not break the bruised 'Reeds of Cam' nor pluck to pieces the paper 'Garland of the Severn,' nor stop our ears to the 'Whispers of the Hesperides.' The advantage that comes to the individual from the close study of diction and versification is undeniable, and the cheap fun that has been made of Latin and Greek verse-wrights ought not to lead scholars who have not been brought up under English influences to sneer at exercises that have positive value. What English scholar would be guilty of such quantities as German *Gelehrte* inflict on a long-suffering public? What sterner demand for practice in verse-making could be made than has been made of late by Wilamowitz—one of the most brilliant scholars of our day? No translator 'is he that cannot translate both ways.' But the advantage is an individual advantage and belongs to a range of studies that the world rightly or wrongly has agreed to discard. *Versus et cetera ludicra pono.* The teacher's main business is to account for the phenomena of the authors read in class; and composition is tolerated chiefly for the exactness it gives in the command of the facts. It is just here, just in the daily explanation of the texts, just in the correction of exercises, that almost every thoughtful teacher finds difficulties more or less abundant, according to his vision, according to his temperament. And my first studies in Greek syntax were of this practical kind. Many of the formulæ reached during twenty years of teaching were deposited in the notes of my edition of 'Justin Martyr,' which I have elsewhere compared to a hunter's *cache,* and much that I have written since is little more than a justification of rules and principles established or verified in the course of my classwork. Established or verified, I say. To the eye of the specialist the novelties are few indeed; and what I have fancied was my own may have been nothing but reminiscence. Questions of originality and priority concern me little. He would be a poor teacher who should not hit upon a happy phrase, an apt formula now and then. What I am desirous of setting forth is the point of view which, apart from the moral obligations of the teacher,

has given grammatical research so large a place in my professional life. But of this point of view, this creed, this ideal, I have written at some length in my essay on "Grammar and Æsthetics"; and I will not repeat what I have set down there. Suffice to say, the study of Greek syntax would always have imposed itself on me as a duty; but take away its spiritual, its artistic content, and it would cease to be for me the meadow of asphodel it has been for years. It would lack the purple glow that lights up the arid plain of grammar until it becomes the Elysian fields of art. It is the moral, the æsthetic side of the study that has interested me from the beginning, and it is the glimpses of the moral and the æsthetic side that have made me less forlorn. The man in Bunyan was so busy with his muck-rake that he did not see the crown of glory that was over his head. The muck-rake is sometimes the only instrument by which the crown of glory can be reached.

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN

[1794—1888]

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN, the daughter of Samuel Howard, a shipwright of Boston, Massachusetts, was born in that city on October 8, 1794. After the death of her father in 1797 she went with her mother to reside in the country, where, restless, literary, and pious, she spent a precocious girlhood. After living in various towns in New England they finally settled in Cambridge, where her mother died. At ten she wrote verses and at sixteen began her literary career by publishing "Jephthah's Rash Vow," a poem of considerable promise. This was followed by "Jairus's Daughter," a poem which appeared in *The North American Review.* In 1819 she married the Reverend Samuel Gilman, D.D. (1791-1858), who shortly afterwards made his home in Charleston, South Carolina, where he resided as pastor of the Unitarian Church until his death. He was widely known as a public-spirited clergyman of scholarly tastes, who found in literature a congenial avocation. Numerous articles were contributed by him to the *North American Review,* the *Boston Christian Examiner,* and the London *Monthly Repository,* the best of which were reprinted in a volume entitled, 'Contributions to Literature, Descriptive, Critical and Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical,' (1856). He published, also, 'Memoirs of a New England Choir' (1829), and 'Pleasures and Pains of a Student's Life' (1852). Of his poetical compositions, "Fair Harvard" and "The History of a Ray of Light" are best known.

On August 11, 1832, Mrs. Gilman founded *The Rosebud, or Youth's Gazette,* the first weekly newspaper for children in this country. Her venture proved successful, and with several modifications of name was finally expanded into *The Southern Rose* (1836-1839), a popular magazine for older readers. Owing to the failing health of its editor, its publication was suspended in 1839. In these periodicals, of which Mrs. Gilman was editor and chief contributor, appeared most of her literary work, and it is evident from an examination of their contents that she was a writer of remarkable versatility and industry. We know that her talents were highly respected by the distinguished literary coterie in which William Gilmore Simms was the presiding spirit. In 1870 she removed to

Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later to Washington, where she died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lippitt, on September 15, 1888.

Mrs. Gilman was the most eminent woman writer of South Carolina, and almost the only professional woman of letters in that State prior to the Civil War. Her writings, both in prose and verse, are so decidedly meritorious as to deserve honorable mention in the history of American literature. Her books for children especially enjoyed in the author's lifetime a well-earned popularity. Her prose stories and sketches constitute an interesting and important section of her writings. The two volumes of 'Recollections,' which contain many vivid sketches of Northern and Southern life, passed through several editions and are still readable for their sprightly humor, grace of expression, and original portraiture of character. Her 'Verses of a Lifetime' contain some fairly good poetry, particularly in the division entitled "Thoughts in Journeying." The ballads and dramatic sketches are of less value. Her most enduring contribution to the national anthology consists of a few lyric poems that have kept sweet and fresh and still seem the utterance of a living voice. Chief among these is "Annie in the Graveyard," a charming piece of poetic composition, not only in its Wordsworthian simplicity of imagery and phrase, but also in its fine portrayal of the mystery and innocence of childhood. The effect of the repetition in the third line of each stanza is peculiarly felicitous. Another piece of reflective verse, "To the Ursulines," is almost its peer in the delicacy of its etching, its subtle human interest, and its exquisite beauty of form. Mrs. Gilman's most popular poem is, perhaps, the boat-song "Trancadillo," though the two mentioned above, also "The American Boy" and "A Child's Wish in June," have been frequently reprinted in poetical collections.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

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Mrs. Gilman was either author or editor of the following publications: 'Recollections of a New England Housekeeper' (1835), 'Recollections of a Southern Matron' (1836), 'The Rosebud Wreath,' 'The Poetry of Traveling in the United States' (1838), 'The Ladies' Annual Register' (1838-1839), 'Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion of Charleston' (1839), 'Ruth Raymond; or, Love's Progress' (1840), 'Verses of a Lifetime' (1849), 'Oracles from the Poets' (1849), 'Sibyl; or, New Oracles from the Poets,' 'Oracles for Youth' (1852), 'Stories and Tales for Children,' 'Tales and Ballads,' 'The Humming-Bird,' 'The Little Wreath,' 'Mrs. Gilman's Gift-Book of Stories and Poems for Children' (1859), 'Memorial of Dr. Samuel Gilman' (1860), and 'Poems and Stories by a Mother and Daughter' (1872), the last volume written in collaboration with Mrs. Carolina Howard Jervey (1823-1877), author of two novels, 'Vernon Grove' (1859), and 'Helen Courtenay's Promise' (1866).

THE COLONEL'S CLOTHES

From 'Recollections of a Southern Matron, 1867.

EVERY man has some peculiar taste or preference, and, I think, though papa dressed with great elegance, his was a decided love of his old clothes; his garments, like his friends, became dearer to him from their wear and tear in his service, and they were deposited successively in his dressing-room, though mamma thought them quite unfit for him. He averred that he required his old hunting-suits for accidents; his summer jackets and vests, though faded, were the coolest in the world; his worm-eaten but warm *roquelaure* was admirable for riding about the fields, etc. In vain mamma represented the economy of cutting up some for the boys and giving others to the servants; he would not consent, nor part with articles in which he said he felt at home. Often did mamma remonstrate against the dressing-room's looking like a haberdasher's shop; often did she take down a coat, hold it up to the light, and show him perforations that would have honored New Orleans or Waterloo; often, while Chloe was flogging the pantaloons, which ungallantly kicked in return, did she declare that it was a sin and a shame for her master to have

such things in the house; still the anti-cherubic shapes accumulated on the nails and hooks, and were even considered as of sufficient importance to be preserved from the fire at the burning of Roseland.

Our little circle about this time was animated by a visit from a peddler. As soon as he was perceived crossing the lawn, with a large basket on his arm and a bundle slung across a stick on his shoulder, a stir commenced in the house. Mamma assumed an air of importance and responsibility; I felt a pleasurable excitement; Chloe's and Flora's eyes twinkled with expectation; while, from different quarters, the house servants entered, standing with eyes and mouth silently open, as the peddler, after depositing his basket and deliberately untying his bundle, offered his goods to our inspection. He was a stout man, with a dark complexion, pitted with the small-pox, and spoke in a foreign accent. I confess that I yielded myself to the pleasure of purchasing some gewgaws, which I afterwards gave to Flora, while mamma looked at the glass and plated ware.

"Ver' sheap," said the peddler, following her eye, taking up a pair of glass pitchers; "only two dollars—sheap as dirt. If te lady hash any old closhes, it is petter as money." Mamma took the pitchers in her hand with an inquisitorial air, balanced them, knocked them with her small knuckles—they rang as clear as a bell—examined the glass—there was not a flaw in it. Chloe went through the same process; they looked significantly at each other, nodded, set the pitchers on the slab, and gave a little approbatory cough.

"They are certainly very cheap," said mamma.

"They is, for true, my mistress," said Chloe, with solemnity, "and more handsomer than Mrs. Whitney's that she gin six dollars for at Charleston."

"Chloe," said mamma, "were not those pantaloons you were shaking to-day quite shrunk and worn out?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she; "and they don't fit nohow. The last time the colonel wore them he seemed quite *onrestless.*"

"Just step up," said her mistress, "and bring them down; but stay—what did you say was the price of these candlesticks, sir?"

"Tish only von dollars; but tish more cheaper for te old

closhes. If te lady will get te old closhes, I will put in te pellows and te prush, and it ish more sheaper, too."

Chloe and mamma looked at each other, and raised their eyebrows.

"I will just step up and see those pantaloons," said mamma, in a consulting tone. "It will be a mercy to the colonel to clear out some of that rubbish. I am confident he can never wear the pantaloons again; they are rubbed in the knees, and require seating, and he never *will* wear seated pantaloons. These things are unusually cheap, and the colonel told me lately we were in want of a few little matters of this sort." Thus saying, with a significant whisper to me to watch the peddler, she disappeared with Chloe.

They soon returned, Chloe bearing a variety of garments, for mamma had taken the important *premier pas*. The pantaloons were the first produced. The peddler took them in his hand, which flew up like an empty scale, to show how light they were; he held them up to the sun, and a half contemptuous smile crossed his lips; then shaking his head, he threw them down beside his basket. A drab overcoat was next inspected, and was also thrown aside with a doubtful expression.

"Mr. Peddler," said mamma, in a very soft tone, "you must allow me a fair price; these are excellent articles."

"Oh, ver' fair," said he, "but te closhes is not very goot; te closhes-man is not going to give me noting for dish," and he laid a waistcoat on the other two articles.

Mamma and Chloe had by this time reached the depths of the basket, and, with sympathetic exclamations, arranged several articles on the slab.

"You will let me have these pitchers," said mamma, with a look of concentrated resolution, "for that very nice pair of pantaloons."

The peddler gave a short whistle expressive of contempt, shook his head, and said, "Tish not possibles. I will give two pisher and von prush for te pantaloon and waistcoat."

Mamma and Chloe glanced at each other and at me; I was absorbed in my own bargains, and said, carelessly, that the pitchers were perfect beauties. Chloe pushed one pitcher a little forward, mamma pushed the other on a parallel line, then poised a decanter, and again applied her delicate knuckles

for the test. That, too, rang out the musical, unbroken sound, so dear to the housewife's ear, and, with a pair of plated candlesticks, was deposited on the table. The peddler took up the drab overcoat.

"Te closhes-man's give noting for dish."

Mamma looked disconcerted. The expression of her face implied the fear that the peddler would not even accept it as a gift. Chloe and she held a whispering consultation. At this moment Binah came in with little Patsey, who, seeing the articles on the slab, pointed with her dimpled fingers, and said her only words,

"Pretty! pretty!"

At the same moment, Lafayette and Venus, the two little novices in furniture-rubbing, exclaimed,

"Ki! if dem ting an't shine too much!"

These opinions made the turning-point in mamma's mind, though coming from such insignificant sources.

"So they are pretty, my darling," said mamma to Patsey; and then, turning to the peddler, she asked him what he would give in exchange for the pantaloons, the waistcoat, and the coat.

The peddler set aside two decanters, one pitcher, the plated candlesticks, and a hearth-brush.

"Tish ver' goot pargains for te lady," said he.

Mamma gained courage.

"I cannot think of letting you have all these things without something more. You must at least throw in that little tray," and she looked at a small scarlet one, worth perhaps a quarter of a dollar.

The peddler hesitated, and held it up so that the morning sun shone on its bright hues.

"I shall not make a bargain without *that,*" said mamma, resolutely.

The peddler sighed, and laying it with the selected articles, said:

"Tish ver' great pargains for te lady."

Mamma smiled triumphantly, and the peddler, tying up his bundle and slinging his stick, departed with an air of humility.

Papa's voice was soon heard, as usual, before he was seen.

"Rub down Beauty, Mark, and tell Diggory to call out the hounds."

There was a slight embarrassment in mamma's manner when he entered, mingled with the same quantity of bravado. He nodded to her, tapped me on the head with his riding-whip, gave Patsey a kiss as she stretched out her arms to him, tossed her in the air, and returning her to her nurse, was passing on.

"Do stop, colonel," said mamma, and admire my bargains. See this cut glass and plate that we have been wishing for, to save our best set."

"What, this trash?" said he, pausing a moment at the table —"blown glass and washed brass! Who has been fooling you?"

"Colonel," said mamma, coloring highly, "how can you—"

"I cannot stop a minute now, wife," said he. "Jones and Ferguson are for a hunt to-day! They are waiting at Drake's corner. It looks like falling weather, and my old drab will come in well to-day."

Mamma looked frightened, and he passed on upstairs. He was one of those gentlemen who keep a house alive, as the phrase is, whether in merriment or the contrary, and we were always prepared to search for his hat, or whip, or slippers, which he was confident he put in their places, but which, by some miracle, were often in opposite directions. Our greatest trial, however, was with mamma's and his spectacles, for they had four pairs between them—far-sighted and near-sighted. There were, indeed, *optical* delusions practised with them; for when papa wanted his they were hidden behind some pickle-jar; and when mamma had carefully placed hers in her key-basket they were generally found in one of papa's various pockets; when a distant object was to be seen, he was sure to mount the near-sighted, and cry "pshaw!" and if a splinter was to be taken out, nothing could be found but the far-sighted ones, and he said something worse: sometimes all four pairs were missing, and such a scampering ensued!

We now heard a great outcry upstairs. "Wife! Chloe! Cornelia! come and find my drab coat!" We looked at each other in dismay, but papa was not a man for delay, and we obeyed his summons.

"Wife," said he, beating aside the externals of man that hung about his dressing-room, "where is my drab coat?"

Mamma swallowed as if a dry artichoke was in her throat, as she said, slowly, "Why, colonel, you know you had not worn that coat for months, and as you have another one, as a *roquelaure,* and the coat was full of moth-holes, I exchanged it with the peddler for cut glass and plate."

"Cut devils!" said papa, who liked to soften an oath by combinations; "it was worth twenty dollars—yes, more, because I felt at home in it. I hate new coats as I do—"

"But, colonel," interrupted mamma, "you did not see the scarlet tray, and the—"

"Scarlet nonsense," shouted papa; "I believe, if they could, women would sell their husbands to those rascally peddlers!"

Beauty and the hounds were now pronounced ready. I followed papa to the piazza, and heard his wrath rolling off as he cantered away.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD

From 'Verses of a Life-Time.'

She bounded o'er the graves,
  With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
  Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
  And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
  With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
  That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word
And her busy thoughts were stirred
  With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
  Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf
Sweet monument of grief.
  That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
  'Twas near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile—
And played with it awhile,
  Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
  Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart,
Oh, bitter drops will start
  Full soon in coming years.

TO THE URSULINES

From 'The Poetry of Traveling in the United States.'

Oh pure and gentle ones, within your ark
  Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark
  By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with heaven,
  World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given,
  And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
  To plume his wing—
Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
  And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
  To court the sky—
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
  To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun, to tread his path in might
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within *your* ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

MY GARDEN

My garden, fresh and beautiful!—the spell of frost is o'er,
And earth sends out its varied leaves, a rich and lavish store;
Thy heart, too, breaks its wintry chain, with stem and leaf and flower,
And glows in hope and happiness amid the spring-tide hour.

'Tis sunset in my garden—the flowers and buds have caught
Bright revelations from the skies in wondrous changes wrought;
And as the twilight hastens on, a spiritual calm
Seems resting on the quiet leaves, which evening dews embalm.

'Tis moonlight in my garden; like some fair babe at rest,
The day-flower folds its silky wings upon its pulseless breast;
Nor is it vain philosophy to think that plants may keep
A holiday of airy dreams, beneath their graceful sleep.

'Tis morning in my garden; each leaf of crisped green,
Hangs tremulous in diamond gems with emerald rays between;
It is the birth of nature; baptized in early dew,
The plants look meekly up and smile, as if their god they knew.

My garden, fair and brilliant!—the butterfly outspread
Alights with gentle fluttering on the wallflower's golden head;
Then darting to the lily bed, floats o'er its sheeted white,
And settles on the violet cup with fanciful delight.

My quiet little garden!—I hear the rolling wheel
Of the city's busy multitude along the highway peal;
I tread thy paths more fondly, and inhale the circling air,
That glads and cools me on its way from that wide mart of care.

My friendly little garden!—few worldly goods have I
To tender with o'erflowing heart in blessed charity:
But, like a cup of water by a pure disciple given,
A herb or flower may tell its tale of kindliness in heaven.

My small herbescent garden!—what though I may not raise
High tribute to thy fruitfulness in these familiar lays—
Yet, when thy few shrunk radishes I pluck with eager haste,
They seem a daintier food to me than gods ambrosial taste.

And as for those *three* artichokes, the fruits of toilsome care,
And my angel-visit cucumbers that come so scarce and rare,
And the straggling ears of corn that shoot so meagre, thin and small—
To me they still outweigh the hoards that crowd the market-stall.

I own I have mistakenly oft trained a vulgar weed,
And rooted up with savage hand some choice and costly seed.
And boiled a precious bulbous-root, of lineage high and rare,
And planted onions in a jar with most superfluous care.

But truth springs out of error, and right succeeds to wrong,
Mistakes that wound, and weeds that vex, give morals to my song,
That bid me clear my mental soil, and calmly look within,
To check the growth of earth's wild weeds, of passion and of sin.

To nobler themes, and hopes, and joys, my garden culture tends,
To that high world where only bloom, without the weed, ascends,
I lift my soul in reverie, enraptured and alone,
Still coining links of thought that wreathe my spirit to God's throne.

Yet sadness sometimes fills my mind, as each unfolding sweet
Springs up in ready beauty beneath my household's feet,
For some young hand that gathers now the plants that gaily wave,
May shortly lie in withered bloom within the dreary grave.

My faith-inspiring garden!—thy seeds so dark and cold,
Late slept in utter loneliness amid earth's senseless mould;
No sunbeams fell upon them, nor west wind's gentle breath—
But there they lay in nothingness, an image meet of death.

Now, lo! they rise in gorgeous ranks, and glad the eager eye,
And on the wooing summer breeze their odor passes by;
The flower-grave cannot chain them, the spirit-life upsprings,
And scatters beauty in its path, from thousand unseen wings.

My garden! may the morning dew rest lightly on thy bowers,
And summer clouds distil around their most refreshing showers;
And when the daily sun withdraws his golden tent above,
May moon and stars look watchful down, and bless thee with their love!

TO A MOCKING-BIRD IN A CAGE

Bird of the South! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken—
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
Joy to the happy, soothing to the sad;
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,
And I am glad.

And I will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home,
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,
Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding,
Still swell the note of human joy aloud;
Nor, with untrusting soul, kind heaven upbraiding,
Sigh mid the crowd.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

"Mother, how still the baby lies—
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

"My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

"They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now—
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here—
A wither'd worm you thought?

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

"Look at the chrysalis, my love—
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wandering thoughts above
To where your insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold!

"Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range:

"How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things."

SONG OF THE WANDERER

There are sweet plants springing around my house,
  But I cannot cull their flowers!
There are green walks asking the feet to roam,
  Where the sun has kissed off the showers!

The wild birds are singing familiar lays,
  But I cannot hear their trilling;
The waterfall still on the river plays,
  But it wakes not my bosom's thrilling.

The moonlight sleeps upon rocking leaves,
  But I cannot watch their motion!
The night air freshly the light cloud weaves,
  But I am far over the ocean!

Sunny smiles rest on the lips of friends,
  But I am not there to greet them;
And many a hand in welcome extends,
  But my hand is not there to meet them!

Yet in Him who rules over that fairy home,
  My lone heart is still confiding,
Since wherever on earth my footsteps roam,
  I feel the Eternal presiding.

ELLEN ANDERSEN GHOLSON GLASGOW

[1874—]

ROSEWELL PAGE

ELLEN GLASGOW, the novelist, was born in Richmond, Virginia, on April 22, 1874. On her father's side she comes of that Scotch-Irish stock which, settling in the Valley of Virginia, made that section famous and sent forth its children to render the whole South illustrious. On her mother's side she belongs to that stock which in peace and war have been notable in the annals of the State for thought and action. This is a good setting for the picture of this Virginia girl who stands in the opinion of some by the side of Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Ward.

How and where she got the information upon the questions of which she writes, are the same questions asked about Fanny Burney and those other precocious women who have surprised the world with their work and made it feel the strength that has come forth at the mouth of babes. For at an age when George Eliot had just begun her work, this woman has published half a dozen notable books.

An old garden, an old library, and association with people of ideas and ideals are potent influences in the formative period of any life. Add to these the intimate knowledge of the most revolutionary and emotional period in the life of a brave people who have suffered and been strong, and see the effect upon a child of clear perception, strong will, and tireless energy. A successful future might be predicated thereupon in almost any field of endeavor. But with this, there may be that wanting which no critic can define—the one thing needful, and without which such incidents and environments may be but the marks of a high and charming, but unproductive culture.

The child taken by its mother to see the cook make the wonderful cake asked how it was done. When told the ingredients, he asked "What else?" "Then you put in the stuff." "And what is that?" asked the boy. "That's what makes the cake; but that's a *secret!*" So with Letters. Some call it genius; some, the divine afflatus. But by whatever term described, it is the secret which cannot be defined. It is the essential, the vision of the transfiguration, the gift of God.

In 1897, when she was twenty-three years old, Miss Glasgow's first novel, 'The Descendant,' appeared. It was a notable book, but

was thought crude. Its tragic ending with Michael dead after Rachel had proclaimed that she would fight *God* for him was thought ultra, and the book was characterized as "disagreeable." The next year there appeared her book, 'The Phases of an Inferior Planet.' There is much in this book that grates upon those who like to read only of what is bright and cheerful. The scene of the book is laid in New York. It tells of the struggle, the heartache, and the suffering, of the street, the stage and the Church. It is in many respects real; but the keynote is one of pessimism.

In 1900 'The Voice of the People' was published. A story of political life in Virginia after the war between the States. It tells of conventions, elections, and their incidents. The hero finally gives his life to the mob for the criminal. The story is well told, and gives a picture of an unsettled period in the life of the people. In 1902 'The Battle-Ground' was published. It is a picture of the South or of Virginia just before and during the war. The negroes, the children, the schools, the University, the war, the surrender, with the picture of General Lee at Appomattox, make a highly interesting book.

Two years later, in 1904, she published 'The Deliverance.' It is probably her best book. It is the country life of the South after the war. The story turns on the false admission of an act of murder and the service in the penitentiary by the hero to protect the boy who has committed murder, under the influence if not at the instigation of the hero, who thus makes the expiation and allows the boy who actually committed the crime to escape.

In 'The Wheel of Life,' which appeared in 1906, Miss Glasgow changes the scene from her own native country to New York. It is a "novel of manners." The smart set, the club life, the exclusive circle all figure in it. It is very interesting, but perhaps the best drawn characters in it are the Southerners, from which one may infer that her familiarity with these characters is greater than with the others, and may account for their more accurate portrayal. To quote what reviewers across the water think of this book, I cite the *Spectator's* observation that it is "extremely clever, very subtile and slightly disagreeable," and that of the *Athenæum* that "the average level of the tale is extraordinarily high; but it does not rise to anything that matters very much anywhere." The *Spectator's* criticism is the more just; for to picture the life of a great city or even a part of it accurately does matter.

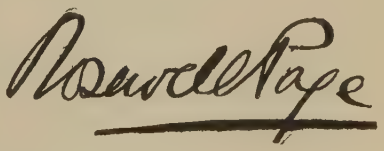
In 1908, this year, her latest book, 'The Ancient Law,' appears. The hero is a Wall Street dealer who has served a sentence in the State prison for having violated the law in relation to honest business dealing, and spends his life making atonement therefor.

The heartlessness of the business world, its selfishness and narrowness, and the effect on morals and manners are well shown, as is the shiftlessness and thriftlessness of those gentle Virginia people who, dwelling under new conditions, maintain a semblance of a past life which was to some an incentive to action, and to others the goadings of despair.

In 1902 Miss Glasgow published a small volume of poems, 'The Freeman and Other Poems,' characterized by strength and feeling rather than by imagination. Since that time she has published some promising fugitive pieces in the magazines.

To sum up the work that this writer has done, one may say that it is characterized by painstaking effort, by strength, and sincerity of purpose. If her work does not appeal to certain readers, in spite of the fact that her books have been among the great sellers on their first appearance, it is due to the choice of subjects and the somber coloring with which they are clad.

That her books lack humor her greatest admirers cannot deny; but even in this criticism it must be remembered that humor is generally wanting in the tragedies of life. She has dealt with many of the hidden mysteries of life, and has dealt with them with a master's hand. Psychology is not generally a popular subject, and when it is put into a novel none but the hand of a master can make it endurable. Such subjects do not appeal to novel-readers generally, but this woman before she is thirty-five years old has laid hold on the great questions of human endeavor and handled them with a power that might only be expected of maturer age. In the choice and treatment of her subjects she is nearer to Ibsen than to George Eliot.



IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT

From 'The Battle-Ground.' Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company. By permission of the publishers.

As the dark fell Dan found himself on the road with a little company of stragglers, flying from the pursuing cavalry that drew off slowly as the darkness gathered. He had lost his regiment, and, as he went on, he began calling out familiar names, listening with strained ears for an answer that would tell of a friend's escape. At last he caught the outlines of a gigantic figure relieved on a hillock against the pale green west, and, with a shout, he hurried through the swarm of fugitives and overtook Pinetop, who had stooped to tie his shoe on with a leather strap.

"Thank God, old man!" he cried. "Where are the others?"

Pinetop, panting yet imperturbable, held out a steady hand.

"The Lord knows," he replied. "Some of 'em air here an' some ain't. I was goin' back agin to git the flag, when I saw you chased like a fox across the creek with it hangin' on yo' back. Then I kinder thought it wouldn't do for none of the regiment to answer when Marse Robert called, so I came along right fast and kep' hopin' you would follow."

"Here I am," responded Dan, "and here are the colors." He twined the silk more closely about his arm, gloating over his treasure in the twilight.

Pinetop stretched out his great rough hand and touched the flag as gently as if he were a woman.

"I've fought under this here thing goin' on four years now," he said, "and I reckon when they take it prisoner, they take me along with it."

"And me," added Dan; "poor Granger went down, you know, just as I took it from him. "He fell fighting with the pole."

"Wal, it's a better way than most," Pinetop replied, "an' when the angel begins to foot up my account on Jedgment Day, I shouldn't mind his cappin' the whole list with 'he lost his life, but he didn't lose his flag.' To make a blamed

good fight is what the Lord wants of us, I reckon, or He wouldn't have made our hands itch so when they touch a musket."

Then they trudged on silently, weak from hunger, sickened by defeat. When at last the disorganized column halted, and the men fell to the ground upon their rifles, Dan kindled a fire and parched his corn above the coals. After it was eaten they lay down side by side and slept peacefully on the edge of an old field.

For three days they marched steadily onward, securing meager rations in a little town where they rested for awhile, and pausing from time to time to beat off a feigned attack. Pinetop, cheerful, strong, undaunted by any hardship, set his face unflinchingly toward the battle that must clear a road for them through Grant's lines. Had he met alone a squadron of cavalry in the field, he would probably have taken his stand against a pine and aimed his musket as coolly as if a squirrel were the mark. With his even temper, and his gloomy gospel of predestination, his heart could swell with hope even while he fought single-handed in the face of battalions. What concerned him, after all, was not so much the chance of an ultimate victory for the cause, as the determination in his own mind to fight it out as long as he had a cartridge remaining in his box. As his fathers had kept the frontier, so he meant, on his own account, to keep Virginia.

On the afternoon of the third day, as the little company drew near to Appomattox Court House, it found the road blocked with abandoned guns and lined by exhausted stragglers, who had gone down at the last halting-place. As it filed into an open field beyond a wooded level, where a few campfires glimmered, a group of Federal horsemen clattered across the front, and, as if by instinct, the column formed into battle line, and the hand of every man was on the trigger of his musket.

"Don't fire, you fools!" called an officer behind them in a voice sharp with irritation. "The army has surrendered!"

"What! Grant surrendered?" thundered the line, with muskets at a trail as it rushed into the open.

"No, you blasted fools—we've surrendered," shouted the voice, rising hoarsely in a gasping indignation.

"Surrendered, the deuce!" scoffed the men, as they fell back into ranks. "I'd like to know what General Lee will think of your surrender?"

A little colonel, with his hand at his sword-hilt, strutted up and down before a tangle of dead thistles.

"I don't know what he thinks of it, he did it," he shrieked, without pausing in his walk.

"It's a damn lie!" cried Dan, in white heat. Then he threw his musket on the ground, and fell to sobbing the dry, tearless sobs of a man who feels his heart crushed by a sudden blow.

There were tears on all the faces round him, and Pinetop was digging his great fists into his eyes, as a child does who has been punished before his playmates. Beside him a man with an untrimmed, shaggy beard hid his distorted features in shaking hands.

"I ain't blubberin' fur myself," he said defiantly, "but—O Lord, boys—I'm cryin' fur Marse Robert."

Over the field the beaten soldiers, in ragged gray uniforms, were lying beneath little bushes of sassafras and sumach and to the right a few campfires were burning in a shady thicket. The struggle was over, and each man had fallen where he stood, hopeless for the first time in four long years. Up and down the road groups of Federal horsemen trotted with cheerful unconcern, and now and then a private paused to make a remark in friendly tones; but the men beneath the bushes only stared with hollow eyes in answer—the blank stare of the defeated who have put their strength into the fight.

Taking out his jack-knife, Dan unfastened the flag from the hickory pole on which he had placed it, and began cutting it into little pieces, which he passed to each man who had fought beneath its folds. The last bit he put into his own pocket, and trembling like one gone suddenly palsied, passed from the midst of his silent comrades to a pine stump on the border of the woods. Here he sat down and looked hopelessly upon the scene before him—upon the littered roads and the great blue lines encircling the horizon.

So this was the end, he told himself, with a bitterness that choked him like a grip upon the throat; this the end of

his boyish ardor, his dream of fame upon the battle-field, his four years of daily sacrifice and suffering. This was the end of the flag for which he was ready to give his life three days ago. With his youth, his strength, his very bread thrown into the scale, he sat now with wrecked body and blighted mind, and saw his future turn to decay before his manhood was well begun. Where was the old buoyant spirit he had brought with him into the fight? Gone forever; and in its place he found his maimed and trembling hands and limbs weakened by starvation as by long fever. His virile youth was wasted in the slow struggle, his energy was sapped drop by drop; and at the last he saw himself burned out like the battle-fields, where the armies had closed and opened, leaving an impoverished and ruined soil. He had given himself for four years, and yet when the end came he had not earned so much as an empty title to take home for his reward. The consciousness of a hard-fought fight was but the common portion of them all, from the greatest to the humblest on either side. As for him, he had but done his duty like his comrades in the ranks, and by what right of merit should he have raised himself above their heads? Yes, this was the end, and he meant to face it standing with his back against the wall.

Down the road a line of Federal privates came driving an ox before them, and he eyed them gravely, wondering in a dazed way if the taste of victory had gone to their heads. Then he turned slowly, for a voice was speaking at his side, and a long blue coat was building a little fire hard by.

"Your stomach's pretty empty, ain't it, Jimmy?" he inquired, as he laid the sticks crosswise with precise movements, as if he had measured the length of each separate piece of wood. He was lean and rawboned, with a shaggy red mustache and a wart on his left cheek. When he spoke he showed an even row of strong white teeth.

Dan looked at him with a kind of exhausted indignation.

"Well, it's been emptier," he returned shortly.

The man in blue struck a match and held it carefully to a dried pine branch, watching, with a serious face, as the flame licked the rosin from the crossed sticks. Then he placed a quart pot full of water on the coals, and turned to

meet Dan's eyes, which had grown ravenous as he caught the scent of beef.

"You see we somehow thought you Johnnies would be hard up," he said in an offhand manner, "so we made up our minds we'd ask you to dinner and cut our rations square. Some of us are driving over an ox from the camp, but as I was hanging round and saw you all by yourself on this old stump, I had a feeling that you were in need of a cup of coffee. You haven't tasted real coffee for some time, I guess."

The water was bubbling over and he measured out the coffee and poured it slowly into the quart cup. As the aroma filled the air, he opened his haversack and drew out a generous supply of raw beef, which he broiled on little sticks and laid on a spread of army biscuits. The larger share he offered to Dan with the steaming pot of coffee.

"I declare it'll do me downright good to see you eat," he said, with a hospitable gesture.

Dan sat down beside the bread and beef, and, for the next ten minutes ate like a famished wolf, while the man in blue placidly regarded him. When he had finished he took out a little bag of Virginian tobacco and they smoked together beside the waning fire. A natural light returned gradually to Dan's eyes, and while the clouds of smoke rose high above the bushes, they talked of the last great battles as quietly as of the Punic Wars. It was all dead now, as dead as history, and the men who fought had left the bitterness of the camp followers to the ones who stayed at home.

"You have fine tobacco down this way," observed the Union soldier, as he refilled his pipe and lighted it with an ember. Then his gaze followed Dan's, which was resting on the long blue lines that stretched across the landscape.

"You're feeling right bad about us now," he pursued, as he crossed his legs and leaned back against a pine, "and I guess it's natural; but the time will come when you'll know that we weren't the worst you had to face."

Dan held out his hand with something of a smile.

"It was a fair fight and I can shake hands," he responded.

"Well, I don't mean that," said the other thoughtfully. "What I mean is just this, you mark my words—after the battle comes the vultures. After the army of fighters comes

the army of those who haven't smelled the powder. And in time you'll learn that it isn't the man with the rifle that does the most of the mischief. The damned coffee boilers will get their hands in now—I know 'em."

"Well, there's nothing left, I suppose, but to swallow it down without any fuss," said Dan wearily, looking over the field where the slaughtered ox was roasting on a hundred bayonets at a hundred fires.

"You're right, that's the only thing," agreed the man in blue; then his keen eyes were on Dan's face.

"Have you got a wife?" he asked bluntly.

Dan shook his head as he stared gravely at the embers.

"A sweetheart, I guess? I never met a Johnnie who didn't have a sweetheart."

"Yes, I've a sweetheart—God bless her!"

"Well, you take my advice and go home and tell her to cure you, now she's got the chance. I like your face, young man, but if I ever saw a half-starved and sickly one, it is you. Why, I shouldn't have thought you had strength to raise your rifle."

"Oh, it doesn't take much strength for that; and besides the coffee did me good, I was only hungry."

"Hungry, hump!" grunted the Union soldier. "It takes more than hunger to give a man that blue look about the lips; it takes downright starvation." He dived into his haversack and drew out a quinine pill and a little bottle of whiskey.

"If you'll just chuck this down it won't do you any harm," he went on, "and if I were you, I'd find shelter before I went to sleep to-night; you can't trust April weather. Get into that cow shed over there or under a wagon."

Dan swallowed the quinine and the whiskey, and as the strong spirit fired his veins, the utter hopelessness of his outlook muffled him into silence. Dropping his head into his open palms, he sat dully staring at the whitening ashes.

After a moment the man in blue rose to his feet and fastened his haversack.

"I live up by Bethlehem, New Hampshire," he remarked, "and if you ever come that way, I hope you'll look me up; my name's Moriarty."

"Your name's Moriarty, I shall remember," repeated Dan, trying with a terrible effort to steady his quivering limbs.

"Jim Moriarty, don't you forget it. Anybody at Bethlehem can tell you about me; I keep the biggest store around there." He went off a few steps and then came back to hold out an awkward hand in which there was a little heap of silver.

"You'd just better take this to start you on your way," he said; "it ain't but ninety-five cents—I couldn't make out the dollar—and when you get it in again you can send it to Jim Moriarty at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Good-by, and good luck to you this time."

He strode off across the field, and Dan, with the silver held close in his palm, flung himself back upon the ground and slept until Pinetop woke him with a grasp upon his shoulder.

"Marse Robert's passin' along the road," he said. "You'd better hurry."

Struggling to his feet Dan rushed from the woods across the deserted field, to the lines of conquered soldiers standing in battle rank upon the roadside. Between them the Commander had passed slowly on his dapple gray horse, and when Dan joined the ranks it was only in time to see him ride onward at a walk, with the bearded soldiers clinging like children to his stirrups. A group of Federal cavalrymen, drawn up beneath a persimmon tree, uncovered as he went by, and he returned the salute with a simple gesture. Lonely, patient, confirmed in courtesy, he passed on his way, and his little army returned to camp in the strip of pines.

" 'I've done my best for you,' that's what he said," sobbed Pinetop. " 'I've done my best for you,'—and kissed old Traveller's mane."

Without replying, Dan went back into the woods and flung himself down on the spread of tags. Now that the fight was over all the exhaustion of the four years, the weakness after many battles, the weariness after the long marches, had gathered with accumulated strength for the final overthrow.

For three days he remained in camp in the pine woods, and on the third, after waiting six hours in a hard rain outside his general's tent, he secured the little printed slip which signified to all whom it might concern that he had become a prisoner on his parole. Then, after a sympathetic word to

the rest of the division, shivering beneath the sassafras bushes before the tent, he shook hands with his comrades under arms and started with Pinetop down the muddy road. The war was over, and foot-sore, in rags and with aching limbs, he was returning to the little valley where he had hoped to trail his glory.

Down the long road the gray rain fell straight as a curtain, and on either side tramped the lines of beaten soldiers who were marching, on their word of honor, to their distant homes. The abandoned guns sunk deep in the mud, the shivering men lying in rags beneath the bushes, and the charred remains of campfires among the trees were the last memories Dan carried from the four years' war.

Some miles farther on, when the pickets had been passed, a man on a black horse rode suddenly from a little thicket and stepped across their path.

"You fellows haven't been such darn fools as to give your parole, have you?" he asked in an angry voice, his hand on his horse's neck. "The fight isn't over yet and we want your muskets on our side. I belong to the partisan rangers, and we'll cut through to Johnston's army before daylight. If not, we'll take to the mountains and keep up the war forever. The country is ours, what's to hinder us?"

He spoke passionately, and at each sharp exclamation the black horse rose on his haunches and pawed the air.

Dan shook his head.

"I'm out on parole," he replied, "but as soon as I'm exchanged, I'll fight if Virginia wants me. How about you, Pinetop?"

The mountaineer shuffled his feet in the mud and stood solemnly surveying the landscape.

"Wal, I don't understand much about this here parole business," he replied. "It seems to me that a slip of paper with printed words on it that I have to spell out as I go, is a mighty poor way to keep a man from fightin' if he can find a musket. I ain't steddyin' about this parole, but Marse Robert told me to go home to plant my crop, and I'm goin' home to plant it."

"It is all over, I think," said Dan with a quivering lip, as he stared at the ruined meadows. The smart was still

fresh, and it was too soon for him to add, with knowledge that would come to him from years—"it is better so." Despite the grim struggle and the wasted strength, despite the impoverished land and the nameless graves that filled it, despite even his own wrecked youth and the hard-fought fields where he had laid it down—despite all these a shadow was lifted from his people, and it was worth the price.

They passed on, while the black horse pawed the dust, and the rider hurled oaths at their retreating figures. At a little house a few yards down the road they stopped to ask for food, and found a woman weeping at the kitchen table, with three small children clinging to her skirts. Her husband had fallen at Five Forks, she said, the safe was empty, and the children were crying for bread. Then Dan slipped into her hand the silver he had borrowed from the Union soldier, and the two returned penniless to the road.

"At least we are men," he said almost apologetically to Pinetop, and the next instant turned squarely in the mud, for a voice from the other side had called out shrilly:

"Hi, Marse Dan, whar you gwine now?"

"Bless my soul, it's Big Abel," he exclaimed.

Black as a spade and beaming with delight, the negro emerged from the swarm upon the roadside and grasped Dan's outstretched hands.

"Whar you gwine dis a-way, Marse Dan?" he inquired again.

"I'm going home, Big Abel," responded Dan, as they walked on in a row of three. "No, don't shout, you scamp; I'd rather lie down and die upon the roadside than go home like this."

"Well, you ain' much to look at, dat's sho'," replied Big Abel, his face shining like polished ebony, "en I ain' much to look at needer; but dey'll have ter recollect de way we-all wuz befo' we runned away; dey'll have ter recollect you in yo' fine shuts en fancy waistcoats, en dey'll have ter recollect me in yo' ole uns. Sakes alive! I kin see dat one er yourn wid de little bit er flowers all over hit des' es plain es ef 'twuz yestiddy."

"The waistcoats are all gone now," said Dan gravely, "and so are the shirts. The war is over and you are your own

master, Big Abel. You don't belong to me from this time on."

Big Abel shook his head, grinning.

"I reckon hit's all de same," he remarked cheerfully, "en I reckon we'd es well be gwine on home, Marse Dan."

"I reckon we would," said Dan, and they pushed on in silence.

MARIA STANDS ON CHRISTOPHER'S GROUND

From 'The Deliverance.' Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

A BROAD yellow beam sliding under the door brought Maria into sudden consciousness, and rising hastily from the straw, where her figure had shaped an almost perfect outline, she crossed the dusky floor smelling of trodden grain and went out into the early sunshine, which slanted over the gray fields. A man trundling a wheelbarrow from the market garden, and a milkmaid crossing the lawn with a bucket of fresh milk, were the only moving figures in the landscape, and after a single hurried glance about her she followed the straight road to the house and entered the door, which Malindy had unlocked.

Meeting Fletcher a little later at breakfast, she found, to her surprise, that he accepted her presence without question and made absolutely no allusion to the heated conversation of the evening before. He looked sullen and dirty, as if he had slept all night in his clothes, and he responded to Maria's few good-humored remarks with a single abrupt nod over his coffee-cup. As she watched him a feeling of pity for his loneliness moved her heart, and when he rose hastily at last and strode out into the hall she followed him and spoke gently, while he paused to take down his hat from one of the antlers near the door.

"If I could only be of some use to you, grandfather," she said; "are you sure there is nothing I can do?"

With his hand still outstretched, he hesitated an instant and stood looking down upon her, his heavy features wrinkling into a grin.

"I've nothing against you as a woman," he responded,

"but when you set up and begin to charge like a judge, I'll be hanged if I can stand you."

"Then I won't charge any more. I only want to help you and to do what is best. If you would but let me make myself of some account."

He laughed not unkindly, and flecked with his stubby forefinger at some crumbs which had lodged in the folds of his cravat.

"Then I reckon you'd better mix a batch of dough and feed the turkeys," he replied, and touching her shoulder with his hat-brim, he went hurriedly out of doors.

When he had disappeared beyond the last clump of shrubbery bordering the drive, she remembered the lantern she had left hanging in the barn, and, going to look for it, carried it upstairs to her room. In the afternoon, however, it occurred to her that Christopher would probably need the light by evening, and swinging the handle over her arm, she set out across the newly ploughed fields toward the Blake cottage. The stubborn rustic pride which would keep him from returning to the Hall aroused in her a frank, almost tender amusement. She had long ago wearied of the trivial worldliness of life; in the last few years the shallowness of passion had seemed its crowning insult, and over the absolute sincerity of her own nature the primal emotion she had heard in Christopher's voice exerted compelling charm. The makeshift of a conventional marriage had failed her utterly; her soul had rejected the woman's usual cheap compromise with externals; and in her almost puritan scorn of the vanities by which she was surrounded she had attained the moral elevation which comes to those who live by an inner standard of purity rather than by outward forms. In the largeness of her nature there had been small room for regret or for wasted passion, and until her meeting with Christopher on the day of her home-coming he had existed in her imagination only as a bright and impossible memory. Now, as she went rapidly forward along the little path that edged the field, she found herself wondering if, after all, she had worn unconsciously his ideal as an armor against the petty temptations and the sudden melancholies of the last six years.

As she neared the fence that divided the two farms she

saw him walking slowly along a newly turned furrow, and when he looked up she lifted the lantern and waved it in the air. Quickening his steps, he swung himself over the rail with a single bound, and came to where she stood amid a dried fringe of last summer's yarrow.

"So you are none the worse for the night in the barn?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, I dreamed the most beautiful dreams," she replied, "and I had the most perfect sleep in the world."

"Then the mice kept away?"

"At least they didn't wake me."

"I stayed within call until sunrise," he said quietly. "You were not afraid?"

Her rare smile shone suddenly upon him, illumining the delicate pallor of her face. "I knew that you were there," she answered.

For a moment he gazed steadily into her eyes, then with a decisive movement he took the lantern from her hand and turned as though about to go back to his work.

"It was very kind of you to bring this over," he said, pausing beside the fence.

"Kind? Why, what did you expect? I knew it might hang there forever, but you would not come for it."

"No, I should not have come for it," he replied, swinging the lantern against the rails with such force that the glass shattered and fell in pieces to the ground.

"Why, what a shame!" said Maria; "and it is all my fault."

A smile was on her face as he looked at her.

"You are right—it is all your fault;" he repeated, while his gaze dropped to the level of her lips and hung there for a breathless instant.

With an effort she broke the spell which had fallen over her, and, turning from him, pointed to the old Blake graveyard on the little hill.

"Those black cedars have tempted me for days," she said. "Will you tell me what dust they guard so faithfully?"

He followed her gesture with a frown.

"I will show you, if you like," he answered. "It is the only spot on earth where I may offer you hospitality."

"Your people are buried there?"

"For two hundred years. Will you come?"

While she hesitated, he tossed the lantern over into his field and came closer to her side. "Come," he repeated gently, and at his voice a faint flush spread slowly from her throat to the loosened hair upon her forehead. The steady glow gave her face a light, a radiance, that he had never seen there until to-day.

"Yes, I will come if you wish it," she responded quietly.

Together they went slowly up the low, brown incline over the clods of upturned earth. When they reached the bricked-up wall, which had crumbled away in places, he climbed over into the bed of periwinkle and then held out his hands to assist her in descending. "Here, step into that hollow," he said, "and don't jump till I tell you. Ah, that's it; now, I'm ready."

At his words she made a sudden spring forward, her dress caught on the wall, and she slipped lightly into his outstretched arms. For the half of a second he held her against his breast; then, as she released herself, he drew back and lifted his eyes to meet the serene composure of her expression. He was conscious that his own face flamed red hot, but to all outward seeming she had not noticed the incident which had so moved him. The calm distinction of her bearing struck him as forcibly as it had done at their first meeting.

"What a solemn place," she said, lowering her voice as she looked about her.

For answer he drew aside the screening boughs of a cedar and motioned to the discolored marble slabs strewn thickly under the trees.

"Here are my people," he returned gravely. "And here is my ground."

Pausing, she glanced down on his father's grave, reading with difficulty the inscription beneath the dry dust from the cedars.

"He lived to be very old," she said after a moment.

"Seventy years. He lived exactly ten years too long."

"Too long?"

"Those last ten years wrecked him. Had he died at sixty he would have died happy."

He turned from her, throwing himself upon the carpet of

periwinkle, and coming to where he lay, she sat down on a granite slab at his side.

"One must believe that there is a purpose in it," she responded, raising a handful of fine dust and sifting it through her fingers, "or one would go mad over the mystery of things."

"Well, I dare say the purpose was to make me a tobacco-grower," he replied grimly, "and if so, it has fulfilled itself in a precious way. Why, there's never been a time since I was ten years old when I wouldn't have changed places, and said 'thank you,' too, with any one of those old fellows over there. They were jolly chaps, I tell you, and led jolly lives. It used to be said of them that they never won a penny nor missed a kiss."

"Nor learned a lesson, evidently. Well, may they rest in peace; but I'm not sure that their wisdom would carry far. There are better things than gaming and kissing, when all is said."

"Better things? Perhaps."

"Have you not found them?"

"Not yet; but then, I can't judge except tobacco, you know."

For a long pause she looked down into his upturned face.

"After all, it isn't the way we live nor the work we do that matters," she said slowly, "but the ideal we put into it. Is there any work too sordid, too prosaic, to yield a return of beauty?"

"Do you think so?" he asked, and glanced down the hill to his ploughshare lying in the ripped-up field. "But it is not beauty that some of us want, you see—it's success, action, happiness, call it what you will."

"Surely they are not the same. I have known many successful people, and the only three perfectly happy ones I ever met were what the world calls failures."

"Failures?" he echoed, and remembered Tucker. Her face softened, and she looked beyond him to the blue sky, shining through the interlacing branches of bared trees.

"Two were women," she pursued, clasping and unclasping the quiet hands in her lap, "and one was a Catholic priest who had been reared in a foundling asylum and educated by charity. When I knew him he was on his way to a leper island

in the South Seas, where he would be buried alive for the remainder of his life. All he had was an ideal, but it flooded his soul with light. Another was a Russian Nihilist, a girl in years and yet an atheist and a revolutionist in thought, and her unbelief was in its way as beautiful as the religion of my priest. To return to Russia meant death; she knew, and yet she went back, devoted and exalted, to lay down her life for an illusion. So it seems, when one looks about the world, that faith and doubt are dry and inanimate forms until we pour forth our heart's blood, which vivifies them."

She fell silent, and he started and touched softly the hem of her black skirt.

"And the other?" he asked.

"The other had a stranger and a longer story, but if you will listen I'll tell it to you. She was an Italian, of a very old and proud family, and as she possessed rare loveliness and charm, a marriage was arranged for her with a wealthy nobleman, who had fallen in love with her before she left her convent. She was a rebellious soul, it seems, for the day before her wedding, just after she had patiently tried on her veil and orange blossoms, she slipped into the dress of her waiting-maid and ran off with a music teacher—a beggarly fanatic, they told me—a man of red republican views, who put dangerous ideas into the heads of the peasantry. From that moment, they said, her life was over; her family shut their doors upon her, and she fell finally so low as to be seen one evening singing in the public streets. Her story touched me when I heard it; it seemed a pitiable thing that a woman should be wrecked so hopelessly by a single moment of mistaken courage; and after months of searching I at last found the place she lived in, and went one May evening up the long winding staircase to her apartment—two clean, plain rooms, which looked on a little balcony where there were pots of sweet basil and many pigeons. At my knock the door opened and I knew her at once in the beautiful white face and hands of the woman who stood a little back in the shadow. Her forty years had not coarsened her as they do most Italian women, and her eyes still held the unshaken confidence of extreme youth. Her husband was sleeping in the next room, she said; he had but a few days more to live, and he had been

steadily dying for a year. Then, at my gesture of sympathy, she shook her head and smiled.

" 'I have had twenty years,' she said, 'and I have been perfectly happy. Think of that when so many women die without having even a single day of life. Why, but for the one act of courage that saved me, I myself might have known the world only as a vegetable knows the garden in which it fattens. My soul has lived, and though I have been hungry and cold and poorly clad, I have never sunk to the level of what they would have made of me. He is a dreamer,' she finished gently, 'and though his dreams were nourished upon air, and never came true except in our thoughts, still they have touched even the most common things with beauty.' While she talked, he awoke and called her, and we went to see him. He complained a little fretfully that his feet were cold, and she knelt down and warmed them in the shawl upon her bosom. The mark of death was on him, and I doubt if even in the fulness of his strength he were worthy of the passion he inspired—but that, after all, makes little difference. It was a great love, which is the next best thing to a great faith."

As she ended, he raised his eyes slowly, catching the fervor of her glance.

"It was more than that—it was a great deliverance," he said.

Then, as she rose, he followed her from the graveyard, and they descended the low brown hill together.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

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From that night there was a new element in Lydia's relation to him, an increased consideration, almost a deference, as if, for the first time, he had shown himself capable of commanding her respect. This change, which would have pleased him, doubtless, twenty years before, had only the effect now of adding to his depression, for he saw in it a tribute from his wife not to his higher, but to his lower nature. All his patient ideals, all his daily self-sacrifice, had not touched her

as had that one instant's violence; and it occurred to him, with a growing recognition of the hopeless inconsistency of life, that if he had treated her with less delicacy, less generosity, if he had walked roughshod over her feminine scruples, instead of yielding to them, she might have entertained for him by this time quite a wholesome wifely regard. Then the mere possibility disgusted him, and he saw that to have compromised with her upon any lower plane would have been always morally repugnant to him. After all, the dominion of the brute was not what he was seeking.

On the morning after his scene with Geoffrey, Alice came to him and begged for the minutest particulars of the quarrel. She wanted to know how it had begun? If Geoffrey had been really horrible? And if he had noticed the new bronze dragon she had bought for the hall? Upon his replying that he had not, she seemed disappointed, he thought, for a minute.

"It's very fine," she said, "I bought it from what's-his-name, that famous man in Paris? If I ever have money enough I shall get the match to it, so there'll be the pair of them." Then seeing his look of astonishment, she hastened to correct the impression she had made. "Of course, I mean that I'd like to have done it, if I had been going to live there."

"It would take more than a bronze dragon, or a pair of them, to make that house a home, dear," was his only comment.

"But it's very handsome," she remarked after a moment, "everything in it is so much more costly than the things here." He made no rejoinder, and she added with vehemence, "but of course, I wouldn't go back, not even if it were a palace!"

Then a charming merriment seized her and she clung to him and kissed him and called him a dozen silly pet names. "No, she won't ever, ever play in that horrid old house again," she sang gaily between her kisses.

For several days these exuberant spirits lasted, and then he prepared himself to meet the inevitable reaction. Her looks drooped, she lost her colour and grew obviously bored, and in the end she complained openly that there was nothing for her to do in the house, and that she couldn't go out of doors because she hadn't the proper clothes. To his reminder that it was she herself who had prevented his sending for her trunks

she replied that there was plenty of time, and that "besides, nobody could pack them unless she was there to overlook it."

"If anybody is obliged to go back there, for heaven's sake, let me be the one," he urged desperately at last.

"To knock out more of poor Geoffrey's teeth? Oh, you naughty, naughty, papa!"—she cried, lifting a reproving finger. The next instant her laughter bubbled out at the delightful picture of "papa in the midst of her Paris gowns. I'd be so afraid you'd roll up Geoffrey in my precious laces," she protested, half seriously.

For a week nothing more was said on the subject, and then she remarked irritably that her room was cold and she hadn't her quilted silk dressing-gown. When he asked her to ride with him, she declared that her old habit was too tight for her and her new one was at the other house. When he suggested driving instead, she replied that she hadn't her fur coat and she would certainly freeze without it. At last one bright, cold day, when he came up to luncheon, Lydia told him, with her strange calmness, that Alice had gone back to her husband.

"I knew it would come in time," she said, and he bowed again before her unerring prescience.

"Do you mean to tell me that she's willing to put up with Heath for the sake of a little extra luxury?" he demanded.

"Oh, that's a part of it. She likes the newness of the house and the air of costliness about it, but most of all, she feels that she could never settle down to our monotonous way of living. Geoffrey promised to take her to Europe again in the summer and I think she began to grow restless when it appeared that she might have to give it up."

"But one of us could have taken her to Europe, if that's all she wanted. You could have gone with her."

"Not in Alice's way, we could never have afforded it. She told me this when I offered to go with her if she would definitely separate from Geoffrey."

"Then you didn't want her to go back? You didn't encourage it?"

"I encouraged her to behave with decency—and this isn't decent."

"No, I admit that. It decidedly is not."

"Yet we have no assurance that she won't fly in upon us

at dinner to-night, with all the servants about," she reflected mournfully.

His awful levity broke out as it always did whenever she invoked the sanctity of convention.

"In that case hadn't we better serve ourselves until she has made up her mind?" he inquired.

But the submission of the martyr is proof even against caustic wit, and she looked at him, after a minute, with a smile of infinite patience.

"For myself I can bear anything," she answered, "but I feel that for her it is shocking to make things so public."

It was shocking. In spite of his flippancy he felt the vulgarity of it as acutely as she felt it; and he was conscious of something closely akin to relief, when Richard Ordway dropped in after dinner to tell them that Alice and Geoffrey had come to a complete reconciliation.

"But will it last?" Lydia questioned, in an uneasy voice.

"We'll hope so at all events," replied the old man, "they appeared certainly to be very friendly when I came away. Whatever happens it is surely to Alice's interest that she should be kept out of a public scandal."

They were still discussing the matter, after Richard had gone, when the girl herself ran in, bringing Geoffrey, and fairly brilliant with life and spirits.

"We've decided to forget everything disagreeable," she said, "we're going to begin over again and be nice and jolly, and if I don't spend too much money, we are going to Egypt in April."

"If you're happy, then I'm satisfied," returned Ordway, and he held out his hand to Geoffrey by way of apology.

To do the young man justice, he appeared to cherish no resentment for the blow, though he still bore a scar on his upper lip. He looked heavy and handsome, and rather amiable in a dull way, and the one discovery Daniel made about him was that he entertained a profound admiration for Richard Ordway. Still, when everybody in Botetourt shared his sentiment, this was hardly deserving of notice.

As the weeks went on it looked as if peace were really restored, and even Lydia's face lost its anxious foreboding, when she gazed on the assembled family at Thanksgiving. Dick had grown into a quiet, distinguished looking young

fellow, more than ever like his Uncle Richard, and it was touching to watch his devotion to his delicate mother. At least Lydia possessed one enduring consolation in life, Ordway reflected, with a rush of gratitude.

In the afternoon Alice drove with him out into the country, along the pale brown November roads, and he felt, while he sat beside her, with her hand clasped tightly in his under the fur robe, that she was again the daughter of his dreams, who had flown to his arms in the terrible day of his homecoming. She was in one of her rare moods of seriousness, and when she lifted her eyes to his, it seemed to him that they held a new softness, a deeper blueness. Something in her face brought back to him the memory of Emily as she had looked down at him when he knelt before her: and again he was aware of some subtle link which bound together in his thoughts the two women whom he loved.

"There's something I've wanted to tell you, papa, first of all," said Alice, pressing his hand, "I want you to know it before anybody else because you've always loved me and stood by me from the beginning. Now shut your eyes while I tell you, and hold fast to my hand. O papa, there's to be really and truly a baby in the spring, and even if it's a boy —I hope it will be a girl—you'll promise to love it and be good to it, won't you?"

"Love your child? Alice, my darling!" he cried, and his voice broke.

She raised her hand to his cheek with a little caressing gesture, which had always been characteristic of her, and as he opened his eyes upon her, her beauty shone, he thought, with a light that blinded him.

"I hope it will be a little girl with blue eyes and fair hair like mamma's," she resumed softly. "It will be better than playing with dolls, won't it? I always loved dolls, you know. Do you remember the big wax doll you gave me when I was six years old, and how her voice got out of order and she used to crow instead of talking? Well, I kept her for years and years, and even after I was a big girl, and wore long dresses, and did up my hair, I used to take her out sometimes and put on her clothes. Only I was ashamed of it and used to lock the door so no one could see me. But

this little girl will be real, you know, and that's ever so much more fun, isn't it? And you shall help teach her to walk, and to ride when she's big enough; and I'll dress her in the loveliest dresses, with French embroidered ruffles, and a blue bonnet with bunches of feathers, like one in Paris. Only she can't wear that until she's five years old, can she?"

"And now you will have something to think of, Alice, you will be bored no longer?"

"I shall enjoy buying the little things so much, but it's too soon yet to plan about them. Papa, do you think Geoffrey will fuss about money when he hears this?"

"I hope not, dear, but you must be careful. The baby won't need to be extravagant, just at first."

"But she must have pretty clothes, of course, papa. It wouldn't be kind to the little thing to make her look ugly, would it?"

"Are simple things always ugly?"

"Oh, but they cost just as much if they're fine—and I had beautiful clothes when I came. Mamma has told me about them."

She ran on breathlessly, radiant with the promise of motherhood, dwelling in fancy upon the small blond ideal her imagination had conjured into life.

It was dark when they returned to town, and when Daniel entered his door, after leaving Alice in Henry Street, he found that the lamps were already lit in the library. As he passed up the staircase, he glanced into the room, and saw that Lydia and Dick were sitting together before the fire, the boy resting his head on her knees, while her fragile hand played caressingly with his hair. They did not look up at his footsteps, and his heart was so warm with happiness that even the picture of mother and son in the firelit room appeared dim beside it.

When he opened his door he found a bright fire in his grate, and throwing off his coat, he sat down in an easy chair with his eyes on the glowing coals. The beneficent vision that he had brought home with him was reflected now in the red heart of the fire, and while he gazed on it, he told himself that the years of his loneliness, and his inner impoverishment, were ended forever. The path of age showed

to him no longer as hard and destitute, but as a peaceful road along which he might travel hopefully with young feet to keep him company. With a longing, which no excess of the imagination could exhaust, he saw Alice's child as she had seen it in her maternal rapture—as something immortally young and fair and innocent. He thought of the moment so long ago, when they had first placed Alice in his arms, and it seemed to him that this unborn child was only a renewal of the one he had held that day—that he would reach out his arms to it with that same half human, half mystic passion. Even to-day he could almost feel the soft pressure of her little body, and he hardly knew whether it was the body of Alice or of her child. Then suddenly it seemed to him that the reality faded from his consciousness and the dream began, for while he sat there he heard the patter of the little feet across his floor, and he felt the little hands creep softly over his lips and brow. Oh, the little hands that would bring healing and love in their touch!

And he understood as he looked forward now into the dreaded future, that the age to which he was travelling was only an immortal youth.

THE FREEMAN

"Hope is a slave, despair is a Freeman."

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A vagabond between the East and West,
Careless I greet the scourging and the rod;
I fear no terror any man may bring,
Nor any god.

The clankless chains that bound me I have rent,
No more a slave to hope I cringe or cry;
Captives to Fate, men rear their prison walls,
But free am I.

I tread where arrows press upon my path,
I smile to see the danger and the dart;
My breast is bared to meet the slings of hate,
But not my heart.

I face the thunder and I face the rain,
I lift my head, defiance far I fling—
My feet are set, I face the autumn as
I face the spring.

Around me, on the battle-field of life,
I see men fight and fail and crouch in prayer;
Aloft I stand unfettered, for I know
The freedom of despair.

A CREED

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In fellowship of living things,
In kindred claims of Man and Beast,
In common courtesy that brings
Help from the greater to the least,
In love that all life shall receive,
Lord, I believe.

In peace, earth's passion far above,
In pity, measured not nor priced,
In all souls luminous with love,
Alike in Buddha and in Christ,
In any rights that wrongs retrieve,
Lord, I believe.

In truth that falsehood cannot span,
In the majestic march of Laws,
That weed and flower and worm and man
Result from One Supernal Cause,
In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
Lord, I believe.

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